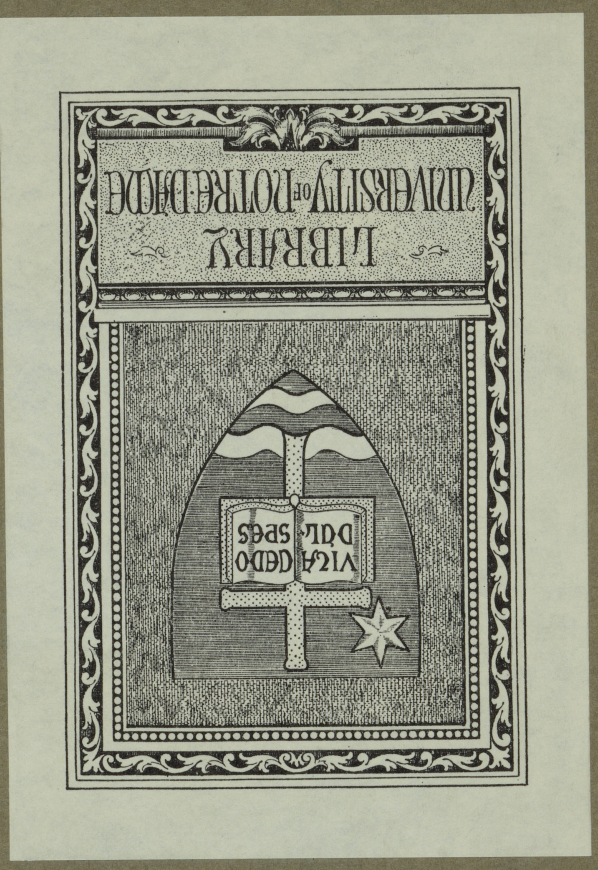

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
VITA DVLCEDO SPES

UNIVERSITY of
NOTRE DAME

LIBRARIES

Library of
Capt. Francis O'Neill
Chicago

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION AND PUBLICATION OF
THE MELODIES OF IRELAND.

VOL. I.—1855.

THE PETRIE COLLECTION.

VOL. I.

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland.

THE PETRIE COLLECTION

OF THE

ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

1359

EDITED BY

GEORGE PETRIE, LL.D., R.H.A., V.P.R.I.A.,

FOREIGN MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF FRANCE; HONORARY FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETIES OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND, COPENHAGEN, ETC. ETC.;

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

Printed at the University Press,

FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION AND PUBLICATION OF THE MELODIES OF IRELAND,

BY M. H. GILL.

1855.

MUSIC SEMINAR
Rare
Extra Large
M
1744
.P448
1855
v.1

13245

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

LIBRARY
UNIV OF
NOTRE DAME

132456

SOCIETY

FOR THE

Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland.

FOUNDED DECEMBER, 1851.

HOW TO FIND THE TIME IN WHICH EACH AIR IS TO BE PLAYED.

The Time of each Air in this Volume is marked at the head by reference to the stroke of a Pendulum of a certain length. Persons not provided with a Metronome may easily ascertain for themselves the true time in which any Air is to be played, by the following simple rule. Take a cord of the length in inches assigned to the Pendulum at the head of the tune. To one end of the chord attach a small weight, and, holding it by the other extremity, let the weighted chord, thus converted into a temporary Pendulum, swing gently backwards and forwards. The oscillations of a Pendulum of a given length are always constant, and measure exactly equal portions of time; and thus each beat of the Pendulum of the length required—the motion from right to left constituting one beat; that from left to right another—marks the time during which the crotchet, dotted crotchet, quaver, or other note used to measure the time, is to be sounded. A proportionate time is to be given to every other note according to its musical value. A little practice will very soon enable any one to perceive, almost involuntarily, the accordance in time between the beats of a Pendulum and the proper duration of the notes of an Air.

AGENTS:

Dublin—H. Bussell, Westmoreland-street.
Cork—A. D. Roche & Son, Patrick-street.
Belfast—Coffey, Music-seller.
Limerick—Corbett & Son, 109 and 110, George's-street.
Derry—J. Hempton, The Diamond.
Galway—J. Costello, William-street.
London—Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201, Regent-street.
Hull—J. W. Holder, 1, Whitefriar-gate.
Edinburgh—Messrs. Wood & Coy, Music-sellers, Waterloo-place.
Glasgow—Messrs. Wood.

Copies may be had, likewise, from the Hon. Secretaries or the Treasurer.

The Preservation and Publication of the immense quantity of National Music still existing in Ireland, and of which much is yet unwritten, have long been a desideratum among those who are acquainted with the great extent and value of some private collections. Among these lie, almost unknown, many hundreds of airs hitherto unpublished in any form, and which range through every class of pure Irish Music, from the most elevated style of ancient vocal melody, down to the smooth-flowing graceful songs of the last two centuries; and among which are preserved, very many, too, of those vigorous, dance-compelling, quick tunes, which cannot be equalled by any similar music of other countries. Besides these collections, a considerable quantity of airs, not yet noted down, is to be found current, as is well known, among the peasantry in all parts of the country.

MUSIC SEMINAR
Rare
Extra Large
M
1744
.P448
1855
v.1

13245

LIBRARY
UNIV OF
NOTRE DAME

132456

SOCIETY

FOR THE

Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland.

FOUNDED DECEMBER, 1851.

President.

GEORGE PETRIE, LL.D., R.H.A., V.P.R.I.A.

Vice-Presidents.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUESS OF KILDARE, M.R.I.A.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, M.R.I.A.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BECTIVE.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE, M.R.I.A.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROSSMORE, M.R.I.A.
THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD CHIEF BARON, M.R.I.A.
THE RIGHT HON. ALEXANDER MAC DONNELL.
SIR VERE DE VERE, BART.
PATRICK MAC DOWELL, R.A.
SIR GEORGE F. HODSON, BART.

Council.

THOMAS BEATTY, M.D., M.R.I.A.
FRANCIS WILLIAM BRADY.
F. W. BURTON, R.H.A., M.R.I.A.
ROBERT CALLWELL, M.R.I.A., *Treasurer.*
EDWARD CLEMENTS.
EUGENE CURRY, M.R.I.A.
JOHN C. DEANE, M.R.I.A.
JOHN T. GILBERT, M.R.I.A.
REV. CHAS. GRAVES, D.D., F.T.C.D., V.P.R.I.A.
BENJAMIN LEE GUINNESS.
THOMAS RICE HENN.
HENRY HUDSON, M.D., M.R.I.A.
ROBERT D. LYONS, M.B., M.R.I.A., *Secretary.*
SAMUEL MACLEAN.
JOHN MACDONNELL, M.D., M.R.I.A., P.L. Com.
HON. GEORGE PONSONBY O'CALLAGHAN.
JOHN EDWARD PIGOT, M.R.I.A., *Secretary.*
WILLIAM STOKES, M.D., M.R.I.A.
WALTER SWEETMAN, M.R.I.A.
W. K. SULLIVAN.
JOSEPH HUBAND SMITH, M.R.I.A.
REV. JAS. H. TODD, D.D., S.F.T.C.D., Sec. R.I.A.
W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A.

Hon. Treasurer.

ROBERT CALLWELL, M.R.I.A., 10, Bachelor's-walk, Dublin.

Hon. Secretaries.

JOHN EDWARD PIGOT, M.R.I.A., 96, Leeson-street, Dublin.
ROBERT D. LYONS, M.B., M.R.I.A., 31, Upper Merrion-street, Dublin.

Subscriptions, £1 a year, received (either personally, or by P. O. Orders) by the Treasurer, the Secretaries, or by Mr. EDWARD CLIBBORN, at the Royal Irish Academy, Dawson-street.

AGENTS:

Dublin—H. Bussell, Westmoreland-street.
Cork—A. D. Roche & Son, Patrick-street.
Belfast—Coffey, Music-seller.
Limerick—Corbett & Son, 109 and 110, George's-street.
Derry—J. Hempton, The Diamond.
Galway—J. Costello, William-street.
London—Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201, Regent-street.
Hull—J. W. Holder, 1, Whitefriar-gate.
Edinburgh—Messrs. Wood & Coy, Music-sellers, Waterloo-place.
Glasgow—Messrs. Wood.

Copies may be had, likewise, from the Hon. Secretaries or the Treasurer.

The Preservation and Publication of the immense quantity of National Music still existing in Ireland, and of which much is yet unwritten, have long been a desideratum among those who are acquainted with the great extent and value of some private collections. Among these lie, almost unknown, many hundreds of airs hitherto unpublished in any form, and which range through every class of pure Irish Music, from the most elevated style of ancient vocal melody, down to the smooth-flowing graceful songs of the last two centuries; and among which are preserved, very many, too, of those vigorous, dance-compelling, quick tunes, which cannot be equalled by any similar music of other countries. Besides these collections, a considerable quantity of airs, not yet noted down, is to be found current, as is well known, among the peasantry in all parts of the country.

This Society has been instituted for the purpose of Preserving, Classifying, and Publishing these airs of every kind, and likewise all such words (whether in the Irish or English language) connected with any of them, as appear to possess any peculiar interest.

The *Preservation* of existing Irish Music is proposed to be effected by the collection and classification of all such as has been already noted down on paper, and by the formation of a central depôt in Dublin, to which persons having opportunities of noting down what is still unwritten may be invited to send copies of any airs which they can obtain, either in Ireland or among our countrymen in other lands.

The Council invites every Irishman, and every Irishwoman too, to send copies of any Irish airs they may possess, *or may find any means of procuring*, to one of the Honorary Secretaries, who will immediately submit all airs sent them to the Committee charged with their arrangement and preservation.

The *Publication* of our National Music will also be proceeded with by the Society, to the utmost extent that the subscriptions they may receive will allow. It is proposed to print a *selection*, consisting of several hundred airs of all kinds, both vocal and instrumental, and to arrange them with suitable Harmonies and Accompaniments for the Harp or Piano-Forte. A volume of such selections (containing from 150 to 200 airs, hitherto unpublished) will be given to every member, in return for his subscription of One Pound ; and the Council have already at their disposal the materials of more than five such volumes, which will also include copious notes upon the structure, expression, and (where possible) the history of each air printed.

These volumes will not be published generally, but will be distributed to *the members of the Society only ;* any person may become a member on payment of One Pound, annual subscription, but without any entrance fee. Subscriptions are payable in advance, and become due on the first of January in each year, and each member will be entitled to receive *one copy* of every publication of the Society issued within the year for which he shall have subscribed. [Members may take their books, either in volumes complete, at the end of the year, or in parts consisting of a certain number of sheets, stitched in a strong cover, which will be issued according as the work is printed.]

The Council have completed arrangements with the President, GEORGE PETRIE, LL. D., V. P. R. I. A., for the printing of his splendid collection in connexion with the Society, and they feel great satisfaction in being able to announce that their first volumes will comprise his invaluable stores. That collection consists of considerably more than five hundred unpublished airs, carefully selected from the results of many years' investigation; and if the Society obtains the amount of support the Council feel it may well claim, they hope to complete the printing of DR. PETRIE'S work in three volumes.

The Collection of DR. PETRIE will be accompanied by an introductory dissertation upon the history, antiquity, and characteristic structure of Irish Music, by that most eminent Irish antiquarian, the former portions of which will also embrace the learning of another distinguished member of the Council, EUGENE CURRY, M. R. I. A. After such a commencement the Council will proceed to the publication of other collections which have already been presented to the Society, and which will be prepared for printing under the superintendence of a Committee of Publication, appointed by the Council, and including, perhaps, the most competent authorities on Irish Music now among us: [the Committee appointed on the formation of the Society consisted of DR. PETRIE (President), REV. DR. TODD, S. F. T. C. D., REV. DR. GRAVES, F. T. C. D., the late W. E. HUDSON, M.R.I.A., DR. HUDSON, M. R. I. A., and EUGENE CURRY, M. R. I. A.] Thus the Council do not think it too much to expect that the volumes eventually completed by this Society will contain a complete, satisfactory, and popular explanation of the structure, character, and peculiarities of Irish National Music, an accurate account of its history as far as known (and it reaches back for many centuries), and a Collection which in extent, rarity, and beauty, will surpass anything of the kind ever attempted. The genius and expression of our Music will thus be fixed, and its noblest stores preserved for the admiration of future ages, and the perpetual pride of the Irish race.

☞ *The first volume of the Society, now completed, consists of the first volume of the* PETRIE COLLECTION, *and contains* 147 *airs, arranged for the Piano-Forte, illustrated by a great quantity of criticism and observations. The Dissertation upon the History, Antiquity, and Structure of Irish Music, by the Editor, is in preparation, but cannot be satisfactorily published until the completion of his editorial labours upon this splendid collection.*

The Council desire to make it known, that according to the arrangements with their President, by which he consented to publish his great work in connexion with the Society, the property in the Petrie Collection is exclusively vested in Dr. Petrie, after those members of the Society who shall have paid their subscriptions during the present year shall have received their copies ; and accordingly, that members joining after the 1st *January,* 1856, *will have to purchase this volume at an advanced price. The Council have also to observe, that Dr. Petrie's collection has been edited and prepared for the Press solely by himself, and not under the control of the Committee of Publication, and that Dr. Petrie alone is responsible for the opinions contained in the present volume.*

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH aware that, in works not of a purely scientific nature, and which will be chiefly opened with a view to amusement, a Preface receives but little attention from the majority of readers; yet I cannot refrain from availing myself of the old privilege accorded to Authors and Editors to offer a few prefatory remarks on the occasion of presenting to the public this First Volume of a Collection of Irish Tunes, which I have edited under the patriotic auspices of the "Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland."

In the first place, I feel it due to that Society, and more particularly to some of the most zealous members of its Committee, to state that, but for their solicitation and warm encouragement, it is not at all likely that I should have entered on the compilation of a work requiring, necessarily, not only a great devotion of time and labour, but also an amount of varied talents and powers of research, scarcely to be hoped for in any single individual, and to the possession of which I, at least, could make but little pretension.

A passionate lover of music from my childhood, and of melody especially—that divine essence without which music is but as a soulless body—the indulgence of this passion has been, indeed, one of the great, if not the greatest, sources of happiness of my life. Coupled with a never-fading love for nature, and its consequent attendant, an appreciation of the good and beautiful, it has refreshed and reinvigorated my spirits when depressed by the fatigues of mental labour. In the hours of worldly trials, of cares and sorrows, I have felt its power to soothe and console; to restrain from the pursuit of worthless and debasing pleasures,—of soul-corrupting worldly ambitions, destructive of mental peace; and to give contentment in an humble station.

But, though I have been thus for my whole life a devoted lover of music, and more particularly of the melodies of my country—which are, as I conceive, the most beautiful national melodies in the world—neither the study nor the practice of this divine art has ever been with me an absorbing or continuous one, or anything more than the occasional indulgence of a pleasure, during hours of relaxation from the fatigues of other studies, or the

general business of life. It was in this way only that I acquired any little knowledge or skill which I may possess in the practice of the musical art; and, until lately, it was in this way only that I gradually formed the large collection of Irish melodies of which a portion is now submitted to the public. From my very boy-days, whenever I heard an air which in any degree touched my feelings, or which appeared to me to be either an unpublished one, or a better version of an air than what had been already printed, I never neglected to note it down; and my summer ramblings through most parts of Ireland, for objects more immediately connected with my professional pursuits, afforded me opportunities, for a long period almost annually, for increasing the collection which so early in life I had felt a desire, and considered it as a kind of duty, to endeavour to form.

In making such collection, however, I never seriously thought of giving even any portion of it to the public in my own name. The desire to preserve what I deemed so worthy of preservation, and so honourable to the character of my country, was my sole object and my sole stimulus in this, to me, exciting and delightful pursuit: and hence I was ever ready to encourage and aid, to the utmost of my ability, all persons whom, from their professional talents as well as their freedom from other occupations, I deemed better qualified than myself to give such collection to the world.

Thus, as early as 1807, or 1808, I communicated, through my friend the late Richard Wrightson, Esq., M.A., a number of airs to the poet Moore, some of which subsequently appeared, for the first time, in his "Irish Melodies;" and shortly afterwards I gave a much larger number to my then young friend the late Francis Holden, Mus. Doc., and which were printed in his collection; and amongst these were many airs—such as "Lough Sheelin," "Arrah, my dear Eeeleen," and "Luggela"—on which time has stamped her mark of approval, and which have carried the deepest emotions of pleasure to thousands of hearts in almost every part of the globe. For it was from this collection, which—with the exception of Bunting's three volumes—has been the only published collection of our melodies of any importance worthy of a respectful notice, that Moore derived many of those airs which his poetry has consecrated and made familiar to the world. And I may further state, that my contributions to Mr. Moore's admirable work, as well directly as indirectly, did not end here; for, subsequently to the publication of Frank Holden's volume, I again supplied the poet, through his Irish publisher, Mr. William Power, with several other airs, which found a place in the later numbers of his "Melodies," and among these was that beautiful one called "Were I a clerk," but now better known as "You remember Ellen."

In thus imparting to others the results of my young enthusiasm for the preservation of our melodies, I never asked, and so never obtained, even the acknowledgment, to which I might have felt myself justly entitled, of having my name coupled with those airs as their preserver: nor is it from any vain or egotistical feeling that I state such circumstances now,

but as simple facts in the history of the preservation of our music that might be looked for hereafter, and which, without such statement, would be looked for in vain.

But to resume: retaining, with even an increasing zeal, my ardour in collecting the melodies of Ireland, I found in the course of a few years that my gatherings had amounted to a number but little short of two hundred as yet unpublished airs; and, with a view to their being secured to the public with suitable harmonies, I presented them to a lady, now long deceased, who to other varied accomplishments added a sound professional knowledge of music, and who possessed a true feeling for Irish melody. The lady to whom, with a grateful reminiscence, I thus allude, was the late Mrs. Joseph Hughes, the daughter of Smollet Holden, the most eminent British composer of military music in his time, and the sister of my young friend, Dr. Francis Holden, to whose published collection of Irish melodies I had been, as already stated, so large a contributor. But the untimely death of this most estimable lady prevented the accomplishment of this project, after some progress had been made in preparing the work for publication.

Still adding to my collection, however, and indulging in the expectation that an opportunity for giving it publicity would sooner or later occur, I thought such expectation likely to be realized when, at a later period of my life, I formed a close intimacy with the late Mr. Edward Bunting. This intimacy, which had its origin in, at least, one common taste, occurred shortly after the publication of the second volume of that gentleman's collection; and with the double object in view of giving my airs publicity, and, still more, of stimulating him to the preparation of a third volume for publication, I freely offered him the use of the whole of my collection, or such portions of it as he might choose to select. Such offer was, however, accompanied by one condition, namely, that in connexion with such tunes as he chose to accept from me, he should make an acknowledgment in his work that I had been their contributor. This condition, however—which I thought a not unreasonable one, but rather suggestive of a course which, in all similar cases, as supplying a sort of evidence of authenticity, should have been followed—had the effect of preventing the accomplishment of my wish that Mr. Bunting should be the medium through which my collection of airs should be given to the public. After the acceptance of some five and twenty or more airs—of which, however, he printed only seventeen—my friend sturdily refused to take even one more; assigning as his reason that, as he should acknowledge the source from which they had been derived, the public would say that the greater and better portion of the work was mine. In my primary object, however—that of stimulating him to the preparation and publication of his third volume—I had the satisfaction of believing that I had been more decidedly successful. The threat, put forward in playful insincerity, but which was taken rather seriously, that if he did not bestir himself in the preparation of his work, I might probably, by the publication of my own collection, anticipate him in the

printing of many of his best airs, coupled with Mrs. Bunting's, as well as my own continual goadings—and which he was accustomed to say had made his life miserable—had ultimately the desired effect of exciting into activity a temperament which, if it had ever been naturally active, had then, at all events, ceased to be so from the pressure of years, and of a state of health which was far from vigorous. After the devotion of his leisure hours for several years to the collecting together of his materials, and the patient elaboration of his harmonic arrangements of the airs, Mr. Bunting gave to the world the third and last volume of his collections; and I confess that its appearance afforded me a more than ordinary pleasure, not only on account of the many very beautiful melodies which it contained, but also from a feeling that my zeal in urging on their publication had been instrumental, to some extent, in their preservation. For it was Mr. Bunting's boast, that, with the exception of those airs which had been drawn from previously published works, the settings of his tunes would be wholly worthless to any other person into whose hands they might ultimately fall; and this I knew to have been not altogether an idle boast; for those settings were—as it would appear intentionally—but jottings down of dots, or heads of notes, without any musical expressions of their value with regard either to key, time, accent, phrase, or section,—so that their interpretation would necessarily have been a matter of uncertainty to others, and probably was often so even to himself.

I have thus endeavoured to show, by a statement which I trust will not be deemed wholly without interest, or irrelevant to the purpose of the present work, that though I have been, during the whole course of my life, a zealous collector of Irish melodies, I have been actuated in this pursuit by no other feelings than those of a deep sense of their beauty, a strong conviction of their archæological interest, and a consequent desire to aid in the preservation of remains so honourable to the national character of my country, and so inestimable as a pure source of happiness to all sympathetic minds to whom they might become known. And though, when I had long despaired of finding any one qualified, according to my ideas, to give to the public in a worthy manner the collection which I had formed, I may have occasionally contemplated the possible production of such a work myself, as a delightful and not over laborious occupation of my declining years, it is most probable that, like my friend Bunting, if the stimulating pressure of friends had not been applied to me, I should have gone on to the end, absorbed in the completion of works of a different nature, and to which my studies had long been more particularly directed. Such a stimulus was supplied on the formation, in Dublin, of the "Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland;" and it was strengthened, not only by the honour which that Society conferred on me in electing me their President, but still more by the flattering proposal and expression of their desire to give precedence to my collection in the publications of the Society.

But though this proposal was entirely free from any conditions which I could for a moment hesitate to accept; and though, moreover, I was sincerely anxious to promote the objects of the Society by every means in my power; I confess that I was startled at a proposal so unexpected on my part: and it was not till I had given the matter a very ample consideration that I could bring my mind to agree to it. For, on the one hand, I could not but feel doubtful of my ability to accomplish, without a greater previous preparation, a work of so much national importance, in such a manner as might not seriously lower whatever little reputation I had acquired by the production of works of a different nature; and disappoint, moreover, the partial expectations of the Society and those friends that had pressed me to the undertaking: and I also felt that if I did venture on such a work, with the desire to accomplish it not unworthily, it would necessarily require for its production the exclusive devotion of many years of a life now drawing towards its close; and the consequent abandonment of the completion of other works on which I had been long engaged, as well as of the practice of that art which is so productive of happiness to its lovers, and so suited to the peaceful habits of declining years. And lastly, as I cannot but confess, I could not suppress a misgiving, that, let a work of this nature possess whatever amount of interest or value it may, there no longer existed amongst my countrymen such sufficient amount of a racy feeling of nationality, and cultivation of mind—qualities so honourable to the Scottish character—as would secure for it the steady support necessary for its success, and which the Society, as I thought, somewhat too confidently anticipated. In short, I could not but fear that I might be vainly labouring to cultivate mental fruit which, however indigenous to the soil, was yet of too refined and delicate a flavour to be relished, or appreciated, by a people who had been, from adversities, long accustomed only to the use of food of a coarser and more exciting nature. May this feeling prove an erroneous one! On the other hand, however, I could not but be sensible that, viewed in many ways, the object which the Society had taken in hands was of great importance; that, with an equal hope of success, such an effort might probably never again be made; and that it was a duty, at least of every right-minded Irishman, who might have it in his power to contribute in any way to its support, to allow, if possible, no cold calculations of a selfish prudence, or an unmanly fear of critical censure, to withhold him from joining ardently in such an effort. I considered, too, that if, as Moore, perhaps somewhat strongly, states, "We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit," our apparent want of appreciation of the value of that talent was, at least to some extent, an evidence of the justice of such limited praise. I called to mind that, but for the accidentally directed researches of Edward Bunting—a man paternally of an English race—and the sympathetic excitement to follow in his track which his example had given to a few others, the memory of our music would have been but little more than as a departed

dream, never to be satisfactorily realized; and that, though much had been done by those persons, yet that Moore's statement still remained substantially true, namely, that "our national music never had been properly collected;" or, in other words, that it had never been collected truly and perfectly, as it might and should have been, and that it cannot be so collected now. I could not but feel that what must have been, at no distant time, the inevitable result of the changes in the character of the Irish race which had been long in operation, and which had already almost entirely denationalized its higher classes, had been suddenly effected, as by a lightning flash, by the calamities which, in the year 1846–7, had struck down and well nigh annihilated the Irish remnant of the great Celtic family. Of the old, who had still preserved as household gods the language, the songs, and traditions of their race and their localities, but few survived. Of the middle-aged and energetic whom death had yet spared, and who might for a time, to some extent, have preserved such relics, but few remained that had the power to fly from the plague and panic stricken land; and of the young, who had come into existence, and become orphaned, during those years of desolation, they, for the most part, were reared where no mother's eyes could make them feel the mysteries of human affections—no mother's voice could soothe their youthful sorrows, and implant within the memories of their hearts her songs of tenderness and love,—and where no father's instructions could impart to them the traditions and characteristic peculiarities of feeling that would link them to their remotest ancestors. The green pastoral plains, the fruitful valleys, as well as the wild hill-sides and the dreary bogs, had equally ceased to be animate with human life. "The land of song" was no longer tuneful; or, if a human sound met the traveller's ear, it was only that of the feeble and despairing wail for the dead. This awful, unwonted silence, which, during the famine and subsequent years, almost everywhere prevailed, struck more fearfully upon their imaginations, as many Irish gentlemen informed me, and gave them a deeper feeling of the desolation with which the country had been visited, than any other circumstance which had forced itself upon their attention; and I confess that it was a consideration of the circumstances of which this fact gave so striking an indication, that, more than any other, overpowered all my objections, and influenced me in coming to a determination to accept the proposal of the Irish-Music Society.

In this resolution, however, I was actuated no less by a desire to secure to the public, by publication, the large store of melodies which I had already collected, than by the hope of increasing that store, during the progress of the work, by a more exclusive devotion of mind and time to this object than I had ever previously given to it. I felt assured that it was still possible, by a zealous exertion, to gather from amongst the survivors of the old Celtic race, innumerable melodies that would soon pass away for ever; but that such exertion should be immediate. For, though I had no fear that this first swarm from the parent

hive of the great Indo-Germanic race would perish in this their last western asylum; or that they would not again increase, and, as heretofore, continue to supply the empire with their contribution of fiery bravery, lively sensibility, and genius in all the æsthetic arts,—yet I felt that the new generations, unlinked as they must be with those of the past, and subjected to influences and examples scarcely known to their fathers, will necessarily have lost very many of those peculiar characteristics which so long had given them a marked individuality; and, more particularly, that among the changes sure to follow, the total extinction of their ancient language would be, inevitably, accompanied by the loss of all that as yet unsaved portion of their ancient music which had been identified with it.

To this task I accordingly applied myself zealously, and with all the means at my disposal; feeling that I could not render a better service to my country: and of the success which followed my exertions some correct idea may be formed from the volume now presented to the reader; in which it will be seen that of the airs which it contains, nearly a moiety has been collected within the last two or three years. In truth, that success has gone far beyond any expectations which I might have ventured to indulge; for, aided, as I am happy to confess I have been, not only by my personal friends, but by the voluntary exertions of several young men of talents who have sympathized in my object, I have been enabled, within these years, to obtain not only a great variety of settings of airs already printed, or in my own collection, but to add to that collection more than four hundred melodies previously unpublished, and unknown to me.

Having premised thus far in reference to the motives and feelings which influenced me in undertaking a work of this nature, I feel it necessary to make a few remarks in reference to the objects which I proposed to myself during the progress of its compilation, and which I have kept in view, as far as it was in my power to do so.

Independently, then, of the desire to collect and preserve the hitherto unpublished melodies of Ireland, these objects may, in a general way, be stated as having a common end in view, namely, to fix, as far as practicable, by evidences, the true forms of our melodies, whether already published or not; and to throw all available light upon their past history. By a zealous attention to such points, Mr. Chappell, in his collection of national English airs, has ably, as well as enthusiastically, asserted the claims of his country to the possession of a national music; and, with an equal zeal and ability, Mr. G. Farquhar Graham has illustrated Scottish music in the valuable Introductory Dissertation and Notes which he has supplied to Wood's work, "The Songs of Scotland." For the illustration of the national music of Ireland, however, but little of this kind has been hitherto attempted, and that little, I regret to say, is not always of much value or authority. Such as it is, however, it is wholly comprised in the remarks upon a few of the tunes printed in Bunting's first publication, and his remarks upon some fifty of those given in his third and last volume; and even

these latter remarks, together with the statement of names and dates authenticative of the airs comprised in that volume, were only made at my suggestion and on my earnest solicitation. But I confess that I found those remarks to be far inferior in copiousness, interest, and value, to what I had hoped for from one who had far greater facilities for gathering the varied knowledge necessary for the illustration of our music than can be obtained now; and whom I knew to have been possessed of all the oldest printed, as well as many MS., settings of a large number of our airs, together with an extensive collection of the Irish songs sung to them, and other materials now difficult, if not impossible, to procure; but of which, strange to say, Mr. Bunting made scarcely any use. To the use of all printed authorities, or such as could be tested by reference, Mr. Bunting, indeed, appears to have had a rooted aversion; and, in all cases, he preferred the statement of facts on his own unsupported authority to every other. Nor would such authority have been without value if we had every reason to believe it trustworthy. But what reliance can we place on the statements of one who, in reference to that strange musical farrago—compounded no doubt of Irish materials—called "the Irish Cry as sung in Ulster," given in his last volume, tells us that it was procured in 1799 "from O'Neill, harper, and from the hired mourners or keeners at Armagh; and from a MS. above 100 years old"?—or who gravely acquaints us that he obtained the well-known tune called "Patrick's Day," in 1792, from "Patrick Quin, harper;" as if he could not have gotten as accurate a set of it from any human being in Ireland that could either play, sing, or whistle a tune; and though he knew that the air had been printed—and more correctly too—in Playford's "Dancing Master," more than a century previous. Thus, in like manner, he refers us to dead harpers as his authorities for all those tunes of Carolan, and many others, which he printed; nearly all of which had been already given in Neal's, and other publications of the early part of the last century.

The truth is indeed unquestionable, that not only has our music never as yet been properly studied and analyzed, or its history been carefully and conscientiously investigated; but that our melodies, generally, have never been collected in any other than a careless, desultory, and often unskilful manner. For the most part caught up from the chanting of some one singer, or, as more commonly was the case, from the playing of some one itinerant harper, fiddler, or piper, settings of them have been given to the world as the most perfect that could be obtained, without a thought of the possibility of getting better versions; or of testing their accuracy by the acquisition, for the purpose of comparison, of settings from other singers or performers, or from other localities; and the result has often been most prejudicial to the character of our music.

If indeed we were so simple and inconsiderate as to place any faith in the dogma of the immutability of traditionally preserved melodies, so boldly put forward by Mr. Bunting in the Preface to his last work, it would follow that all such labour of research, investigation,

and analysis, was wholly unnecessary; and as we are fairly authorized to conclude that he took no such useless labour upon himself, it will, to a great extent, account for the imperfections which may be found in many of his settings of even our finest airs.

This strange dogma of Mr. Bunting's is thus stated: "The words of the popular songs of every country vary according to the several provinces and districts in which they are sung; as, for example, to the popular air of *Aileen-a-roon*, we here find as many different sets of words as there are counties in one of our provinces. But the case is totally different with music. A strain of music, once impressed on the popular ear, never varies. It may be made the vehicle of many different sets of words, but they are adapted to *it*, not it to *them*, and it will no more alter its character on their account than a ship will change the number of its masts on account of an alteration in the nature of its lading. For taste in music is so universal, especially among country people, and in a pastoral age, and airs are so easily, indeed in many instances, so intuitively acquired, that when a melody has once been divulged in any district, a criterion is immediately established in almost every ear; and this criterion being the more infallible in proportion as it requires less effort in judging, we have thus, in all directions and at all times, a tribunal of the utmost accuracy and of unequalled impartiality (for it is unconscious of the exercise of its own authority) governing the musical traditions of the people, and preserving the native airs and melodies of every country, in their integrity, from the earliest periods."—*Ancient Music of Ireland*—Preface, pp. 1, 2.

The irrationality and untruthfulness of this dogma, as applied to national melody generally, has been well exposed by Mr. G. Farquhar Graham, in his "Introduction" to "Wood's Songs of Scotland;" and, as applied to the melodies of Ireland, abundant proofs of its unsoundness will be found in the present and succeeding volumes of this work. I shall only, therefore, state here, as the result of my own experience as a collector of our melodies, that I rarely, if ever, obtained two settings of an *unpublished* air that were strictly the same; though, in some instances, I have gotten as many as fifty notations of the one melody. In many instances, indeed, I have found the differences between one version of an air and another to have been so great, that it was only by a careful analysis of their structure, aided perhaps by a knowledge of their history and the progress of their mutations, that they could be recognised as being essentially the one air. And thus, from a neglect of, or incapacity for, such analysis, Moore, in his Irish Melodies, has given as different airs *Aisling an Oighfear*, or "The young man's dream," and the modern version of it known as "The groves of Blarney," and "Last rose of summer;" *Sin sios agus suas lium*, or "Down beside me," and the modern version known as "The banks of Banna;" *Cailin deas donn*, or "The pretty brown-haired girl," and Shield's inaccurate setting of it, noted from the singing of Irish sailors at Wapping. Nor has Bunting himself, from whom more accuracy might have been

expected, been able to avoid such oversights; for, in his last volume, he has given us, as different airs: 1. The well-known tune called *Bean an fhir ruadh*, or, "The red-haired man's wife"—or as he calls it, "O Molly dear"—and a barbarized piper's version of it, which he calls *Cailin deas ruadh*, or "The pretty red-haired girl;" the first of these settings, as he states, having been obtained from Patrick Quin, harper, in 1800, and the second from Thomas Broadwood, Esq. (of London), in 1815. 2. The very common air called "The rambling boy," and a corrupted version of it, with a fictitious second part, which he calls *Do bi bean uasal*, or "There was a young lady,"—obtained, as he states, from R. Stanton, of Westport, in 1802. And 3. The very popular old tune of *Ta me mo chodhladh*, or "I am asleep," and a modified version of it, which he calls *Maidin bog aoibhin*, or "Soft mild morning;" both of which, he tells us, were noted from the playing of Hempson, the harper of Magilligan, the first in 1792, and the second in 1796.

Harpers and other instrumentalists are indeed Bunting's most common authorities for his tunes, whenever he gives any; but I must say that, except in the case of tunes of a purely instrumental character, I have found such authorities usually the least to be trusted; and that it was only from the chanting of vocalists, who combined words with the airs, that settings could be made which would have any stamp of purity and authenticity. For our vocal melodies, even when in the hands of those players whose instruments will permit a true rendering of their peculiar tonalities and features of expression, assume a new and unfixed character, varying with the caprices of each unskilled performer, who, unshackled by any of the restraints imposed upon the singer by the rhythm and metre of the words connected with those airs, thinks only of exhibiting, and gaining applause for, his own powers of invention and execution, by the absurd indulgence of barbarous licenses and conventionalities, destructive not only of their simpler and finer song qualities, but often rendering even their essential features undeterminable with any degree of certainty.

It is, in fact, to this careless or mistaken usage of Mr. Bunting and other collectors of our melodies, of noting them from rude musical interpreters, instead of resorting to the native singers—their proper depositories—that we may ascribe the great inaccuracies—often destructive of their beauty, and always of their true expression—which may be found in the published settings of so many of our airs. For those airs are not, like so many modern melodies, mere *ad libitum* arrangements of a pleasing succession of tones, unshackled by a rigid obedience to metrical laws; they are arrangements of tones, in a general way expressive of the sentiments of the songs for which they were composed, but always strictly coincident with, and subservient to, the laws of rhythm and metre which govern the construction of those songs, and to which they consequently owe their peculiarities of structure. And hence it obviously follows that the entire body of our vocal melodies may be easily divided into, and arranged under, as many classes as there are metrical forms of con-

struction in our native lyrics—but no further; and that any melody that will not naturally fall into some one or other of those classes must be either corrupt or altogether fictitious. Thus, for example, if we take that class of airs in triple time which is the most peculiarly Irish in its structure, namely, that to which I have applied the term "narrative," in the numerous examples given in the present volume, a reference to the words sung to those airs would at once have shown that the bar should be marked at the first crotchet, or dotted quaver, after a start, or introduction, of half a measure, so that the accents throughout the melody would fall on the emphatic words as well as notes; whereas, by a neglect of such reference, even Mr. Bunting, in his settings of such tunes, has very frequently marked the bar a full crotchet, or two quavers sooner—thus falsifying the accents, and marring the true expression of the melody, through its entirety; and rendering it incapable of being correctly sung to the original song, or to any other of similar structure that had been, or could be, adapted to it. I should add, moreover, that this rhythmical concordance of the notes of the melody with the words of the song must, to secure a correct notation, be not only attended to in the general structure of the air, but even in the minutest details of its measures. Thus, in Mr. Bunting's setting of the beautiful melody called *Droighneann donn*, or "The brown thorn," given in his first collection,—and which is one of the class here alluded to,—though the tune throughout is correctly barred, yet, from a neglect of such attention, the rhythm is violated, in the third phrase of the second strain, or section, by the substitution of a minim for a crotchet followed by two quavers; and this rhythmical imperfection, trivial as it might be deemed—for the time is still perfect—had the effect of constraining the poet Moore, in his words to this melody, to make the corresponding phrase in each stanza of his song defective of a metrical foot. As thus:—

"For on thy deck—though dark it be,
A female form—. . . . . I see."

In offering these remarks, which have been necessarily somewhat critical, on the errors of preceding collectors of our music—and which I confess I have made with great reluctance as regards the labours of Mr. Bunting, whose zealous exertions for the preservation of our national music should entitle his name to be for ever held in grateful remembrance by his country—I must not allow it to be inferred that I consider myself qualified to give to the public a work in which no such imperfections shall be found. Whatever may be the value of the qualifications necessary for doing so which I possess, the means necessary to insure such an end have been, to a great extent, wanting. Like my predecessors, I have been, and am, but a desultory collector, dependent upon accident for the tunes which I have picked up; not always, as I would have desired, obtaining such acquisitions from the best sources; but sometimes from pipers, fiddlers, and such other corrupting and uncertain

mediums; sometimes from old MS., or printed music books; and often, at second-hand, from voluntary contributors, who had themselves acquired them in a similar manner. And though the airs thus acquired have but rarely borne the stamp of unsullied purity, they have often retained such an approach to beauty as seemed to entitle them to regard, and as would not permit me, willingly, to reject them as worthless.

But I may, perhaps without presumption, claim the merit of an ardent enthusiasm in the prosecution of this undertaking; and of a reasonable share of industry in endeavouring to qualify myself to accomplish it with, at least, some amount of ability. I have availed myself of every opportunity in my power to obtain the purest settings of the airs, by noting them from the native singers, and more particularly from such of them as resided, or had been reared, in the most purely Irish districts; and I have sedulously endeavoured to test their accuracy, and free them from the corruptions incidental to local and individual recollections, by seeking for other settings from various localities and persons: and whenever, as has often happened, I found such different settings exhibit a want of agreement which has made it difficult to decide upon the superior accuracy, and perhaps beauty, of one over others, I have deemed it desirable to preserve such different versions. And as the true rhythm of traditionally preserved airs can often be determined only by a reference to the songs which had been sung to them, or from their strict analogy to airs whose rhythmical structure had been thus determined, I have endeavoured, in all instances, to collect such songs, or even fragments of them; and though these songs or fragments are not often in themselves valuable, and are even sometimes worthless, I have considered them not unworthy of preservation as evidences of, at least, the general accuracy of the settings of the airs, as well as being illustrative, to some extent, of their history; and in all cases I have truly stated the sources and localities from which both tunes and words have been obtained. Finally, I have endeavoured carefully to analyze the peculiarities of rhythm and structure found in the airs, as well as in the songs sung to them; and I have thus, as I conceive, been enabled to lay a solid foundation for a future general classification of our melodies, which must be free from error, and be of great value in illustrating the origin and progress of our music.

That I have been at all times successful in these efforts, or that the settings of the airs now first published, as well as of those intended to follow them, are always the best that could possibly be obtained, is more than I would venture to arrogate, or perhaps than should be expected. My whole pretensions are limited to the accumulation of a greater and more varied mass of materials for the formation of a comprehensive and standard publication of our national music than has previously existed; including, as a necessary contribution towards the accomplishment of such a desideratum, corrected or varied versions of airs already printed, as well as settings of airs previously unnoticed.

The value of these efforts may, however, be fairly estimated from the volume now presented to the public; for, should it meet support, and a few years of life be spared me, to enable the Society to bring the work to completion, this volume will be found to be a fair specimen of the materials of which the others shall consist. For though, by a selection of the finest airs in my possession, it would have been easy to have made this volume one of far higher interest and value, I have abstained from doing so; as the consequent deterioration in the quality of the matter in the succeeding volumes would create a just cause of complaint, and, indeed, I have been so studious in taking these tunes in such relative proportions, as to merit and variety of character, as would afford an average measure of the materials which remained, that I would fain hope, should any difference hereafter be found between them, it will not be unfavourable to the character of the latter.

In like manner, I might have made this volume one of far higher musical pretensions, and, probably, popular interest, by intrusting the harmonizations of the airs to professional musicians of known ability, many of whom I am proud to rank amongst the number of my friends. But I knew of none, at least within the latter circle, who had devoted any particular study to the peculiarities of structure and tonalities which so often distinguish our melodies from those of modern times; and I consequently feared that harmonies of a learned and elaborate nature, constructed with a view to the exhibition of scientific knowledge, as well as the gratification of conventional tastes, might often appear to me unsuited to the simple character and peculiar expression of the airs; and require me either to adopt what I might not approve; or, by the exercise of a veto, which would have the appearance of assumption, involve me in collisions which I should desire to avoid. From such feeling only, and not from any vain desire to exhibit musical knowledge which I am conscious I do not possess, I determined to arrange the melodies as I best could, to satisfy my own musical perceptions of propriety; and this determination I should have carried out through the present volume, and its successors, but that I soon found that my beloved and devoted eldest daughter, possessing a sympathizing musical feeling, and actuated by an ardent desire to lighten my labours by every means in her power, soon qualified herself by study and practice, not merely to give me an occasional assistance, but, as I may say, to take upon herself—subject of course to my approbation—the arrangements of the far greater portion of the airs which the volume contains. In order, however, to secure our arrangements from grammatical errors, or other glaring defects, I have, in most instances, submitted them to the correction of my friend Dr. Smith, Professor of Music in the University of Dublin; and he has given me the aid of his deep scientific musical knowledge, with a zeal and warmth which entitle him to my most grateful acknowledgments.

Yet—as in matters of taste the judgment is usually more influenced by accidental associations, than by the æsthetic sense of the intrinsic beauty which may be inherent in the

objects subjected to it—I am far from indulging the expectation that the general estimate formed of the worth of the airs in the present volume will be at all as high as my own. The young Subaltern will, most probably, consider the last new galop or polka, to which—intoxicated with the charms of his fair partner—he has skipped or cantered round the ball-room, superior in beauty to the finest melodies of Rossini or Mozart. The thoughtless, impulsive Irishman, of a lower social grade, will prefer the airs of "Patrick's day," or "Garryowen," to all the lively melodies of his country. The popular public singer has it in his power to make an air "the tune of the day," which, however high its merits, might have remained unknown but for his patronage. The people of every different race and country will not be persuaded that there is any national music in the world equal to their own; for it is expressive of their own musical sensations, and is associated with the songs and recollections of their youth. And thus the finest of our Irish melodies have obtained their just appreciation far less from any immediate estimate of their merits, than from their accidental union with the lyrics of Moore and others, which had taken a hold on the popular mind.

The airs presented to the public in this work have no such accidental associations, and no such interpreters of their meanings, to recommend them to general favour: and hence, they will have not only to encounter the prejudices of those who believe that all the Irish melodies worthy of preservation have been already collected,—an opinion fostered in the public mind by Moore and Bunting,—but the still greater danger of disappointing the expectations of those who believe that airs presented to their ears for the first time, and without words, should at once take possession of their feelings, and give as much delight as those which had been embalmed there by various extrinsic associations.

But, though it is only natural to conclude that, as the best melodies of every country would, at least generally, be the most popular, and, therefore, the first to present themselves to notice, and be appropriated by early collectors, those which remained to reward the industry of subsequent collectors—gleaners on an already reaped field—would be of an inferior quality; yet I cannot but indulge the belief that the airs in this work, will, on the whole, be found to possess as great an amount of variety and excellence as belong to those which have preceded it; and that, should the support necessary to its completion be awarded to it, it will afford a valuable and enduring contribution to the store of simple pleasures necessary to minds of a refined and sensitive nature, and greatly add to the respect which Ireland has already obtained from the world from the beauty of her national music.

GEORGE PETRIE.

67, Rathmines Road,
1*st May*, 1855.

Read Page 49

INDEX

TO

THE AIRS IN THIS VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

NAME IN ENGLISH.	NAME IN IRISH.	WHERE, OR FROM WHOM PROCURED.	Page.
Advice, The,		Miss Jane Ross, Newtownlimavady (Co. Derry),	78
All Alive,	Uán béoða,	MS. music-book of the middle of the last century,	41
Allan's Return,		A Dublin street ballad, early in the present century,	80
Along the Mourne Shore,	Coıṙ cuaın Mụġðoṙna,	The late Mr. Joseph Hughes (Co. Cavan),	42
As a Sailor and a Soldier were walking one day,		Mr. Patrick Joyce (Co. Limerick),	192
As I walked out one morning, I heard a dismal cry,		Mr. Robert A. Fitzgerald, Enniscorthy (Wexford),	149
At the little yellow road,	Ag an m-bóiṫṙín buiðe,	Teige Mac Mahon, a Clare ballad-singer, 1854,	24
ANONYMOUS AIRS.			
Ballad Tune,		A Dublin street ballad singer, about 40 years ago,	32
Song,		Miss Jane Ross, Newtownlimavady (Co. Derry),	57
Sligo Air,		Biddy Monaghan (Sligo), 1837,	61
Air of Curran's "Monks of the Screw,"		William Henry Curran, Esq.,	109
Ballad Tune,		A Dublin street singer, above 40 years ago,	112
Ballad Tune,		A Dublin ballad singer, early in the present century,	123
A slow Tune,		Noted early in the present century,	130
Song,		Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny),	157
Song,		MS. book of James Hardiman, Esq. (Galway),	174
Ballad Tune,		A Dublin ballad singer, early in the present century,	189
Song,		Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny),	191
Military air (*or* Chorus),		Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny),	66
Military Song,		Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny),	70
A Quick March,		Mr. Robert A. Fitzgerald, of Enniscorthy (Wexford),	153
A Lamentation,	Caoine,	Frank Keane, Co. Clare (now of Dublin),	187
A Hop Jig,		MS. Collection of Dance-tunes, about 1750,	62
A Single Jig,		Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny),	71
A Double Jig,		Patrick Hurst, a fiddler, from the Co. Leitrim, 1852,	127
A Munster Double Jig,		Frank Keane, Co. Clare (now of Dublin), 1854,	163
A Munster Single Jig,		Mr. Patrick Joyce, from Michael Dineen, of Coolfree (Co. Limerick), 1852,	167
A Planxty, [*See also* Plough Tunes.]		Mrs. J. S. Close (Co. Galway),	129
Ballypatrick,	Baile Pádraic,	Mr. James Fogarty, Tibroghney, (Co. Kilkenny),	147
Bellew's March (Sir Patrick),		MS. Music-book, about 1750,	96

NAME IN ENGLISH.	NAME IN IRISH.	WHERE, OR FROM WHOM PROCURED.	Page.
Beside the White Rock,	Ar ċaoḃ na carraiġe báine,		143
(Bunting's setting),			140
Blackbird (The) and the Thrush,	An lon ḋuḃ 'ran smólaċ,	Anne Buckley, at the Claddagh (Galway), 1840,	148
Blackwater Foot,			87
Blackthorn (The) Cane with the Thong,	An cána ḃroiġeann éille,	Biddy Monaghan (Sligo), 1837,	37
Black (The) Slender Boy,	An buaċaill caol-ḋuḃ,	The late Thomas Davis (Munster setting),	22
(Second setting),		The late Thomas Davis (Munster setting),	22
(Third setting),		Paddy Coneely, the piper (Galway),	23
Blow the candle out,		Betty Skillin (noted above half a century ago by —),	63
By the side of the White Rock (and *see* "Beside the," &c.),	Ar ċaoḃ na carraiġe báine,	The late Mr. Joseph Hughes (Co. Cavan),	138
(Another setting),		The late Wm. Forde, of Cork,	139
(Another setting),	(An cuṁaṁ leaṫ an oiḋċe),	Teige Mac Mahon, a Clare ballad-singer, 1854,	141
Cailin ban, The (The Fair Girl),	An cailín bán,	Paddy Coneely, the piper (Galway), 1839,	45
Catholic Boy, The,		The Right Hon. David R. Pigot (Chief Baron),	144
Cock (A) and a Hen that went out together,	Ceapc agus coileaċ a ḋ'imṫiġ le ċéile,	Teige Mac Mahon, a ballad-singer from the Co. Clare, 1854,	162
Coola Shore ("When I rise in the morning with my heart full of woe,")		The late Mr. Joseph Hughes (Co. Cavan), taken down about forty years ago,	119
Cormac Spaineach (otherwise called The Drummer),	Cormac Spáineaċ (no an Ḋrumaḋóir),	Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny),	35
Cunning Young Man, The,	An cleaṫaíḋe fir óig,	Mrs. Aspull, Dalkey, 1815,	6
David Foy (*or* Remember the Pease Straw),		A Dublin ballad-singer, about 40 years ago,	102
Dear to me the big Jug, and it full,	Mo ġráḋa an Jug mór ir é lán,	Paddy Coneely, the piper (Galway), 1839,	126
Ding dong didilium (The Smith's Song),	Ding ḋong ḋidilium, buail reo, réid reo,	Mr. Patrick Joyce, from Mary Hackett, of Ardpatrick (Co. Limerick), 1853,	171
Donnel O'Graedh,	Ḋomnall o Ġraeḋ,	MS. book of James Hardiman, Esq. (Galway),	152
Druiminn Donn, The,	An ḋruimfionn ḋonn ḋílir,	Noted in the Co. Derry, 1837,	115
Fingal, The Return from,	An Filleaḋ ó Fine Ġall,		31
Forlorn Virgin, The,		Anne Buckley, in the Claddagh (Galway), 1839,	82
Girl (The) of the great house,	Cailín a tiġe mhoir,	Rev. M. Walsh, P.P., Sneem (Co. Kerry), and Mr. Patrick Joyce, (Co. Limerick),	51
Gobby O! The		MS. book of Dance Tunes, about 1750,	103
Good night, and joy be with you,		Paddy Coneely, the piper (Galway), 1837,	80
Groves of Blackpool, The,			110
He's gone, he's gone,	D'imṫiġ sé 'gus d'imṫiġ sé,	Taken down at Dungiven (Co. Derry), 1837,	48
Hunt, The (*or* the Galtee Hunt),		Mr. Patrick Joyce (Co. Limerick),	92
I once loved a Boy,		Miss Holden (the late Mrs. Joseph Hughes),	79
I will drink no more on those roads of Sligo,	Ni olfa mé ní'r mo ar na bóiṫre reo Sligiġ,	Eugene Curry, Esq. (learned by his father about 1760)—Co. Clare,	8
I wish the French would take them,		Betty Skillin (noted above half a century ago by —),	137
I wish the Shepherd's Pet were mine,	Ar truaġ gan peata an mhaoir aġam,	Teige Mac Mahon, a ballad-singer from the Co. Clare, 1853,	43
I would put my own child to sleep,	Do ḋuirfinn-si féin mo leanaḃ a ḋoḋlaḃ,	Mr. Patrick Joyce, from Mrs. Cudmore, Ardpatrick (Co. Limerick),	145
I would rather have a Maiden without a gown,	b'fearr liomsa ainnir gan gúna,	Mr. Patrick Joyce (Co. Limerick),	52
If I should meet a tanner's wife,	Da g-casfaiḋ bean tanaraiḋe liomsa,	Teige Mac Mahon, a ballad-singer from the Co. Clare, 1854,	161

NAME IN ENGLISH.	NAME IN IRISH.	WHERE, OR FROM WHOM PROCURED. Page.
If I should go to a clown,	Dá b-téiðim go cóbaċ,	Mr. Robert A. Fitzgerald, Enniscorthy (Co. Wexford) 104
(Another setting),		105
I'll be a good boy, and do so no more,		The late Mr. Joseph Hughes (Co. Cavan), taken down about forty years ago, 64
I'll make my love a breast of glass,	Déanpaḋ ḃam' ġnáṫ ġeal, uṁċ ṗġaṫáim ġlan,	Betty Skillin (noted above half a century ago by —), 68
Irish Hautboy, The,		136
It was an old Beggarman, weary and wet,		William Allingham, Esq., of New Ross (noted by him in Co. Donegal), 117
Jenny (O), you have borne away the palm,	A Ṡinéaḋ ṫuġ ṫú an ólú leaṫ,	Taken down in Banagher (Co. Derry), 1836, 33
Johnny (O), dearest Johnny,		Taken down in the Co. Derry, 1837, 134
King of the Rath, the (or Ree Raw),	Riġ an Ráṫa,	Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny), 5
Kitty Magee,		MS. book of Dance Tunes, about 1750, 185
Lady Athenry, Planxty by Carolan,		Burke Thumoth's collection of Carolan, 1720, 158
Lady Wrixon, Planxty by Carolan,		An old collection of Carolan, about 1721, 39
Lament of Richard Cantillon,		Mary Madden, a blind ballad-singer (Limerick, 1854), 182
Lament (The) for Gerald (or Black Cloaks to cover Bobby),		Dr. O'Sullivan (Co. Kerry), about 1815, 91
Last Saturday night as I lay in my bed,		Mr. James M. O'Reilly (Co. Carlow), 101
Let us be drinking, drinking, drinking,	Ir bímíd aġ ól, aġ ól, aġ ól,	Teige Mac Mahon, a ballad-singer from the Co. Clare, 1854, 131
Loch Allen,	Loċ Aillinne,	From a fiddler in the Co. Leitrim, 58
LULLABIES.		
An ancient Lullaby,	"Seo hu léo,"	Mary Madden, a blind ballad-singer (Limerick, 1854), 73
An ancient Lullaby, (*And see* "I'd put my own child to sleep.")		Miss Jane Ross, N.-T.-Limavady (Co. Derry), 118
Lura, lura, no da lura (*or* Maileo lero, is imbo nero),	Lúra, lúra, no ḋa lura (no Maileó léro ir imbó néro),	Eugene Curry, Esq., and Teige Mac Mahon, (Co. Clare), 1853, 84
Melancholy Martin,	Máṙtan ḃúḃaċ,	Taken down in Banagher (Co. Derry), 1837, 19
Molly Hewson,		Betty Skillin (noted above half a century ago by —), 40
My Love is upon the river,	Ta mo ġnáṫ ṙa ar an aḃainn,	Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny), 38
My Love will ne'er forsake me,	Ni ṫreigṫiḋ mo ġnáṫ go ḃeóiḋ mé,	Mr. P. J. O'Reilly, Westport (Co. Mayo), 18
My Lover has gone—my heart is sore,	Ó'imṫiġ mo ġnáṫ—'tá mo ṁroiḋe teinn,	Mr. P. J. O'Reilly, Westport (Co. Mayo), 44
My own young dear,	Mo ṁúirnín óg,	Taken down in the Co. Derry, 186
Nancy (O), Nancy, don't you remember,		Taken down from singing, about 1805, 111
Nancy, the pride of the East (*or* "For Erin I would not tell who she is"),	(Ar Ériunn ni 'neórainn cé hí),	Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny), 99
Never despise an old friend,		Taken down in the Co. Derry, 177
Nobleman's Wedding, The,		William Henry Curran, Esq., and Mr. Patrick Joyce (Co. Limerick), 179
(Another setting),		Miss Petrie, 179
(Another setting),		Mary Madden, a blind ballad-singer (Limerick, 1854), 179
Nora of the amber hair,	Nóra an ṁúil ṁóra,	MS. book of Irish tunes, written by Mr. Patrick O'Neill, Co. Kilkenny, in 1785, 88
(Another setting),		Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny), 90
Och, ochone, it is sickly I am (*or* Farewell to the Maige),	Uċ uċ ón, ar ḃreóiṫe miṙi (no ṙlán coir Maiġe),	Eugene Curry, Esq. (Co. Clare), 165
Oh, rouse yourself, it's cold you've got,		Mary Madden, a blind ballad-singer, of Limerick, 1854, 133

INDEX TO THE AIRS IN THIS VOLUME.

NAME IN ENGLISH.	NAME IN IRISH.	WHERE, OR FROM WHOM PROCURED. Page.
Oh, thou of the beautiful hair, .	A ċúl álainn ḃeaṙ, ...	Mr. Patrick Joyce (from Joseph Martin, Ardpatrick, Co. Limerick), 1854, ... 156
Oro, thou fair loved one, . . .	Óṙó a ċumain ġil, ...	Teige Mac Mahon, a Clare ballad-singer, 1854, . . 124
Oro mór, O Moirin !	Óṙó ṁoṙ a móiṙín, ...	O'Neill's MS. (Co. Kilkenny), 1787, ... 121
Old woman lamenting her purse, the,	. . . . .	Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny) 106
One Sunday after Mass, . . .	. . . . .	Noted down above forty years ago, ... 113
Pearl of the Flowing Tresses, The,	Péaṙla an ċúil ṙaoḃaiġ, . . .	Mr. Patrick Joyce (Co. Limerick), ... 184
Pearl of the White Breast, The,	Péaṙla an ḃṙollaiġ ḃáin, . . .	Eugene Curry, Esq. (Co. Clare), ... 10
Pipe (The) on the Hob, ...	. . . . .	Mr. Patrick Joyce (Co. Limerick), ... 114
PLANXTIES.		
Planxty by Carolan, . . .	Planṙṫaiḋ, ṗe ó Ceaṙḃallain,	MS. book of Irish airs by Mr. John Shannon, of Listowel (Co. Kerry), [setting of Roche, a Kerry fiddler], 12
Planxty O'Flinn (by Carolan), [and *see* Lady Athenry, &c.]	. . . . .	An old collection of Carolan, about 1721, ... 150
PLOUGH TUNES.		
"Hóbó-bobobo-bô," . . .	(Ḃṙóḋ ir ḃuail ir ṫiomáin), . .	Teige Mac Mahon, a Clare ballad-singer, 1854, . 30
A Ploughman's Whistle, . .	Ṗeaḋ an oiṙiṁ, ...	Taken down in the King's County, ... 28
A Ploughman's Whistle, . .	Ṗeaḋ an oiṙiṁ, ...	Mr. Patrick Fogarty, Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny), . 29
A Ploughman's Whistle, . .	Ṗeaḋ an oiṙiṁ, ...	Thomas H. Bridgford, Esq., R. H. A., ... 132
Pretty Sally, ...	. . . . .	A Dublin street ballad-singer, above 40 years ago, . 178
Priest (The) with the Collar, . .	Saġaṙṫ an ḃonaḋ, ...	MS. Music-book, about 1750, ... 190
Red-haired Girl, The, ...	An cailín ṙuaḋ, ...	Noted in Dalkey, 1815, ... 3
(Cork setting of the same air),	. . . . .	 4
Rocky Road, The, ...	. . . . .	Mrs. J. S. Close (Co. Galway), ... 175
Rose, The fair-skinned, dark-haired,	Roiṙ ġeal ḃuḋ, ...	Mr. James Fogarty, Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny), . 95
Sally Whelan (or Phelan), . . .	Saḋḃ ní Ḟaeláin, ...	Paddy Coneely, the piper (Co. Galway), 1839, . . 122
Scolding Wife, The, ...	. . . . .	O'Neill's MSS., 1787, ... 188
Scorching is this Love, ...	. . . . .	Rev. M. Walsh, P. P., Sneem (Co. Kerry), . . . 69
Sheela, my love, say will you be mine,	. . . . .	A Dublin street ballad-singer, above 40 years ago, . 135
Silken Article, The	An ball ṙíḋaṁail, ...	Biddy Monaghan, Sligo, 1837, ... 7
Sit here, O Muirnin, sit near me,	Suiġ annṙo a Muiṙníṅ laiṁ liom,	Teige Mac Mahon, a Clare ballad-singer, 1854, . . 56
Spinning-wheel Tune, ...	"Sin binn bubbaṙo,"	Anne Buckley, the Claddagh (Galway), 1839, . . 87
Splashing of the Churn, The . .	Ġluiġiṙ a ṁaḋiṙ, ...	Mr. James Fogarty, Tibroghney (Co. Kilkenny), . 81
Spring into the Drink, ...	Ṙṙeab annṙa n-ól, ...	Mr. Patrick J. O'Reilly, Westport (Co. Mayo) . . 128
Strawberry Blossom, The, . . .	. . . . .	 133
Tatter the Road, ...	. . . . .	MS. Music-book, about 1750, ... 65
The hour I prove false, ...	. . . . .	A Dublin ballad-singer, 40 years ago, ... 181
There was a Lady all skin and bone,	. . . . .	A Dublin ballad-singer, 40 years ago, ... 166
This time twelve months I married,	ḃliaḋain 'ṙa ṫaca ṙo 'ṙóṙ mé, .	Teige Mac Mahon, a Clare ballad-singer, 1854, . . 159
'Tis easily known that you never saw Rosy, ...	b'ṙuiṙiṙ ṫú aiṫne na ṙaċa ṫu Roiṙi 'ṙiain, ...	Noted from a street singer in Dublin, about 1825, . 72
The Token, ...	. . . . .	The late Mrs. Joseph Hughes (Miss Holden), . . 182
Ulster, The Hags of, ...	Cailleaċa ċúiġiḋ Ulaḋ, ...	Paddy Coneely, the piper (Co. Galway), 1839, . . 123
When she answered me her voice was low, ...	. . . . .	The late Mr. Joseph Hughes (Co. Cavan), about 1815, ... 69
Where have you been, my little girl?	Cá ṙaḃáiṙ anoiṙ a cailín ḃiġ? .	Mr. Patrick Joyce (Co. Limerick), ... 67
Winter it is past, The (*or* The Curragh of Kildare), ...	. . . . .	Betty Skillin (noted above half a century ago by —), 168
Woman (O) of the house, is not that pleasant!	O ḃean an ṫiġe, naċ ṙuaiṙc eṙin,	Teige Mac Mahon, a Clare ballad-singer, 1854, . . 55
(Another setting), ...	. . . . .	Noted by the late William Forde, of Cork, 1846, . 55
Young Lady, The, ...	An ḃean óġ uaṙal, ...	Mr. Patrick Joyce (Co. Limerick), ... 154

43 36 38 30 147 — 17 Dance tunes

Ancient Music of Ireland.

AN CAILIN RUADH. The Red-haired Girl.

THE name of this beautiful air will be familiar to all the readers of Gerald Griffin's deeply interesting tale of "The Collegians". They will remember how in the twenty-third chapter of that work, the author, with admirable fidelity to nature, has depicted Lowry Looby, the low comic Irishman of the story, as amusing himself—while waiting for admission to the cottage of the unfortunate Eily—by singing in a low voice, outside the window, a few verses of the odd ballad now united to this melody,—the oddities being made more laughable by giving the words occasionally, not according to their true orthography, but so as to convey the peculiar pronunciation given to them by the singer. The words of "The Colleen Rue" are, in truth, a fair example of a class of lyrics not, probably, to be found in any country but Ireland. They are the rude attempts of a people not wholly illiterate, to express their thoughts in a language with which they had but an imperfect and recently-acquired acquaintance; or to translate into it the effusions which had previously given them pleasure, as the exponents of airs they loved, and would not willingly cease to sing. Viewed, therefore, merely as curiosities,—great "curiosities of literature,"—they are not unworthy of notice, or perhaps, in some instances, of preservation. But they possess other features of interest not less remarkable; they illustrate, in no small degree, the history of the peasant mind of Ireland during the last two centuries,—in times of peace breathing of love, or sorrow, or conviviality,—in times of war or trouble, of secret treason and longings for revenge. Thus, during the war of the Revolution, and as long after it as hope for the fallen dynasty survived, the sentimental or love songs of the seventeenth century, and of earlier ages, were generally thrown aside to give place to jacobite songs, which expressed the newly-engendered thoughts and wishes of the people: and although, in some instances, and chiefly by the women, the former were preserved in wild and secluded spots, those earlier songs have, in a great measure, been irrecoverably lost. But though the old songs thus perished, the tunes still remained; and during that comparative lull of the popular feelings which, for a considerable portion of the last century, was only disturbed by agrarian conspiracies and their sad consequences, the jacobite songs were in their turn discarded, and the old melodies of the country were again applied to their original purpose, as a help to the expression of the better feelings of the human mind. The sentimental airs had new words adapted to them, breathing the successful or unhappy results of affection,—the more sorrowful ones gave vent to lamentations for the unfortunate Defender, Whiteboy, or Leveller,—and the livelier airs, and spirit-stirring marches of the old clans, were generally converted to the uses of the dance; and it is to the songs written during this period, that we owe the preservation of so vast a

mass of our national melody. It is quite true that these songs rarely, if ever, had any pretensions to literary merit, and were, moreover, too often disfigured by dashes of licentiousness,—the too common and disgraceful characteristic of the times, and which are never found in the earlier lyrics of the country. Still, however, mere doggerel as they were, they led to results which songs of a higher order could never have accomplished; because they would have been unintelligible to the understandings, and foreign to the tastes, of a then uneducated people. Whether written in Irish, for the counties in which the native language still generally prevailed, or in English, for the counties where that language was becoming general, or, as often happened, in a compound of the two tongues, where both were still spoken, such songs had, to Irish ears, the important merit of a happy adaptation of words that would run concurrently with the notes and rhythm of the airs for which they were intended; and were, happily, thus the means of preserving the tunes in all their integrity. As an example of this rhythmical adaptation, I am tempted to give a stanza or two—for more than a specimen would scarcely be tolerated—of this characteristic ballad of the last century.

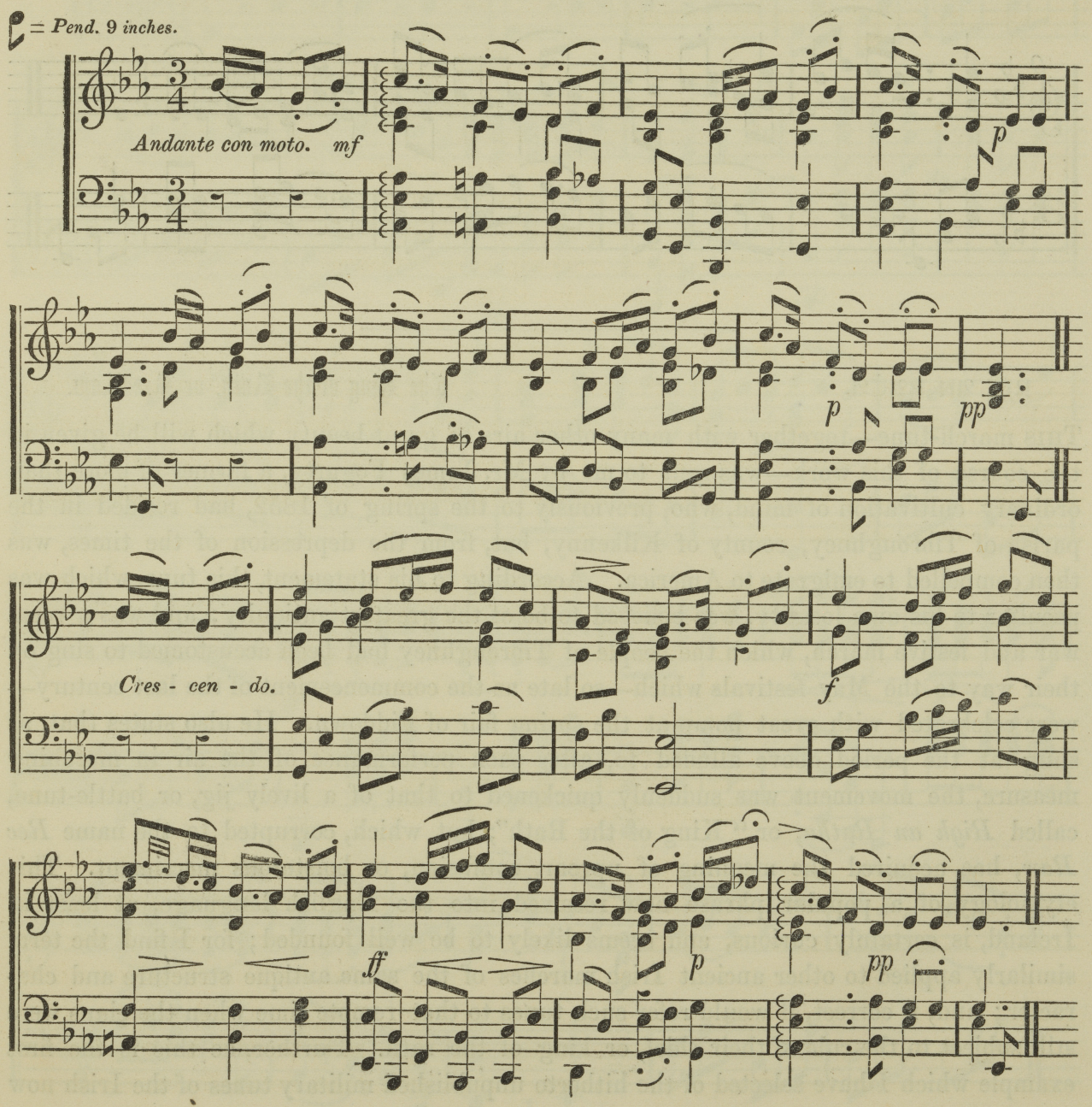
As I roved out on a summer's morning,
A speculating most curiously,
To my surprise I soon espied,
A charming fair one approaching me.
I stood a while in deep meditation,
Contemplating what I should do,
'Till at length, recruiting all my sensations,
I thus accosted fair *Colleen Rue.*

This, it must be coníessed, is but sad doggerel, but in the following stanza will be more distinctly seen that attempt to transfer to the English language the constantly recurring assonantal or vowel rhymes of the original Irish songs; and also of the pedantic classical allusions, in which this class of Anglo-Irish ballads so ludicrously abound, and of which so good an imitation has been given by the late Mr. Milliken of Cork, in the popular song of "The Groves of Blarney."

Kind sir, be easy, and do not tease me,
With your false praises most jestingly,
Your dissimulation of invocation
Are vaunting praises seducing me.
I'm not Aurora or beauteous Flora,
But a rural female to all men's view,
That's here condoling my situation,
My appellation is the *Colleen Rue.*

The circumstances under which I obtained the air of this characteristic Irish love-song had a curious accordance with the sentiment of the song, which may not be unworthy of notice. While residing in the village of Dalkey, during the summer of 1815, I was one evening surprised by hearing, from a small neighbouring tavern, a strain of melody which appeared to me to be unmistakeably Irish,—not, however, sung, as I had always heard such airs, by a single voice, but by several voices united, so as to produce a very pleasing and not incorrect stream of harmony. So unusual an occurrence naturally excited in my

mind a strong desire to ascertain the name of a melody not previously known to me, and how it came to be thus sung in parts; and having felt assured that I had accurately committed the air to memory, I went into the house to question the hostess—the well known and worthy Mrs. Shearman—on these points, and also as to what she knew of her musical guests. Her reply was to the effect that the singers consisted of two respectable country girls from the south, and their sweethearts, two Englishmen, corporals in a regiment then quartered in Dublin,—to whom they were shortly to be married. As, however, she could not give me the more essential information which I desired, I gladly availed myself of her offer to introduce me to the singers,—from whom I learned that the air, which was sung by the girls, was truly Irish, and called "The Colleen Rue;" and that the harmony of tenor and bass combined with it, was the result of musical instruction which the Englishmen had obtained, as singers in the choir of their parish church. I should add that this was the only occasion on which I have ever heard this beautiful and once popular melody.

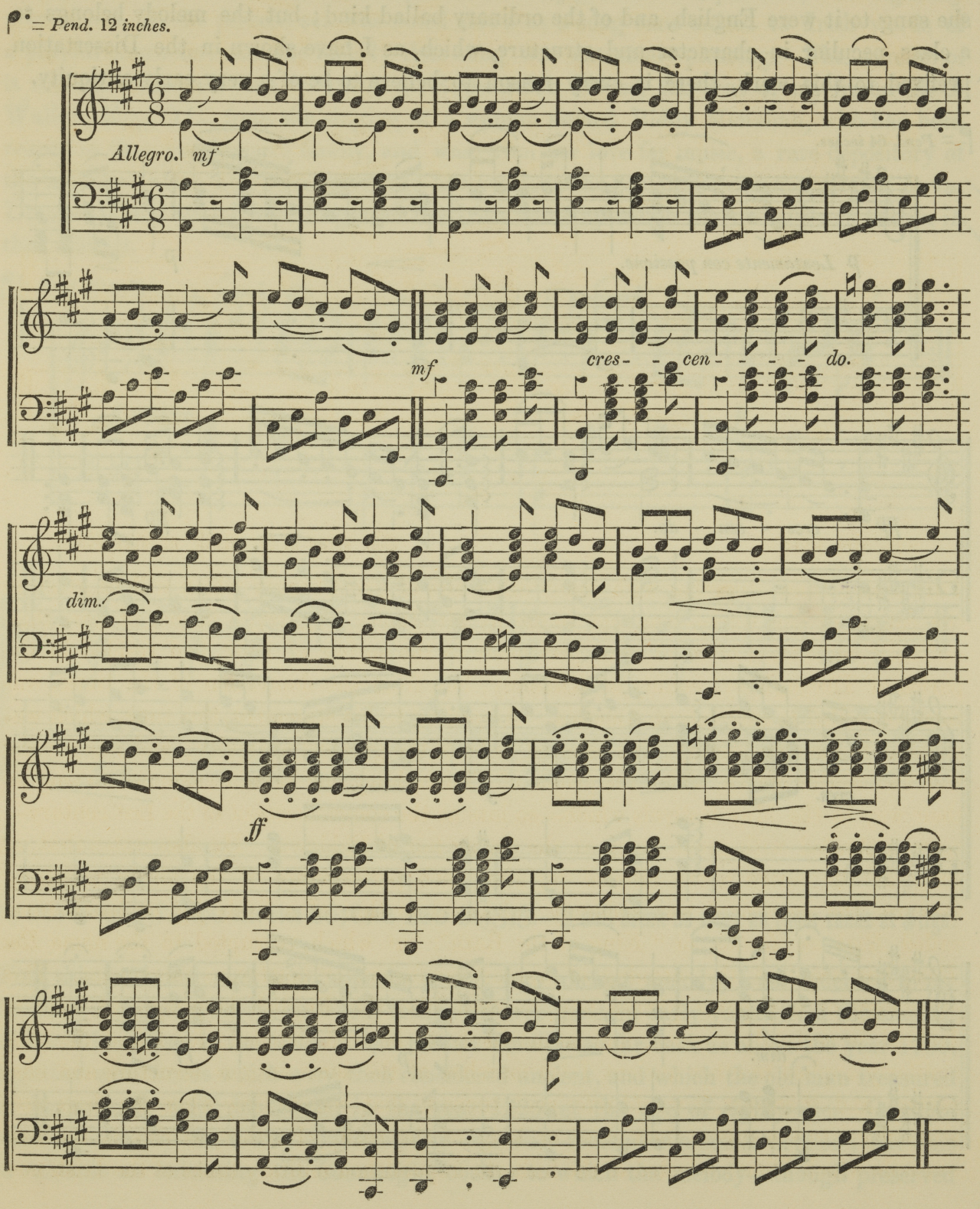


In connexion with the preceding melody and words, it should, perhaps, be observed that, as amongst the Irish, in many instances, innumerable songs have been adapted to a favorite tune, so it often happens that a ballad which had become popular, is united to an air different from that for which it was written. In illustration of this usage I have selected the following melody, which is more commonly known in the county of Cork as "The Colleen Rue,"—being the tune sung in that county to the ballad so called; though to adapt it to the latter, the air must be sung twice to each stanza.

RIȜ AN RAṪA. The King of the Rath, or Ree Raw.

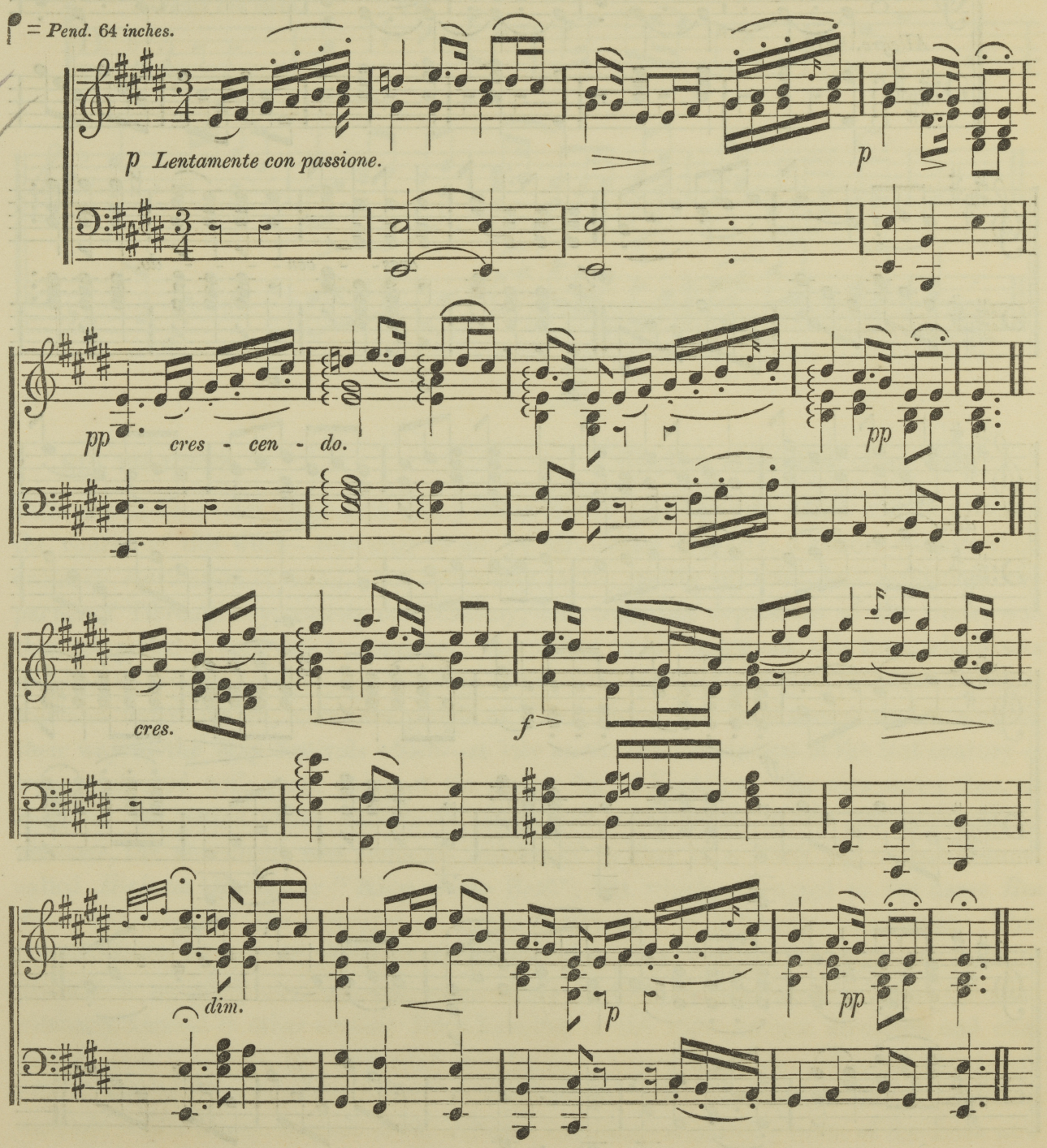
This march-tune—together with many other airs of great beauty which will be given in the course of this work—was sent to me by Mr. James Fogarty, a farmer of more than ordinary cultivation of mind, who, previously to the spring of 1852, had resided in the parish of Tibroughney, county of Kilkenny, but, from the depression of the times, was then compelled to emigrate to America. According to his statement, this tune, which was peculiar to his own locality, was believed to be of the greatest antiquity; and was a vocal war and festive march, which the people of Tibroughney had been accustomed to sing on their way to the May festivals which—so late as the commencement of the last century—were celebrated with great pomp at the spring fair of Fiddown. He also states that, as sung at the period above alluded to, after each performance of the air in marching measure, the movement was suddenly quickened to that of a lively jig, or battle-tune, called *Righ an Ratha*, or "King of the Rath"; but which, corrupted to the name *Ree Raw*, has acquired the meaning of uproar, confusion, or boisterous merriment. This etymology of a popular phrase now received into the English language, at least in Ireland, is certainly curious, and seems likely to be well founded; for I find the term similarly applied to other ancient Irish marches of the same antique structure and character; and, if correct, it would refer such tunes to that remote time when the clans were still subject to the rule of their chief, or king of the rath. Further, as this is the first example which I have selected of the hitherto unpublished military tunes of the Irish now

in my possession, I deem it proper to state that all such airs, amongst the Irish, were of a lively or quick-step character,—the slow march of England and other nations being unknown to, or at least unused by, them; and that all such strains are, of course, in common time, or that compound form of it consisting of two triplets, and known as *six-eight* measure. I should further state that these ancient tunes appear to me to be still very extensively preserved in Ireland as jig tunes, of which—when not, as they often are, in triple time—they may be regarded as the parents; if, indeed, as is most probable, these marches were not originally applied to both purposes.



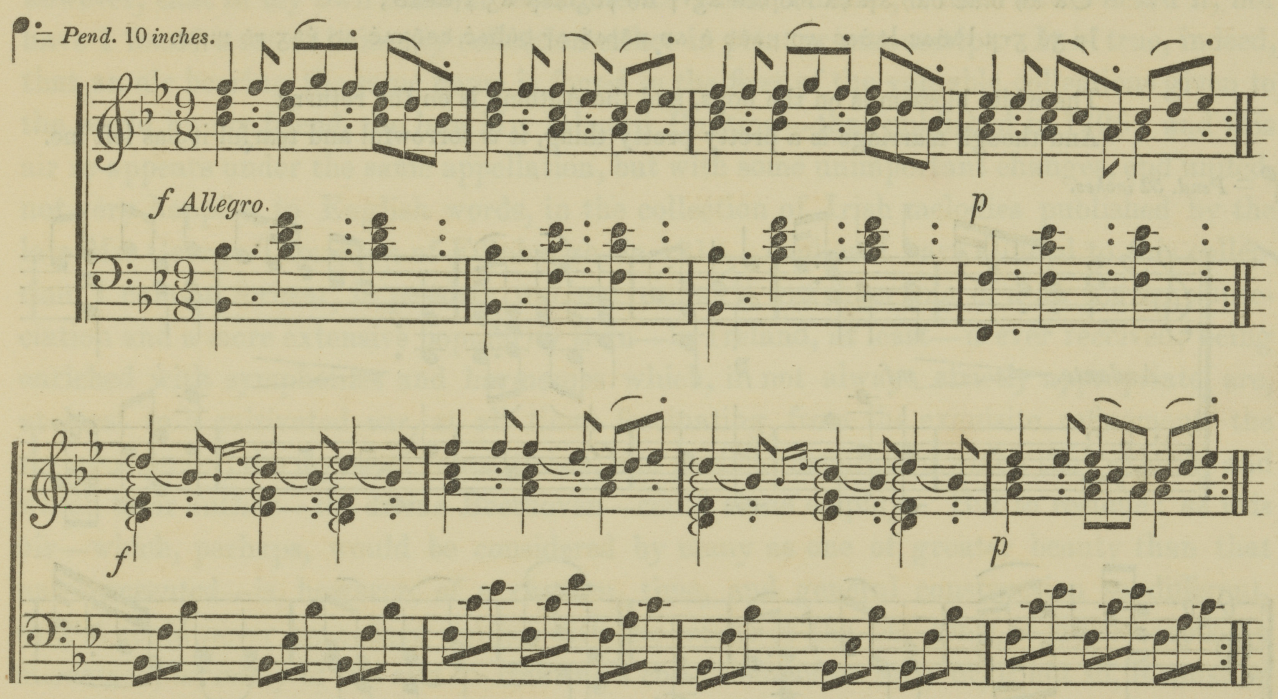
an cleasaíde fír óig. The Cunning Young Man.

This beautiful and highly characteristic melody was taken down, in 1815, from the singing of a fisherman's wife named Archbold, or Aspull, as the name was locally pronounced, in the then strikingly romantic village of Dalkey, near Dublin. The air was sung with a touching sweetness, for the purpose of soothing the irritability of a sick child; and, as the singer subsequently informed me, it was from the singing of her mother, under similar circumstances for herself, that she had learnt it in her own childhood. The words which she sang to it were English, and of the ordinary ballad kind; but the melody belongs to a class, peculiar in character and structure, which, as I have shown in the Dissertation prefixed to this work, there is every reason to believe to be of a very early antiquity.



AN BALL SIÓDAIḂAIL. The Silken Article.

A SET of this tune, given as a jig, was first published in 1806, by my friend the late Francis Holden, Mus. Doc., in a valuable collection of Irish melodies to which I was a large contributor, this air being one of the number. It was given to me in early youth by a lamented friend, the late Edward Fisher of Merginstown, in the county of Wicklow, by whom it had been taken down from the playing of a fiddler in that county. It is probable, however, that this air, like many other of our jig tunes in triple time, was originally a vocal one, as the present set was noted down as a song tune united to Irish words of a playful character, and the melody thus sung was extremely pleasing. This version of it was set while on a visit in 1837, at Rathcarrick House, the seat of my friend R. C. Walker, Esq., Q.C., from the singing of a woman named Biddy Monahan, who had been reared in that gentleman's family, and was, from her love for music, a rare depository of the melodies which had been current in her youth in the romantic peninsula of *Cuil Iorra*. I regret to add that I have forgotten the Irish name by which the melody was known in that district.



NÍ ÓLFAIDH MÉ NÍ'S MÓ AR NA BÓTHAIBH SEO SUAS.—I will drink no more on those roads of Sligo.

FOR this beautiful and, as it appears to me, very ancient melody, I am indebted to my friend Mr. Eugene Curry, on whose memory it was fixed in early youth from the singing of his father: and to the latter it had become familiar so far back as about the year 1760, together with words which were then considered ancient, and which the old man treasured in his memory until his death, in the year 1825, at the age of eighty-one. Of those words, however, Mr. Curry unfortunately can only remember a small portion; but this is valuable as indicating the Connaught county to which the melody—though preserved

in Clare—most probably belongs, as will be seen from the first line of the following stanza, which is the only perfect one that Mr. Curry remembers:—

Ní ólfa mé ní'r mó ar na bóithre seo Sligigh,
Agus tógfa mé mo seólta fa bóid na caille glaise;
Ólfa mé mo dóithin dá domhnaigh ir bladh ar mise,
Mar fíor ir go b-fagaimn-ri póigín óm' stóirín blátha finne.

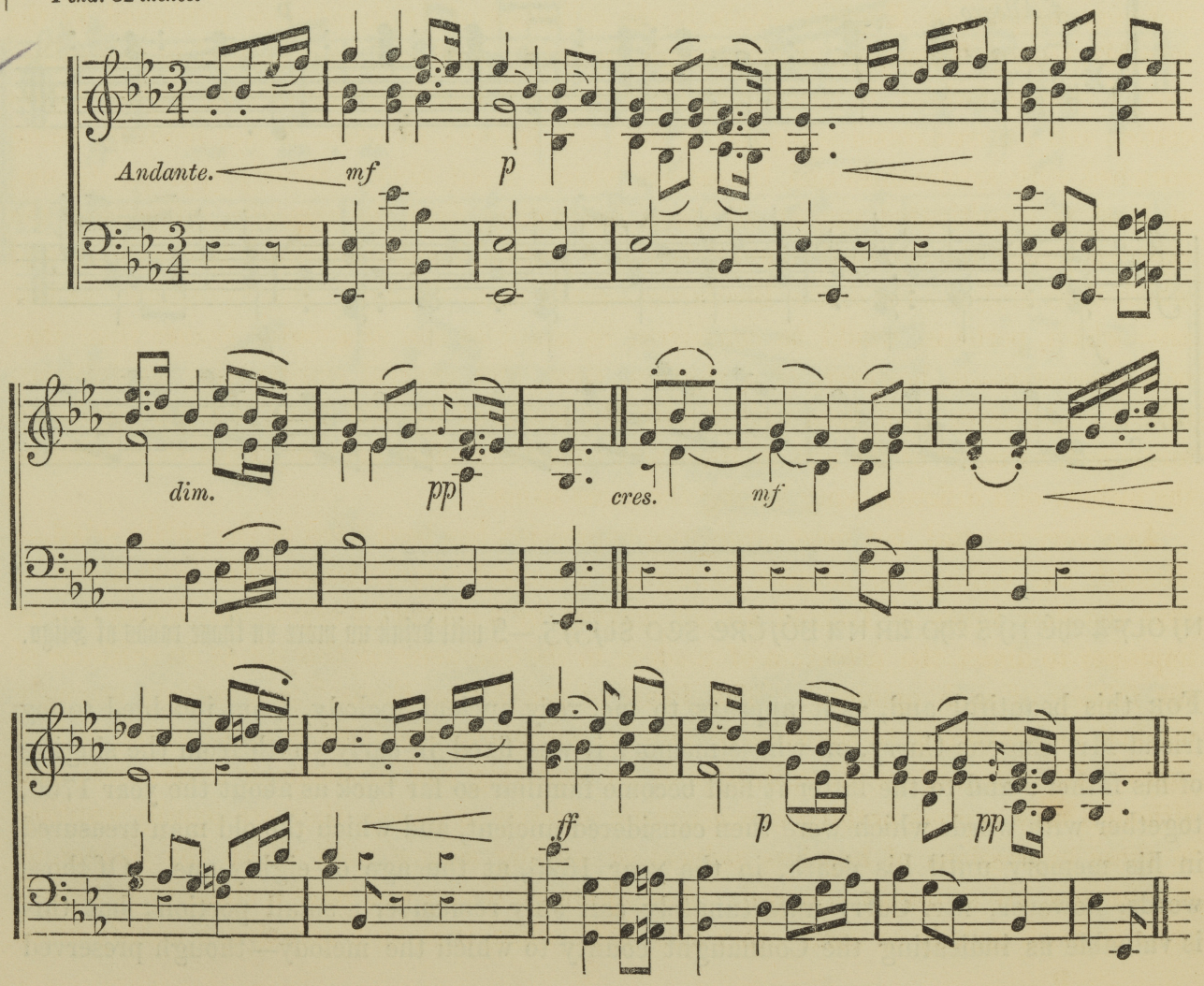
I will drink no more on those roads of Sligo,
And I will raise my sails to the border of the green wood,
(Where) I will drink enough on Sunday, and will be merry,
In hopes that I may get a kiss from my *stoirin*, the blossom of whiteness.

Standing alone, it may appear to many that these lines have but little pretension to poetical merit; but in two lines of another stanza—which are all of it that Mr. Curry can recollect—there are indications of a poetical feeling which might lead to a regret that the whole of this old song has not been preserved. These lines are:—

'Tá an bláth bán ar na móinte agus an fómhar ag filleadh;
Ir gé gur ládhach ládhach an rud é an pósadh ar dúbhach deórach ad fág sé mise.

The white blossom is on the bogs, and the Autumn is on the return;
And though marriage is a pretty pretty thing, it is sorrowful and tearful it has left me.

♩ = *Pend. 52 inches.*

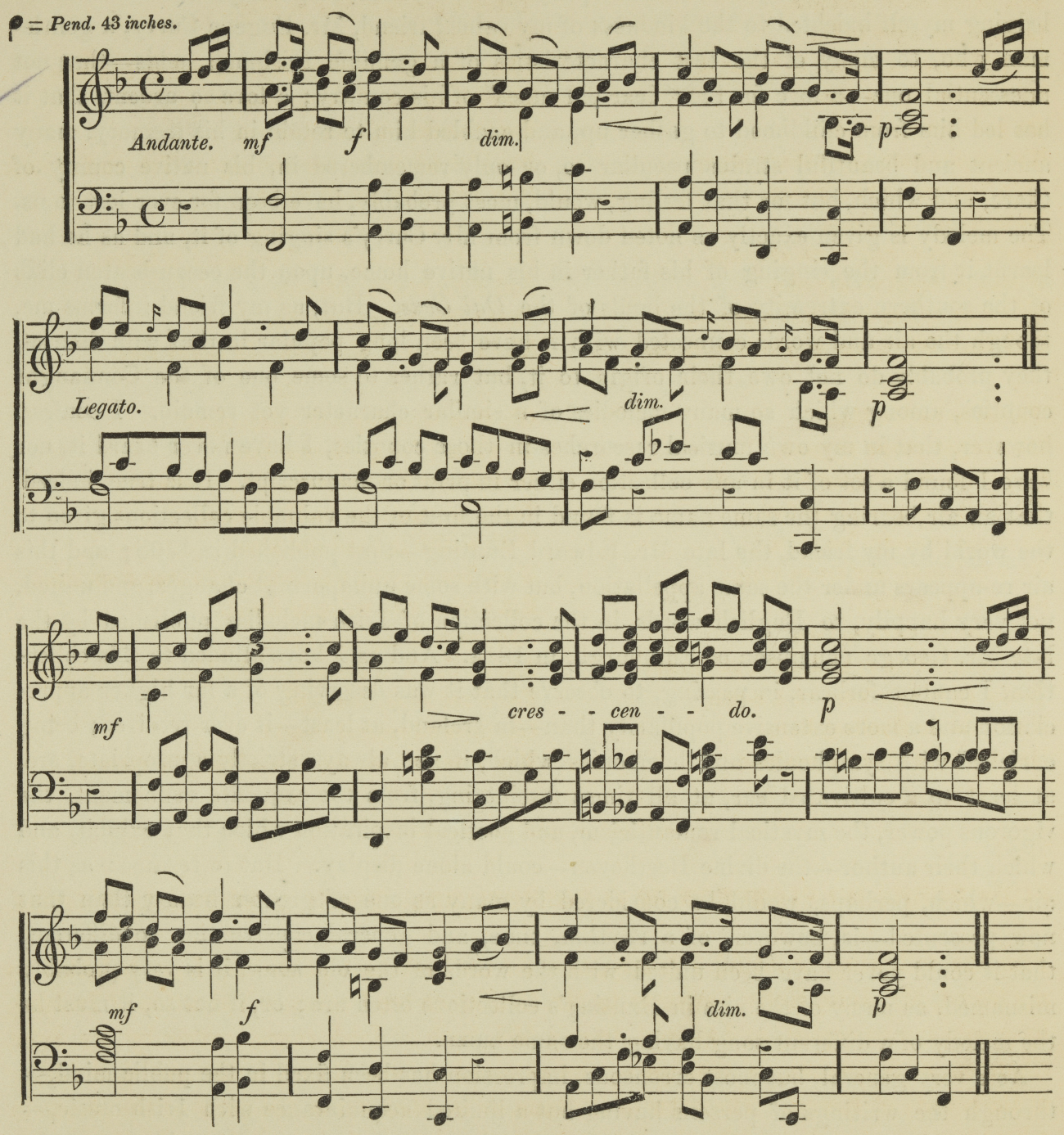


PÉARLA AN BROLLAIGH BÁIN. The Pearl of the White Breast.

FOR this beautiful melody and its accompanying words, I have a great pleasure in acknowledging myself indebted to the kindness of my valued friend, Mr. Eugene Curry, a gentleman who, to many of the best characteristics of a genuine Irishman, adds—that not unessential one—a love for the "dear old tunes" of his country; a love so ardent, that it has led him from childhood to gather up, and enabled him to retain in his memory, many ancient and beautiful strains peculiar to, or only remembered in, his native county of Clare, and which, but for that feeling, would, most probably, have been for ever lost to us. The melody is given exactly as noted down from Mr. Curry's singing of it, and as he had learnt it from the singing of his father in his native home, upon the ocean-beaten cliffs of the southern extremity of the lands of the *Dal Cass*. But, as my friend informs me, though the air and words connected with it have been long popular in that wild district, they probably do not owe their origin to it, but rather to some one of the Connaught counties, among which so many melodies of a similar character yet remain. I confess, however, that in my own musical researches in those counties, I have never heard it, nor have I found a set of it in any collection either in print or manuscript. It is true, indeed, that an air bearing the same name is found in the first of the valuable collections given to the world by my friend, the late Mr. Edward Bunting—that published in 1796; and this air re-appears under the same appellation, but with some unimportant changes, and united, not very happily, to English words, in the collection of Irish melodies published by the late Mr. George Thompson of Edinburgh, in 1814. And as I have alluded to this collection, I cannot forbear, in passing, to observe that it was deserving of a far higher appreciation and a more extensive popularity than—in Ireland, at least—it ever received; being enriched with symphonies and harmonies which, if not always strictly appropriate, are, at least to a cultivated ear, at all times fascinating, from the exquisite refinement, the vigorous power, the mystical romanticism, and poetical inspiration which they exhibit, and which their author—the divine Beethoven—could alone display. But to resume: as this air—which, perhaps, would be considered by many as one of greater beauty than that now presented—is, however, of a rhythm, time, and general construction so different, that it could never have been united with the words of the old song, it is very probably misnamed, as many of the airs in Bunting's collections often are; or, if not so, it must be the melody of a different song having the same name.

As a very general, but most erroneous, impression has been fixed in the public mind,—through the writings of persons having but a limited acquaintance with Irish music,—that the slow tunes of Ireland are all marked by a sorrowful expression, it may not be improper to direct the attention of readers to the character of this air as an evidence of the fallacy of such opinion. "The Pearl of the White Breast" is a melody strongly marked as belonging to the class of airs known among the Irish as sentimental, or love tunes. Its cadences are all expressive of an imploring and impassioned tenderness; and although they express nothing characteristic of levity or gaiety, they are equally wanting in those expressions of hopeless sadness or wailing sorrow with which the *caoines*, or elegiac airs, are so deeply stamped. And although it may not have a claim to so high a place in Irish melody as some other airs of its class, it is, as I conceive, a melody of no

ordinary beauty,—perfectly Irish in the artful regularity of its construction, and deeply impressed with those peculiar features which would give it a claim to a very remote, though, like most of our fine airs, an unknown and undeterminable antiquity.



With respect to the words now sung to this air, it should, however, be observed that they are by no means of so remote an age as the melody itself—though they are older than most of the songs now sung to our finest tunes, which have rarely an antiquity anterior to the beginning of the last century. It is the opinion of Mr. Curry that this song is, probably, at least as old as the early part of the seventeenth age; and as, for a peasant song, it is not wanting either in naturalness of thought or appropriate simplicity of expression, I have considered it as not unworthy of preservation, as well in its original language, as in a nearly literal versified translation, which I have attempted with a view

to convey to the reader some idea of a very usual metrical structure in Irish lyrical compositions. I need scarcely add that it has no pretension to notice but as such an example.

1

Atá cailín dear am ċnáð,
Le bliadain agus le lá,
Is mí féadaim a fáġail le bréagaḋ;
Ní 'l airde ċliṫ le náḋ,
Dá gcanaiḋ fir le mná,
Nár ċaiṫeamair gan tábaċt léi-ri:
Do'n Fraing nó do'n Spáin,
Dá dtéiġeaḋ mo ġnáḋ,
Go naġaidh-ri gaċ lá dá féaċain,
Is mar ar bṫuil ré a n-dáil
Díonn ar aimsir ċíoṁ seo d'fáġail,
Uċ! Mac Muire na n-grás d'ár saoraḋ.

2

'Sa ċailín ċailce bláṫ,
Dá d'tugar searc is gnáḋ,
Ná tabair-ri gaċ tnáṫ ḋam éiriḋ;
'Sa liaṫ aimsir mín am ḋeaiġ,
Re braiṫ is maoin 'na láiṁ,
Dá n-gabainn a t'áit-ri céile:
Póg is míle fáilte,
'S barraiḋe geal do láiṁ,
Aré 'niarraidh-ri go bráṫ mar sheiṁeaḋ leat:
'Smar an ḋamsa 'taoi tú a n-dáil,
A Péarla an Bhollaiġ báin,
Nár ṫiġ mise slán ó'n n-aonaċ.

1

There 's a colleen fair as May,
For a year and for a day
I have sought by ev'ry way,—Her heart to gain.
There 's no art of tongue or eye,
Fond youths with maidens try,
But I 've tried with ceaseless sigh,—Yet tried in vain.
If to France or far-off Spain,
She 'd cross the wat'ry main,
To see her face again,—The seas I 'd brave.
And if 'tis heav'n's decree,
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary me—In mercy save.

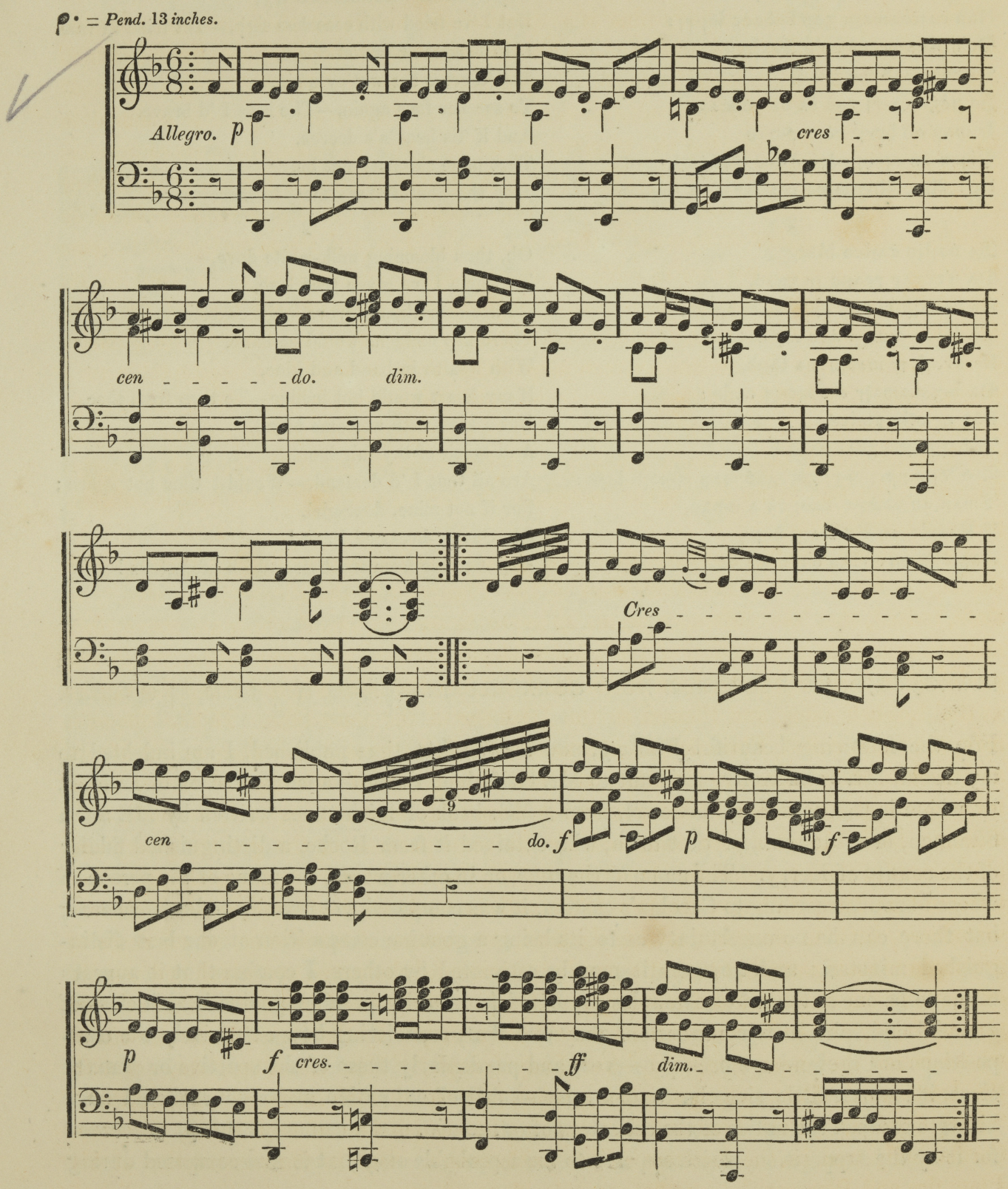
2

Oh, thou blooming milk-white dove,
To whom I 've given true love,
Do not ever thus reprove—My constancy.
There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in hand and kine,
If my heart would but incline—To turn from thee.
But a kiss, with welcome bland,
And touch of thy fair hand,
Are all that I 'd demand,—Wouldst thou not spurn;
For if not mine, dear girl,
Oh, Snowy-breasted Pearl!
May I never from the Fair—With life return!

PLANCSTAIḊ, NO PLÉARACA RE Ó CEARBALLAIN.—Planxty, or Plearaca, by O'Carolan.

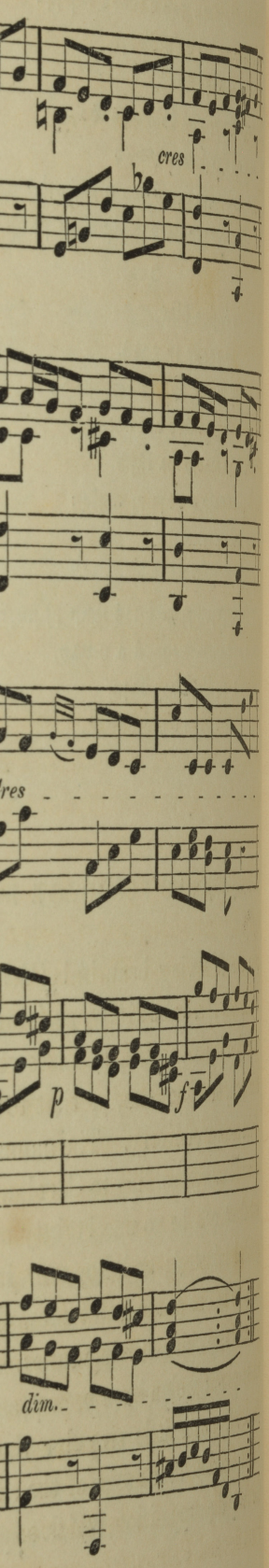
For the following beautiful *Planxty*, now for the first time published, I am indebted to my friend, Mr. John Kelly, assistant to Mr. Griffith on the Ordnance Valuation of Ireland, by whom it was copied, at Listowel, from a MS. book of Irish tunes written by Mr. John Shannon, or Shanahan, of that town, who obtained it from Roche, a distinguished fiddler of the county of Kerry. The name of the tune, or in other words, the name of the person in whose honour, according to Carolan's custom, it was composed, yet remains to be discovered; but there can be no uncertainty as to its being a genuine composition of our last distinguished minstrel; and, however it may be estimated by others, I confess that it appears to me to be one of the finest examples preserved to us of his peculiar genius in this class of graceful and spirit-stirring tunes. I may add that, considering how extensively the compositions of Carolan have been preserved, and particularly those of the sportive or planxty class, it is not a little singular that a tune so full of animation and vigour should have hitherto escaped the notice of the collectors of our music: and I can only attempt to account for it by the supposition, which appears to me a probable one, that it was composed during

Carolan's visit to the south-western counties of Munster, where he was necessarily separated from those who, in his own Connaught region, were taught by him to commit his compositions to memory, and who had the further advantage of hearing them frequently repeated. At all events certain it is, that many of the tunes that Carolan is known to have composed for persons in those south-western counties—as, for example, those for Dean Massey of Limerick and his lady,—have never been identified by names, and, if they have yet escaped oblivion, they must be sought for in the localities in which they had their origin.



ELAND.

where he was necessarily separated
ght by him to commit his composi-
hearing them frequently repeated.
Carolan is known to have composed
ample, those for Dean Massey of
ames, and, if they have yet escaped
ich they had their origin.



As the preceding specimen of the class of tunes known by the term Planxty—or Plansty, as it is written in Burke Thumoth's publication of Carolan's compositions—is the first appearing in this work, and will be followed, during its progress, by other as yet unpublished tunes of the same character, it may be desirable to offer, in this place, a few observations on the characteristics and origin of this class of melodies in Ireland; and also on the signification and etymology of the name by which such tunes are, or have been, commonly designated.

The Planxty, then, is a harp-tune of a sportive and animated character, not intended for, or often adaptable to, words; and—with the exception of three or four tunes to which possibly the term has been incorrectly applied—it moves in triplets, with a *six-eight* measure. In this last characteristic, as to time, it is similar to that most common in the Irish Jig, or *Rinnce;* but the Planxty differs from that more ancient class of tunes in its having less rapidity of motion,—thus giving a greater facility for the use of fanciful or playful ornamentation,—and also in its not being bound, as the Jig necessarily is, to an equality in the number of bars or beats in its parts. For the Planxty, though in some instances it presents such an equality, is more usually remarkable for a want of it; the second part being extended to various degrees of length beyond that of the first, so that it would be thus equally unfitted for a dancing movement, as, from the irregularity of its cadences and the unlicensed compass of its scale, it would be unadaptable to a singing one. Indeed this difference, in tunes which have often so many other features in common, appears to have been well understood by Carolan; for in all those tunes which he has himself called Jigs, though differing in other respects but little from those called Planxties, he has taken care never to violate the law of equality in the length of their parts or movements.

A still closer affinity, however, than that now noticed as connecting the Planxty with the Jig, is found in the characteristics of the Planxty and the Pleraca,—an affinity so close, indeed, that the difference seems to me to be only in names which are convertible, and are so used in a collection of Irish tunes, chiefly of Carolan's composition, which was published in Belfast, by Mr. John Mulholland, in 1810, the term Planxty being there given as the English name, and Pleraca as the Irish one of the same tune. But be this as it may, the tunes called Planxties, as well as those called Pleracas, owe their origin, if not, as I believe, their names, to Carolan; and are to be regarded as a class of festive harp-tunes composed in honor of his patrons or hospitable entertainers, and, as such, only differing from his other airs composed for the same purpose, in the greater gaiety and playfulness of their movements. It is true, indeed, that the harpers immediately preceding Carolan—as Rory O'Kane, the two O'Connallons, and, no doubt, others—had already introduced, both in Scotland and in Ireland, the custom of composing, as offerings of gratitude to their patrons, tunes of a purely instrumental character, and which had usually but little of the simplicity and regularity of structure of the vocal and dance-tunes of more remote times; and such compositions were known simply by the names of the persons in whose honor they were composed,—as "Lady Iveagh," "Miss Hamilton," &c.—or with the Irish word, *Port* (which signifies a tune), prefixed to such name, as "Port Athol," "Port Gordon," "Port Lennox," &c: and in the composition of such tunes, therefore, Carolan only trod in the footsteps of his predecessors. But, in the construction of his Planxties and Pleracas, he must be considered as an innovator on the time-established

features of his country's music; for I have not been able to find any example of this class of tunes of an age anterior to his time: and such tunes appear to owe their origin to an ambition on their composer's part to imitate, and perhaps rival, those allegro movements called *gigas*, which occur in the contemporaneous sonatas of the Italian composers, Corelli, Geminiani, and others, of whose works, then popular in Ireland, Carolan became so ardent an admirer, that in nearly all his compositions the results are more or less apparent. It is, however, in his Planxties that we find the most successful efforts of his imitative genius. Wanting, as he obviously did, the requisite knowledge of the laws of harmony, so conspicuous in the works of those great masters, his more ambitious attempts at imitation are often ludicrously rude and abortive; while in his Planxties, which required less scientific ability, he usually trusts more to his fine natural genius for melody. And of these compositions, it may not perhaps be saying too much that, if they want the deep gravity of thought and the scientific progressions of harmony found in the *gighe* of his renowned originals, such wants are often amply atoned for by a display of imaginative and graceful sportiveness,—touched frequently, too, with sentiment, drawn from his own Irish nature,—which even those great masters might well admire, and would probably have vainly attempted to rival.

As it thus appears that the airs called Planxties and Pleracas owe their origin to Carolan, we should naturally expect that those terms have a no higher antiquity than that of the tunes they were intended to designate,—and such appears to be the fact. Neither of these terms are found in Irish writings of an earlier age, nor does the Irish language possess any verbal roots from which either of them could have been formed: and hence, as regards the term Planxty, or Plansty, as I have found it written, I was for some time disposed to believe that it might possibly have been formed from the English word *prance*, in its sense of springing or bounding motion; or the word *prank*, in its sense of a wild flight, in either of which senses the term Prancy, or, by a natural corruption, Planxty, would be very expressive and applicable to the motions of such tunes. But my friend, Mr. Curry, has supplied me with another derivation, equally English, which, if not more satisfactory, has, at least, a contemporary authority to support it, namely that of the bard's own friend and brother poet and harper, Charles MacCabe. It occurs in a Gaelic lampoon, or satirical poem, which the latter addressed to his friend in revenge, not only for a practical joke which Carolan had played upon him,—namely, having him put into a sack while in a state of helpless intoxication, at the public-house of a man named William Eglis, at Mohill, in the county of Leitrim, where the brother bards had been boozing for a day together,—but, for the additional mortification which Carolan had inflicted, by writing some caustic verses in ridicule of MacCabe for taking the matter too seriously. The language of the poem, as Mr. Curry states, is not inferior to that of the best Irish poetical compositions of the seventeenth century; and a literal translation of it will scarcely fail of amusing the reader, from the mixture of truth which gives such effect to its satire:—

"There is not a man with two horses, from Galway
To Down Patrick,
That you have not put under contribution,
And, O ******! what are the claims for it?

The claim is comical,—it is very fortunate—
[It is] because you smoke a pipe,
And that you prefer not brandy, wine, or ale,
To a drink of the Guile.

It matters not which of them, you pledge your faith,
That you are satisfied,
With a capacious cup, full of mash,
With shouts and clamour.

There is not a five-groat man from Ballinrobe
To Ballyshannon,
That has not given three pennies into your fist
To you for a FLAXSARAIDH.

An old gray woman gave you, below in Leitrim,
For your PLERACA,
A pair of stockings, and she toothless,—
And you were satisfied.

The music is better that you play for a little woman
Of sportive habits,
Than for the high blood of the Lord Dillon,
For three Moidores."

It can scarcely admit of doubt, that the word Flaxsaraidh—pronounced Flaxaree—in this poem is intended to designate the class of tunes now known by the term Planxty; and, therefore, that it must either be the original form, or a very blundering corruption by the transcriber, of that generally-adopted word. But, as Mr. Curry remarks to me, there exist strong objections to the adoption of the latter assumption; as—First, that the manuscript in which this form of the word is found, was written as early as the year 1729—nine years previous to the death of Carolan—by Hugh O'Mulloy, one of the best Irish scholars and scribes then in or about Dublin, and who, as such, was employed by the celebrated Doctor John O'Fergus to make that fine transcript of the first volume of the "Annals of the Four Masters," which is now preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Secondly, that as Carolan was known to, and even patronized by, Doctor O'Fergus—a fact proved by the bard's having composed a Planxty in his honour—it is scarcely to be doubted that Carolan was also known to the Doctor's Irish scribe; and, consequently, that it is in the highest degree improbable that such scribe would, or could, have written in a vulgar or incorrect form a word that must, at the time, have been generally known and understood in most parts of Ireland; and the more particularly, as we find that in the transcription of the other newly-coined word—Pleraca—his orthography of it was strictly correct. As to the correct transcription of the word Flaxsaraidh, therefore, there can be but little doubt; but, of its etymological origin, there yet remains a great difficulty, which Mr. Curry has, with much ingenuity, endeavoured to remove, by the remarks which follow:—"The word Flaxsaraidh," he writes, "will be immediately recognised as implying something relating to flax. Now, in Carolan's time it was a universal custom—still continued in many districts—when a number of young women were collected together for the purpose of spinning, either within a house, or, in

fine weather, at the road-side, if a gentleman, a pedlar, or a musician, approached the place, he was stopped by a thread which the girls drew across it; or, if he entered the house, by winding it around him, and at the same time greasing his boots, or shoes, with their oily wool, if that were the material in hand. This fragile obstruction it was considered disgracefully ungallant and churlish to break; and the permission to pass on was only to be obtained by the gift, from a gentleman, of some money, from a pedlar, of some small article of woman's wear—as a ribbon, or brass finger-ring—and, from a musician, of *lots* of frolicsome dancing tunes, which would set the girls in motion. And as it will be easily understood that Carolan, in his peregrinations, must have frequently—and probably not unwillingly—found himself involved within the inviolable web of the Connaught mirthful spinners, it seems more than possible that it was such occurrences that suggested to him a name, derived from the material of their occupation, for a class of tunes which was so peculiarly expressive of the gaiety and wild extravagancies which so often attended scenes of this kind."

With respect to the word Ple-raca—or Plea-raca—its meaning, at least, if not its etymology, is better understood. In the rather free translation, by Swift, of the words written to Carolan's *Plearaca na Ruarcach*, by Hugh Mac Gowran, a poet of the county of Leitrim, at the beginning of the last century, it is rendered by the word Feast; but the Irish lexicographer, Edward O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," better conveys its meaning by the words revelry, and revel-rout, as "The Revel-rout of O'Rourke;" and by a metonymy the term was applied to designate the class of tunes composed for such revels, or in commemoration of them,—as the words "dance" and "march" are applied to designate the tunes fitted to such movements. And an example of this application of the word occurs in Mac Gowran's song, where the words rendered by Swift,

"Come, harper, strike up,
But first by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup;
Ay! this has some savour,"

should, if translated literally, be given as follows:—

Sgleaz air an cclairiz sin,
Seinn an Pléaráca sin,
Fuar dhíon sgálaid don diz sin:
Airí so, an cuilm cóir.

Strike up that harp,
Play that *Pleraca;*
Quick, hand us a bumper of that drink;
Ay—this is the fine ale!

"Wherever"—writes Mr. Curry—"the word *Pleraca* occurs in any Irish song or rhyme of the last hundred years, it is in the sense of an abandonment to drinking, dancing, singing, or love-making, &c., carried out in all imaginable riotous and reckless gaiety, and was, no doubt, looked upon as the Ball of the times then passing. John O'Huaneen, or Green, a country gentleman who lived near Ennistimon, in the county of Clare, about the year 1760, wrote a comical and sarcastic Irish song on a Pleraca given at Coad, near Corofin, in the same county, by Edward O'Brien and his wife Una, at which the poet was himself a guest; and from this song it can be clearly seen that the *Pleraca* was an entertainment given by O'Brien to the neighbouring gentry. And

thus, too, in a song in praise of Whiskey, written by Thomas Meehan, a witty poet of the county of Clare, about the year 1770, the word *Pleraca* is used as designating a dancing contest attended with riotous music and singing; and he calls the tents at fairs and races, at which such scenes were enacted, *Both-Raca, i.e.*, a Raca-booth, or hut." And with respect to the etymology of this term, Mr. Curry states that, "as the word *Raca* is not known to be an original, or old Irish word, it is, probably, but a Hibernicised form of the English word Rake, as in like manner the prefix *Ple*, is but a corrupt form of the English word Play; and so conjointly giving the sense of a raking entertainment."

These etymological conjectures of Mr. Curry's I have thought it right to submit to the consideration of the reader; although, as regards the compound Ple-raca, the general philologist might, perhaps, be disposed rather to derive its primary vocable from the ancient Irish word *Fleadh*, which signifies a "Feast," or "Entertainment:" and it must be confessed that such derivation would seem obvious but from the fact that, according to the best Irish authorities, no example has been found of a change of the consonant *f* into *p*, while on the contrary, the change of *p* into *f* is very common in the grammatical inflections of the language.

Ní ċreiġfiḋ ṁo ġrád ġo ḃeóiḋ mé.	My Love will ne'er forsake me.

For this fine air, together with many others of no less beauty, I have to express my grateful acknowledgments to Mr. P. J. O'Reilly, of Westport, in the county of Mayo, by whom they were noted down from the singing of the peasantry in the wild mountain districts of that picturesque county. I regret, however, to have to add, that Mr. O'Reilly has not increased the value of his gift by some detailed notices of the sources and localities from which the tunes were obtained; and, that though acquainted with the Irish language vernacularly, he did not feel himself competent to take down the songs to which the melodies were sung; as, in that peculiarly Irish part of Western Ireland, it might be hoped that words of a higher antiquity and deeper interest would be preserved than those current in districts in which, from the commingling of races differing in origin and language, the primitive manners and traditions have been obliterated. Without some such knowledge of the character of the ancient songs, we have no clue to the sentiments which the melodies were intended to convey, but that, sometimes—as in the present instance—derived from its name; for the words "My Love will ne'er forsake me" appear to me most happily expressive of the triumphant and manly tone of feeling which pervades this air to a degree not often found amongst the melodies of Ireland. So strongly, indeed, does this feeling appear to me to preponderate, and so different from that of our tunes in general is the structure which was necessary to produce it, that, had this air come to me from any questionable authority, I should have been inclined to doubt its Irish origin; or, had it been shown to me as an ancient Gothic or Scandinavian air, such I should have very readily believed it. Such affinities and peculiarities are not, however, very uncommon amongst the multitude of our melodies; and, if we were allowed to indulge in conjecture as to the probable origin of them, we might, perhaps, ascribe it to the long occupation of our island by the Danes and Northmen, or even, not impossibly, to the blending of Teutonic races with the Celtic in ages more remote.

♩ = *Pend. 36 inches.*

Andante.

p

dim. *p* *mf*

p *cres.* *p* *pp*

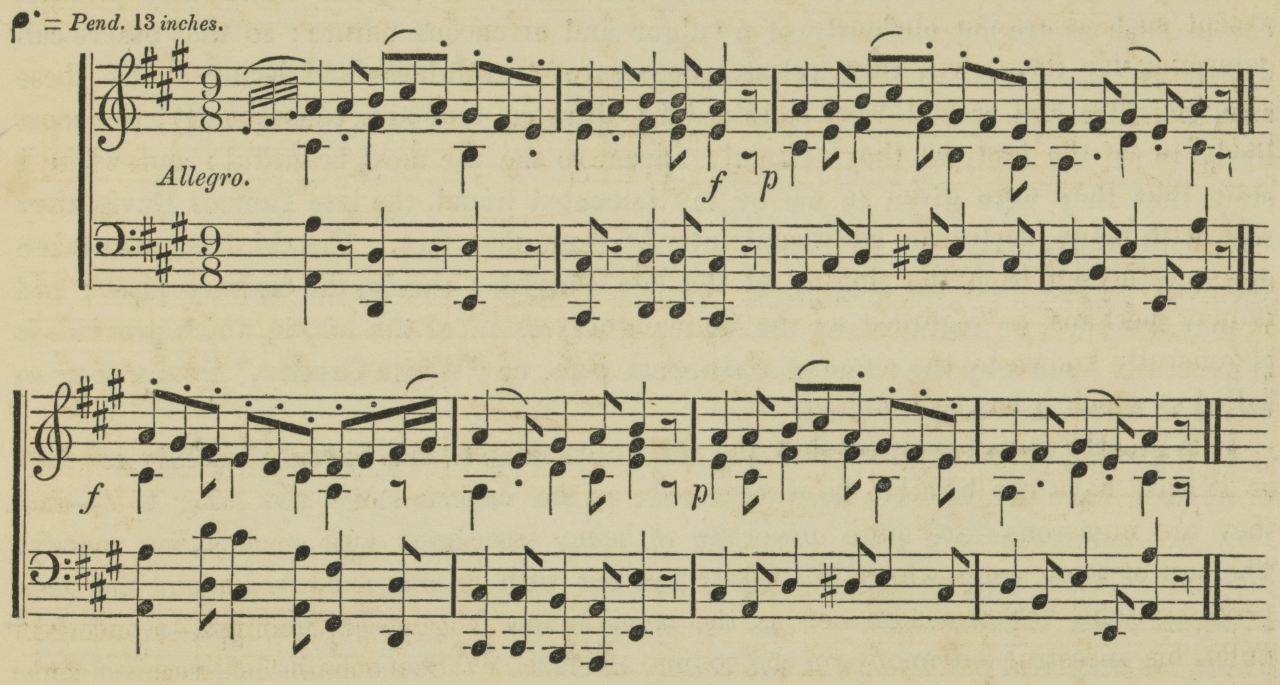
f *dim* *cres.*

f

dim. *cres.* *p* *pp*

ᵹʜᴀʀᴛᴀɴ ᴅūʙᴀċ. Melancholy Martin.

This air, which is both a song and dance tune, was set, in 1837, from the singing of a peasant in the parish of Banagher, county of Londonderry, and it probably belongs to that county. Though of sufficient merit to deserve preservation, it is not apparently an air of much antiquity, nor one strongly marked with Irish sentiment; but on the contrary, as it appears to me, with a sturdy English one, and particularly in its closing cadences. Its structure, in *nine-eight* time, is, however, peculiarly Irish, as the two or three airs in this time recently claimed as English seem to be much more probably ours; and the one or two tunes in this time claimed by the Welsh, are better known in Ireland as Irish, than they are known in Wales as Welsh tunes. It would be strange indeed if none of our innumerable airs in this time had never passed into England or Wales, and become naturalized in those countries, as many of our airs in other measures certainly have; and there being so few of them claimed in either, can only, perhaps, be accounted for by the assumption, that their lively character was alien to the musical sensation of the Teutonic and Cimbric races in those countries.



ᵹɴ ʙuᵹċᵹɪll cᵹol-ᴅuʙ. The Black Slender Boy.

It is a strange circumstance, and one which may strikingly show how imperfectly our melodies have been hitherto collected, that the air commonly called the *Buachaill Caol Dubh* has escaped the notice of former collectors, as there is not, perhaps, in the whole range of Irish melody an air more generally known throughout Ireland, or one more admired for its flowing beauty. I have myself heard it sung in each of the four provinces; but it is in Munster—to which it properly belongs—that it is best known and most esteemed, being, as my friend Mr. Curry tells me, there ranked as one of the finest tunes they possess, if not the very finest one: and I confess that in this opinion I feel

strongly disposed to concur. Of an air so extensively disseminated, and—as usual in such cases—sung to words differing in character in the various localities where it is known, it should naturally be expected that there would be a great diversity in the forms which it would assume; and such I have found to be the fact. So great indeed are those varieties, that, except in the essential notes and general structure, they have often so little else in common, that the native of one province would, probably, find it difficult to recognise this popular melody in the form which it has assumed as sung by the native of another. In such instances, therefore, it will be often difficult to determine which version of a melody is the most correct one; for, though a knowledge of the structure of Irish tunes, and an acquaintance with the words sung to them, will determine the true rhythm and accents, still their general sentiment, and the choice of their less important notes, can be determined only by the taste and judgment; and hence, the set of a tune which to one will seem the best, will not be deemed so by another.

From these considerations, I have not limited myself to the one set of this melody which appears to me the most pleasing, but have selected, from some forty or fifty settings of the air in my possession, three versions which appear to me to be the best amongst them, and to contain the most marked varieties of cadence which they present, except such as are not obviously of a vulgar and erroneous nature; so that others can determine for themselves their relative degrees of truthfulness and beauty. Of these sets, the first and second were obtained in Munster, and are, consequently, the most likely to be the best, as they certainly appear to me the most beautiful: and when I state that they were given to me by my lamented friend, the late Thomas Davis, they will, with many, derive an additional interest from that fact. The third set was taken down by myself from the singing of the late Patrick Coneely, the Galway piper; and it may, perhaps, be regarded as the Connaught version of the air, in which province it is generally known by the name of *Cassiodech Bán*, or "White Cassidy," from a song so called to which it has been united.

It is greatly to be regretted that the old words sung to this beautiful melody are lost, or at least have not hitherto been recovered; as the various songs now sung to it—and they are numerous—are quite unworthy of being associated with such a fine melody. The best of these songs which Mr. Curry has met with is one composed about the year 1760, by John O'Seanachain—or, as the name is now Anglicised, Shannon—a native of Tulla, his ancestral patrimony, in the county of Clare. O'Seanachain had received some education, and was endowed with a rich vein of native humour and playful fancy; but these qualities were unhappily blended with such an eccentricity of character, as to acquire for him the soubriquet of *Seaan Aerach*—Airy John—or, in colloquial English, Flighty Jack. Leaving his native county, he crossed the Shannon to Glin, in the county of Limerick, where he became the guest and follower of the hospitable Knight of the Valley, Thomas Fitzgerald, on whom, and on whose children, he composed many pleasing rhymes in his native language, which are still preserved. His words to the *Buachaill Caol Dubh* are characteristic of the qualities of his mind, and, as we may well suppose, indicative of their effects upon his course of life. Adopting a fancy suggested by the old name of this beautiful love-tune, or perhaps of its original words, he allegorizes as the Black Slender Youth, the whiskey-bottle which had been the cause of all his misfortunes, and from which he has not still the power to separate himself. But, as an example of

the metrical structure of these words, and their agreement with the melody, I shall let the poet speak in a stanza or two, in his own tongue :—

'Nʀaɪɲ ċēɪm aɲ aonaċ
A ceannaċ éadaiġ,
Jʀ bʃonn an éɪɲneɪʀ
Agam am laɪṁ,
Sínenn taob lʃom
An bʀaċaɪll caol-dʀó,
'S do ċʀɪɲ a ċaol ċɲob
Jʀteaċ am laɪṁ:
Aʀ ġeaɲɲ 'na dēiġ ʀɪn
Go m-bím am éġcoɪnn,
Gan ɲʀɪnn dam ċēɪll
Jʀ mé aʀ ceann an ċlaɪɲ,
A dʃol na n-éɪleaṁ
Do bʃonn am ċēʀaḋ,
Seaċt mí gan léɪne,
'San ɲʀaċt am ċɲáḋ.

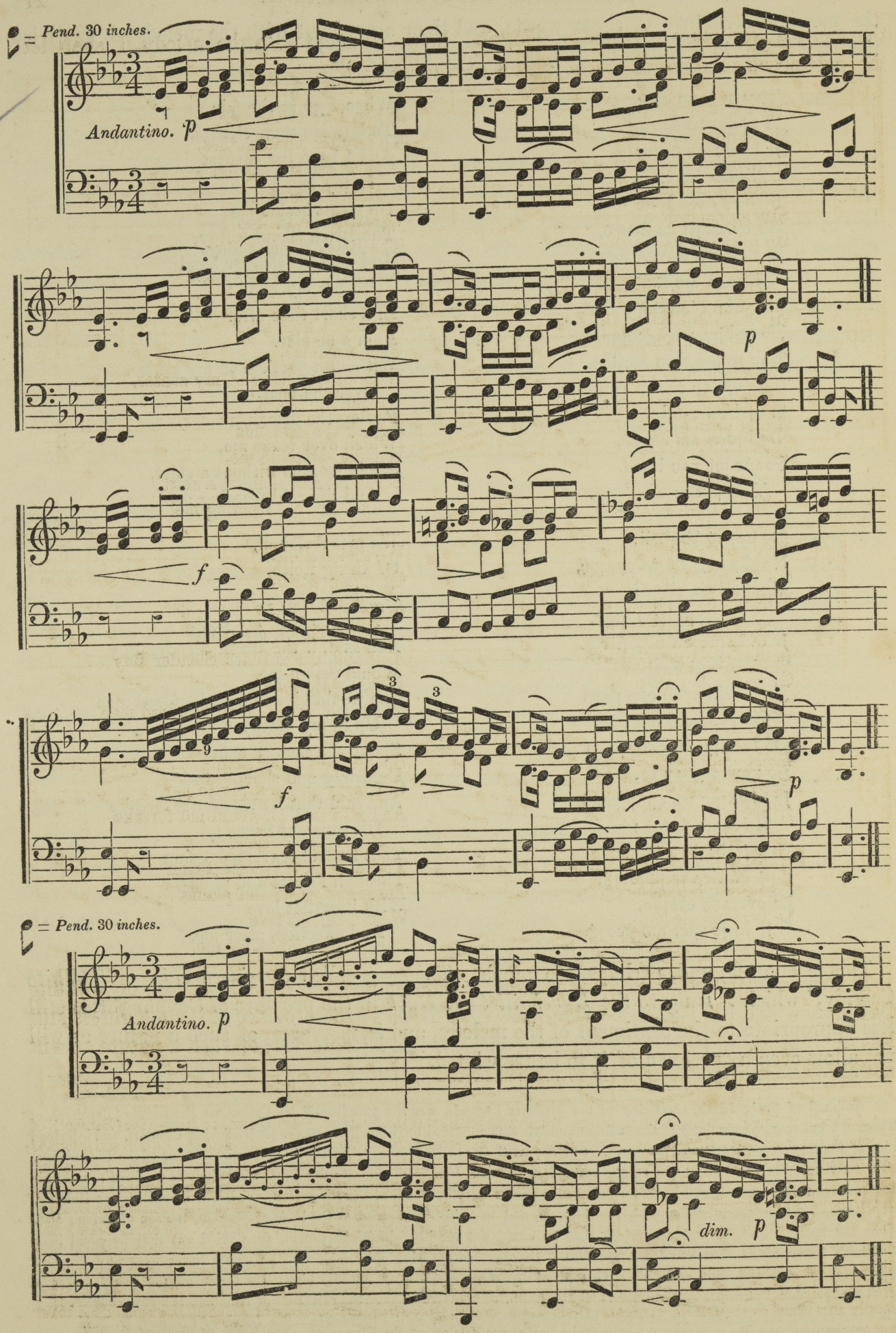
When I go to the fair
To buy me some clothes,
And I have the earnest
In my hand,
Up struts beside me
The Black Slender Boy,
And puts his slender hand
Within my hand:
In a short time after
I am a maniac,
Without a particle of my senses,
Over the board,
Paying the demands
Which ever teaze me,
Seven months without a shirt,
And the cold freezing me.

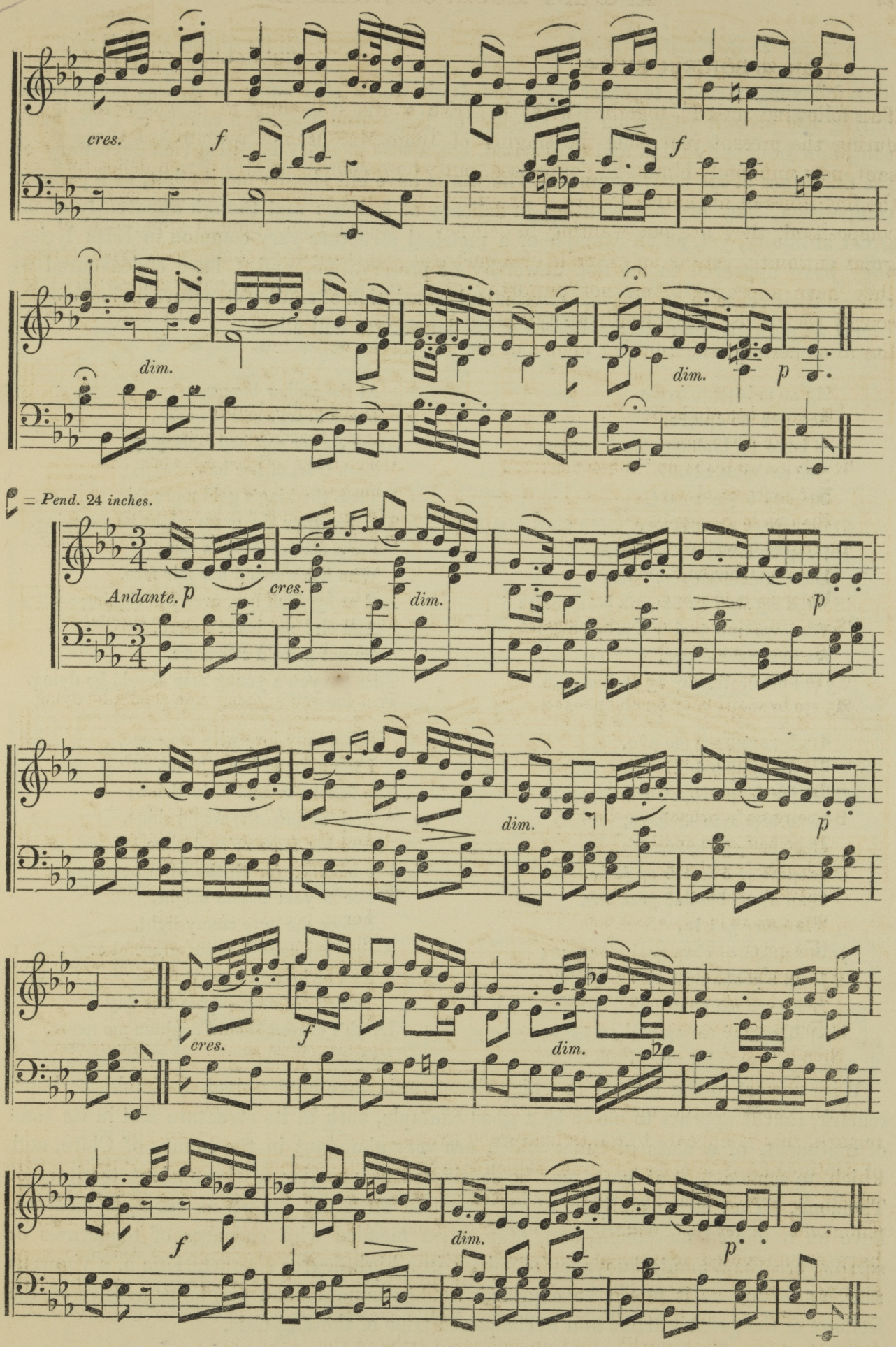
Do caʀaḋ Aoɪbell,
Na Cɲaɪġe Léɪċe oɲaɪnn,
Agabáil na ʀlíġe;
'S do ġaɪb lʃom báɪġ,
Jʀ dʏ́baɪɲt da n-ġéɪlleaḋ
An bʀaċaɪll caol-dʀó,
Go d-tabaɪɲɪḟaḋ céd ɟeaɲ
Dó ʀʀaʀ am áɪt:
Do labaɪɲ an caol-ɟeaɲ
Go gonta géaɲ lé,
Jʀ dʏ́baɪɲt na tʀéɪgɟeaḋ
A ċaɪɲɪḋ ġnáɪṫ;
Gʀɲ ɟɪʏ́baɪl ʀé Éɪɲe
Tʀé ċoɪllte jʀ ɲéɪdtɪġ,
Le cʀmann cléɪbe,
Jʀ le ɟeaɲc, am déaɪġ.

We met Aoibhell,*
Of Craig Leith,
A going the way;
And she took my part,
And said, if the Black Slender Boy
Would resign me,
She would give him an hundred men
Up in my place:
Spoke the slender man
Cuttingly and sharply to her,
And said that he would not forsake
His constant friend;
That he had traversed Erinn
Through forests and plains,
With heartfelt love
And affection, after me.

This is enough, and, perhaps, too much. The song called *Cassidech Bán*, or "White Cassidy," which is sung to the *Buachaill Caol Dubh* in the province of Connaught, is still less appropriate to the sentiment of the melody, and is, moreover, of such a nature as will not allow even a specimen of it to be translated.

* Aoibhell of Craig Liath, according to the Munster Legends, was the guardian Fairy Queen, or *Bean-sidhe* (Banshee), of Thomond, but more particularly of the O'Brien family. She appeared to Brian Boru on the battle-field of Clontarf, and informed him of the fate of the battle and his death. She appeared also to Dubhlaing O'Hartagain, a famous warrior of the Dalcassians, on the night before the battle, and as she could not dissuade him from going to the fight, where he was destined to meet his death, she gave him an enchanted cloak which, as long as he wore it, would render his person invisible. Dubhlaing, or Dulaing, went to the battle on the next day with the cloak on, and took his usual stand at the back of Morogh, the son of Brian; and, when the battle raged, Morogh, surprized that he could not see his faithful back-man, soon cried out that he could hear Dulaing's heavy blows, but could not see him. Dulaing, overhearing this, said, that he would never wear any disguise that prevented Morogh from witnessing the faithful discharge of his duty towards him. He threw off the cloak, and was shortly after slain by the Danish warriors. Craig Liath, or the Grey Crag, the residence of Aoibhell, is a remarkable rocky hill overhanging the Shannon, about a mile and a half above Kilaloe, on the Clare side.—See *Battle of Clontarf*, Ir. MS.


= Pend. 30 inches.
Andantino. p
p
f
9
3
3
f
p
= Pend. 30 inches.
Andantino. p
dim. p


cres.
f
f
dim.
dim.
p
= Pend. 24 inches.
Andante. p
cres.
dim.
p
dim.
p
cres.
f
dim.
f
dim.
p

Aᵹ an y-Bóiṫrín Buiḋe. — At the Yellow Little Road.

The following melody, together with the Irish words still sung to it, was noted down during the present year from the singing of Teige Mac Mahon, a county of Clare peasant, now unhappily blind and pauperised, but whose memory is still a rich depository of the fine tunes of his native county. The words have but slender merit; but, as a peasant composition, they are not wanting in delicacy of feeling: and though apparently of no great antiquity, yet, as an example of a metrical structure very common in Irish lyrics, they have appeared to me not unworthy of preservation, and I have endeavoured to convey their sense in an English rhythmical translation of similar structure and as closely literal as perhaps the different idioms of the languages will allow.

Aᵹ an m-bóiṫeṉín buiḋe
Atá ṡúṉ mo ċroiḋe,
'N a luiḋe aṉ leabaiṁ 'na h-aonaṙ;
Gaċ ṡnúḃe dá dlaoi,
Aṁaṙ óṙ buiḋe an ṡíᵹ,
Do ṙcaiṙeaṙ an druṫċt do 'n ṫéṙ ᵹlaṙ.
Feaṙ do Chloinn Taiḋᵹ mé,
Bhíoṙ dá coiṁḋeaċt,
'S mé a n-ᵹalaṙ an báiṙ dá h-éaᵹmaiṙ:
'S a ċumaiṁ ᵹeal 'ṙ a ṙcóṙ,
Ná bíoḋ oiṫṙe bróṉ,
Aᵹ ṙin bṙaċaill deaṙ óᵹ aḋ bṙéaᵹaḋ.

At the yellow boreen
Is my heart's secret queen,
Alone on her soft bed a-sleeping;
Each tress of her hair,
Than the king's gold more fair,
The dew from the grass might be sweeping.
I'm a man of Teige's race,
Who has watch'd her fair face,
And away from her, ever I'm sighing:—
And oh! my heart's store,
Be not griev'd evermore,
That for you a young man should be dying.

Dá b-ṫaiᵹinn-ṙi mo ṡúṉ,
Do ḋéanṫainn ḋi cúiṙt,
Ba deiṙe dá 'ṙ dúḃṙaḋ a n-Giṙinn;
Iṙ do beiṫ aiᵹe an baṙṙ,
Choiḋċe 'ṙ ᵹo bṙáṫ,
O ṫeaṙaiḃ iṙ ó ṁnáiḃ aṙ ṫéile.
Aṁaṙ aṙ aḋ bṙollaċ ᵹeal báṉ,
'Tá ṙolṁṙ ᵹaċ lá,
Iṙ ní áiṙṁiṁ-ṙi cláṙ ᵹeal t'éaḋaiṉ;
Iṙ dá b-ṫéaḋaiṉn a ṙáḋ
Ᵹuṙ cuṙa mo ᵹṙáḋ
Níoṙ b' eaᵹlaċ mé aṙ dáil an éaᵹa.

Should my love with me come,
I would build her a home,
The finest e'er told of in Erinn;
And 'tis then she would shine,
And her fame ne'er decline,
For bounty, o'er all the palm bearing.
For in your bosom bright,
Shines the pure sunny light,
As in your smooth brow, graceful ever;
And oh!—could I say
You're my own,—from this day
Death's contest should frighten me never.

With respect to the melody to which these words have been united, I should, perhaps, remark, that it appears to me to be a good example, both in its structure and in its tone of sentiment, of a class of tunes which are very abundant in the county of Clare, and which, to some extent at least, may be considered as peculiar to the ancient territory of Thomond. They are usually of that compound structure known as *six-eight* measure, have an animated movement, and, even when blended with cadences of tenderness or sorrow, breathe a manly buoyancy of spirits, in a high degree characteristic of a vigorous race, and such as it might be expected would emanate from, and be expressive of, the feelings of the great warlike and unconquered tribe of the Dal-Cais.

F IRELAND.

At the Yellow Furze Field.

words still sung to it, was noted
eige Mac Mahon, a county of Clare
whose memory is still a rich deposit
have but slender merit; but, as a
of feeling: and though apparently
al structure very common in Irish
preservation, and I have endeavo
nslation of similar structure and as
guages will allow.

At the yellow boreen
Is my heart's secret queen,
Alone on her soft bed a-sleeping;
Each tress of her hair,
Than the king's gold more fair,
The dew from the grass might be
I'm a man of Teige's race,
Who has watch'd her fair face,
And away from her, ever I'm sighing
And oh! my heart's store,
Be not griev'd evermore,
That for you a young man should

Should my love with me come,
I would build her a home,
The finest e'er told of in Erinn;
And 'tis then she would shine,
And her fame ne'er decline,
For bounty, o'er all the palm bearing
For in your bosom bright,
Shines the pure sunny light,
As in your smooth brow, graceful
And oh!—could I say
You're my own,—from this day
Death's contest should frighten me

words have been united, I should
xample, both in its structure and in
very abundant in the county of Cla
dered as peculiar to the ancient
ound structure known as *six-eight*
hen blended with cadences of
in a high degree characteristic of a
ould emanate from, and be expressed
d tribe of the Dal-Cais.

♩. = *Pend. 29 inches.*

Allegretto.

f *dim.* *p*

mf *f*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

dim. *p* *mf*

f *dim.* *p*

H

Feaḋ an Oiṙṙiġ. The Ploughman's Whistle.

Amongst the numerous classes of melodies which a people so music-loving as the Irish invented, to lighten the labour and beguile the hours devoted to their various occupations, there is, perhaps, no one of higher interest, and certainly no one that I have listened to with a deeper emotion, than that class of simple, wild, and solemn strains, which the ploughman whistles in the field, to soothe or excite the spirits of the toiling animals he guides, as well as to fill his own ear with sounds expressive of peaceful and solemn thoughts. The accompanying songs of the birds are scarcely so pregnant with sentiment,—so touching to a sensitive human soul; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, for a mind not closed to the sense of beauty, to hear such strains without feeling a glow of admiration for the character of a people amongst whom, whatever may be the faults engendered by untoward circumstances, the primeval susceptibility to the impressions of melody was yet, despite of all destructive influences, so generally retained; and which susceptibility has preserved to us so many indigenous airs, which, in their fitness for the purposes for which they were employed, no mere intellectual *art* could rival.

Of the airs of this class, however, we have had, unfortunately, but two specimens hitherto preserved,—unfortunately, as I say; because, from the changes now in progress amongst the agricultural classes in Ireland—in a great degree the consequences of the calamities of recent years—such airs are now rarely or never to be heard; and, if we would seek for them, it should be in those new-world homes of the Celts, in which, possibly, they may be for a time retained as heart-touching reminiscences of the green fields which their fathers had for so many ages toiled in, and which their sorrows could not make them cease to love.

The first of the two airs to which I have alluded was originally published in 1786, in Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker's "Memoirs of the Irish Bards." It is a plaintive air, of great sweetness and beauty, but very inaccurately noted, as to time, in that work; and the Editor has neglected to inform us of the locality in which it was procured. In 1821 it was reproduced, with some necessary changes, by our poet Moore, in the eighth number of the Irish Melodies, in which, united to the words "Oh! ye Dead!" it will be familiar to the reader. And lastly, it has been again published by Mr. Edward Bunting, in that last splendid volume of Irish Melodies which was given to the world in 1840. As arranged, however, by that able musician, the original simple form of the air will hardly be recognized, the time being changed from common to triple; and its refined sentiment is sadly obscured, if not altogether lost, by an attempt to convey the bird-like kind of warbling, which Mr. Bunting deemed characteristic of the Irish whistler. Had he heard it whistled, and not—as he states in his Index—played by a harper, he would hardly have fallen into an error so egregious.

The second published example of these airs is also given in Mr. Bunting's last volume of Irish music, the melody having been communicated to that gentleman by the writer of this work, by whom it was set in the summer of 1821, at Doon, in the King's County, while on a visit to its most estimable proprietor, the late Thomas Enright Mooney, Esq. The whistler was an aged man, who had been from his youth a ploughman in the service of that gentleman's family, and who had learned it from the whistling of his father and

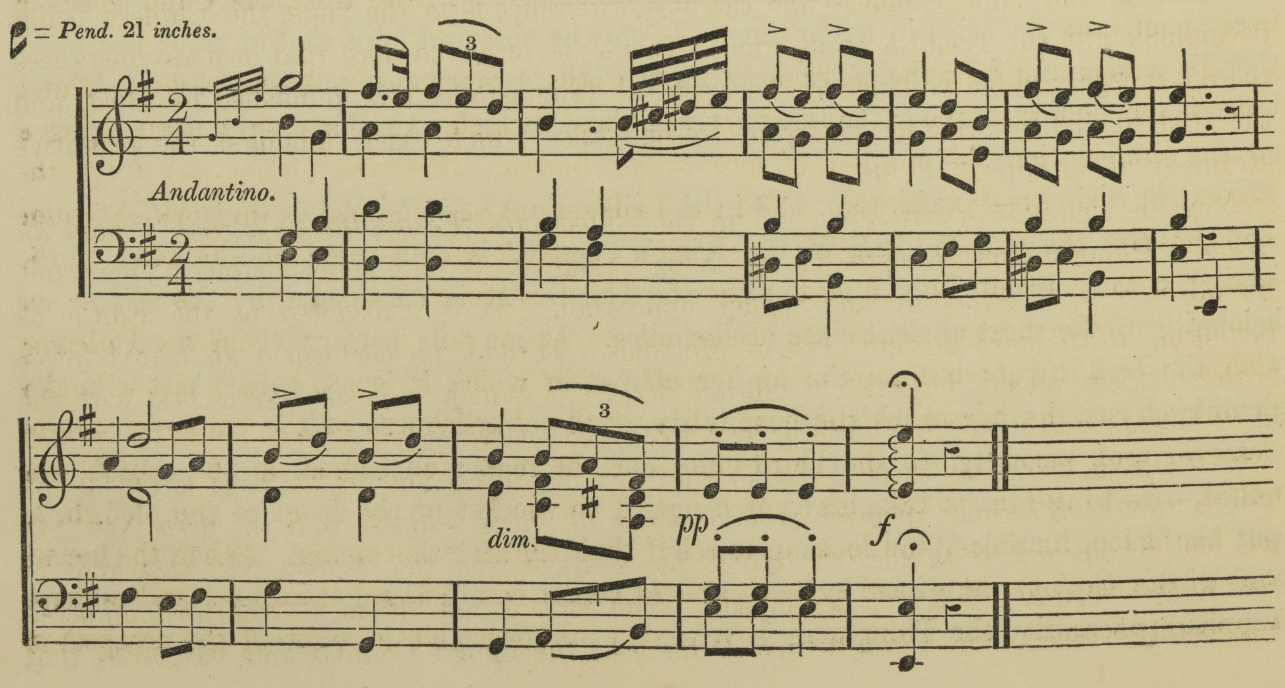
grandfather, who had been ploughmen on the same estate; so that it may be properly ranked as the Ploughman's Whistle of that county. In Mr. Bunting's arrangement of this air, he has taken the same liberties as with that taken from Walker's Memoirs—namely, he has endeavoured to imitate what he supposed, but most erroneously, the manner in which it had been whistled; and he has changed the time from common—that is, *two-four*, or *six-eight*—to triple time. In this, however, as in the former instance, the change of time is erroneous; and, to effect it, he has been obliged to throw into the melody notes which were not in my setting of it. Had he reflected, that airs of this class should be ranked as a sort of slow-march tunes, he would at once have perceived that, though they might have been suited in triple time to the movement of three-legged animals, they could never have been marched to by animals who were either two or four-legged. And hence, as I conceive, it may be taken as a rule, that all this class of melodies as yet, or hereafter to be, recovered, should be written in common time, or that variety of it having two triplets in a bar, and known as *six-eight* measure. Further, in connection with these two tunes, it appears to me very desirable to correct some errors into which Mr. Bunting, or his literary assistant, has fallen in the notices given of them. First, in the set of the King's County Whistle, it is called "Queen's County;" and the same error occurs in the index to the English names of the tunes, in which the acknowledgment is made that I had given it to him. In the index to the Irish names it is, however, properly named as the "Ploughman's Whistle, King's County." These errors are, indeed, of but little moment; but those which occur in the literary notices of this, and the other Ploughman's Whistle—though, no doubt, accidental—are of greater consequence, as they are calculated to mislead the reader altogether. He writes:—"xxii. (No. 126 in the collection) '*Feaduidhil an airimh*,' 'The Ploughman's Whistle.' This curious melody is given in Walker's Memoirs of the Irish Bards; but, from its being set there in common, instead of triple time, it is difficult to be understood. It is given here *as whistled by the ploughman*, and nearly in the acute sounds of the whistler, to imitate which the tune must be played very slowly, and with the utmost expression. The second part bears a strong resemblance to the primitive air sung by the boatmen on the rivers in China, both melodies having the same cadence, and the only difference is in the time, the Chinese being in common, and the Irish in triple time. It may be observed here, that in many instances there is a remarkable coincidence between the Hindostanee airs, published by Bird, and the Irish melodies, proving the strong resemblance which exists amongst the primitive strains of all nations."—p. 96.

Next he writes:—"xxiii. (No. 137 in the collection) '*Feaduidhil an airimh Condae an Righ*,' 'Ploughman's Whistle of the King's County,' is of a more plaintive character, having a very melancholy and tender expression. It is considered by the Editor as belonging to the most ancient class of Melodies. It may be performed an octave lower with the best effect; but as the higher octave, in which it is set, agrees best with the shrill high sound made in whistling, it is arranged accordingly."—*Ib.*

If then, on perusing these remarks, the curious reader should, as most probably he would, turn to the tunes themselves as directed, he would suppose that the first, No. 126, was the Ploughman's Whistle as given by Walker, and the second, No. 137, that of the King's County, as given by myself. But this is not the fact,—the air numbered 126 being in reality the Ploughman's Whistle of the King's County, and, *vice versa*, that

numbered 137 the one given by Walker. I should also observe that, while I differ wholly with Mr. Bunting in some of his observations on these two airs, with others I entirely concur. The coincidence observable between many of the Hindostanee airs and the Irish melodies has often surprised and interested me, and examples of it in the latter will be pointed out to the reader in the course of this work. But I cannot concur in the conclusion that such coincidences prove "the strong resemblance which exists amongst the primitive strains of *all* nations." I also agree with Mr. Bunting, that the Ploughman's Whistle of the King's County should be considered as belonging "to the *most* ancient class of melodies." I believe them to be as ancient as the race of people who introduced into Ireland the use of the plough; and that their immigration was of a remote era, may be inferred from the fact that plough coulters and socks of *stone* are not very unfrequently found; so that, even if such implements should be regarded as but rude imitations, by an uncivilized people, of metallic articles, introduced by a comparatively civilized race, they were, at least, imitations by those who had been the primeval predecessors of the race who had become their instructors. To state all my reasons for this belief would extend this notice to an unreasonable length, and some of them, as resulting from individual feeling, would not, perhaps, be generally understood. Thus, I believe those airs to be of the most remote antiquity, because I perceive and feel in them—in all of them—a like tone of sentiment and perfect similarity of structure to the *caoines*, or funeral chants, which must, as I believe, have been brought into Ireland by the earliest tribes of people, be they Celtic, as no doubt these were, or Teutonic, as, probably, were some of the later immigrations. And to whichever of these immigrations the introduction of agriculture may be ultimately shown to belong, it must at least have been at a very remote time; and these plough-tunes, as well as the funeral *caoines*, breathe the very soul of a primitive race, who have been ever remarkable for a singular depth of feeling.

I have been led into these remarks, partly because I wish to incorporate in this work my own notation of the Ploughman's Whistle of the King's County, as I find it written in my note-book, as given below; and partly because I have it in my power to add a few more specimens of the ploughmen's tunes to the two already published.



THE specimen which follows I may call the Ploughman's Whistle of the county of Kilkenny, as it was from that county it was procured. It was sent to me, together with many other unpublished airs, in the course of the last year, by Mr. James Fogarty, late of Tibroghney; and it was, as he stated, learnt by him in his boyhood "from the whistling of his grand-uncle, driving four horses." As an example of this class of melodies, it is remarkable in having three strains, or periods, of which the last should be played a little faster, and with more animation, than the two others :—

To the preceding specimens of the plough tunes I venture to add, in this place, another of perhaps still higher interest, as having been occasionally sung with words, when the ploughmen and their assistants became somewhat impatient for their call to dinner. The tune annexed, as well as the Irish stanza, was noted down from the whistling of Teige Mac Mahon, a county Clare peasant; and the interesting notice of the words which follows was given me by Mr. Curry, who had become familiar both with the melody and words in early youth :—

"To understand fully the meaning of these words, a few remarks are necessary. Down even to our own well-grown boyhood, it was usual in Ireland to have three men engaged at the plough with the one set of four or six horses. One man (Jomáṁaiḋe) drove the horses, at their head; another, called the Tailsman (Aitheaṁ), stood in the fork, to guide and manage the plough; and the third man (Tríomaḋ feart) leaned on the head of the plough with a crutch—which was called the Third-man's stick—to keep it down; as the tendency of the short chain of the hinder horses was to pull it up. It was the Tailsman that delivered the above charge to his fellows,—first to the driver, to behave either kindly or unkindly to the horses, as the hospitality or the churlishness of the employer might deserve; and, secondly, to the Third-man,—as the man who leaned on the crutch was called,—desiring him to take his crutch out of the socket at the head of the plough, to put his foot in its place, and look up to see if their dinner was coming. When the housewife of the employer happened to be a careless woman who delayed the dinner and perhaps supplied it scantily, the Third-man gave a very unfavourable account of the prospect of

the coming repast, and so at intervals the strain would be thus repeated—the Tailsman singing and addressing the driver, and the Third-man speaking:—

Ḃṙuḋ ɪṙ bṙaɪl ɪṙ tɪomáɪn,
Láɪṁín ṁṙaḋ na bṙuċ ṁná,
Coṙ aṁ ay ʒ-céaċt, a Thomáɪṙ,
Ɪṙ ṙéaċ ay b-ṙṙɪl aṁ n-ɗínéṁ aʒ teaċt.
'Tá ṙé ɗá bṙaɪn.
Bṙuḋ ɪṙ bṙaɪl ɪṙ tɪomáɪn, &c.
'Tá ṙé ɗá bṙalaḋ.
Bṙuḋ ɪṙ bṙaɪl ɪṙ tɪomáɪn, &c.
'Tá ṙé ɗá ċáɪṫeaḋ.
Bṙuḋ ɪṙ bṙaɪl ɪṙ tɪomáɪn, &c.
'Tá ṙé ɗá ċṁaɗaḋ.
Bṙuḋ ɪṙ bṙaɪl ɪṙ tɪomáɪn, &c.
'Tá ṙé ɗá ṁeɪlt.
Bṙuḋ ɪṙ bṙaɪl ɪṙ tɪomáɪn, &c.
'Tá ṙé ɗá ċṙɪaṫṁaḋ.
Bṙuḋ ɪṙ bṙaɪl ɪṙ tɪomáɪn, &c.
'Tá ṙé ɗá ṙṙɪṁe.
Bṙuḋ ɪṙ bṙaɪl ɪṙ tɪomáɪn, &c.
'Tá ṙé ɗá ɪṁaɪṁe.
Bṙuḋ ɪṙ bṙaɪl ɪṙ tɪomáɪn, &c.
'Tá ṙé aṫeaċt.
Hób, a Héɪn, ɪṙ tɪomáɪn,
Láɪṙɪn ṁṙaḋ na ɗeáʒ-ṁná,
Scṙɪṙ na capaɪll, a Thomáɪṙ,
Aṅoɪṙ 'tá aṁ n-ɗínéṁ aṫeaċt.

Tails-man.—Goad, and strike, and drive,
The bad woman's little brown mare;
Put your foot on the plough, O Thomas,
And see if our dinner is coming.
Third Man.—It [i.e., *the corn for it*] is a-reaping.
Tails-man.—Goad, and strike, and drive, &c.
Third Man.—It is a-threshing.
Tails-man.—Goad, and strike, and drive, &c.
Third Man.—It is a-winnowing.
Tails-man.—Goad, and strike, and drive, &c.
Third Man.—It is a-drying.
Tails-man.—Goad, and strike, and drive, &c.
Third Man.—It is a-grinding.
Tails-man.—Goad, and strike, and drive, &c.
Third Man.—It is a-sifting.
Tails-man.—Goad, and strike, and drive, &c.
Third Man.—It is a-kneading.
Tails-man.—Goad, and strike, and drive, &c.
Third Man.—It is a-baking.
Tails-man.—Goad, and strike, and drive, &c.
Third Man.—It is a-coming.
Tails-man.—*Hób*, and *Héin*,* and drive,
The good woman's little brown mare:
Unyoke the horses, O Thomas,
Now that our dinner is coming.

"All then repeat, merrily, these last lines, as a chorus in unison."

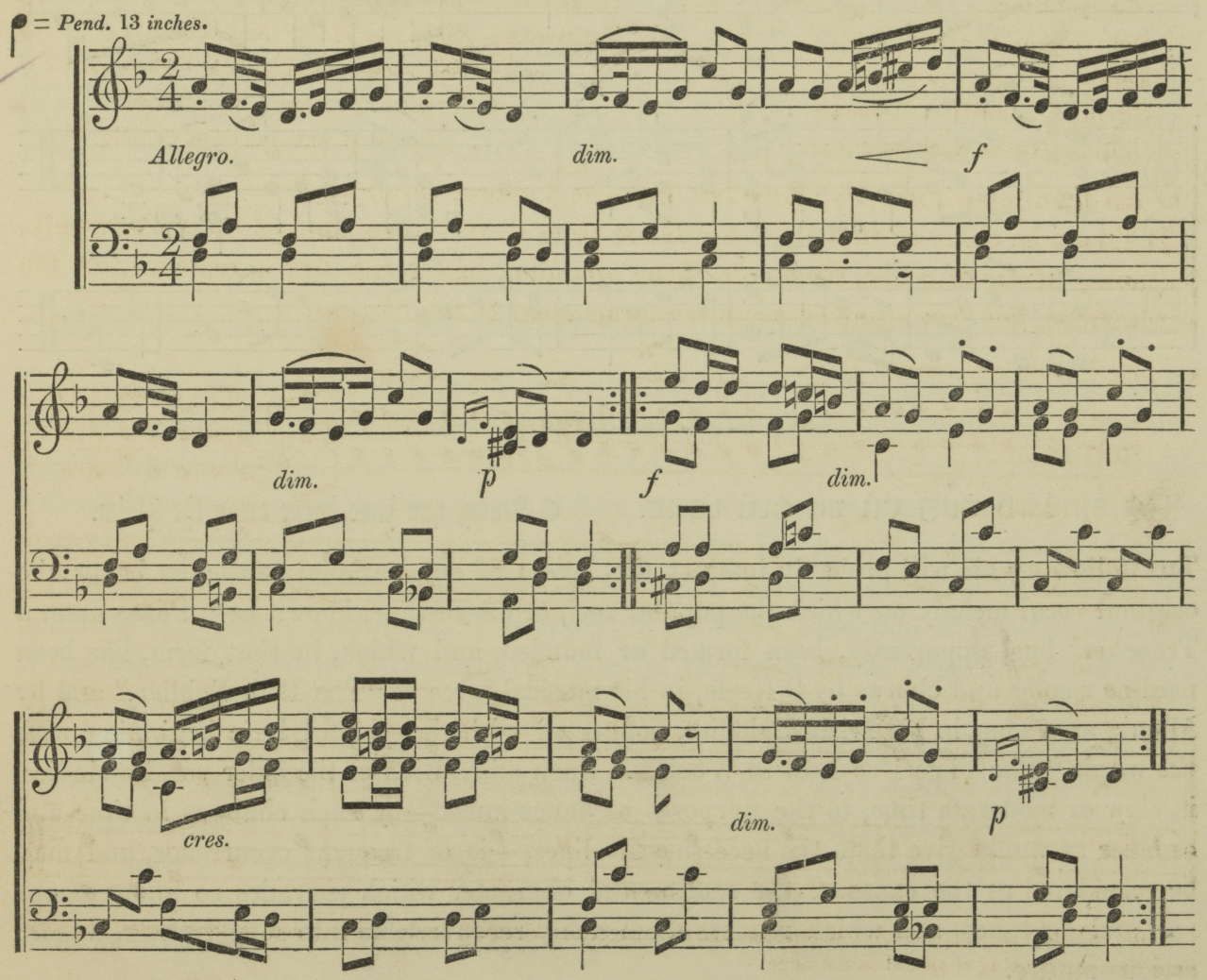
It should be observed that these words are sung to the latter half of the melody only, beginning at the fifth bar, the words of the preceding half being but a repetition of the words *Hóbo, hóbobobó*, applied as an encouragement to the horses.

* Hób and Héin are expressions of endearment and encouragement addressed by drivers or guides to their horses, but sometimes have the meaning of *off* and *on* the ridge.

AN FILLEAD Ó FINE GALL. The Return from Fingal.

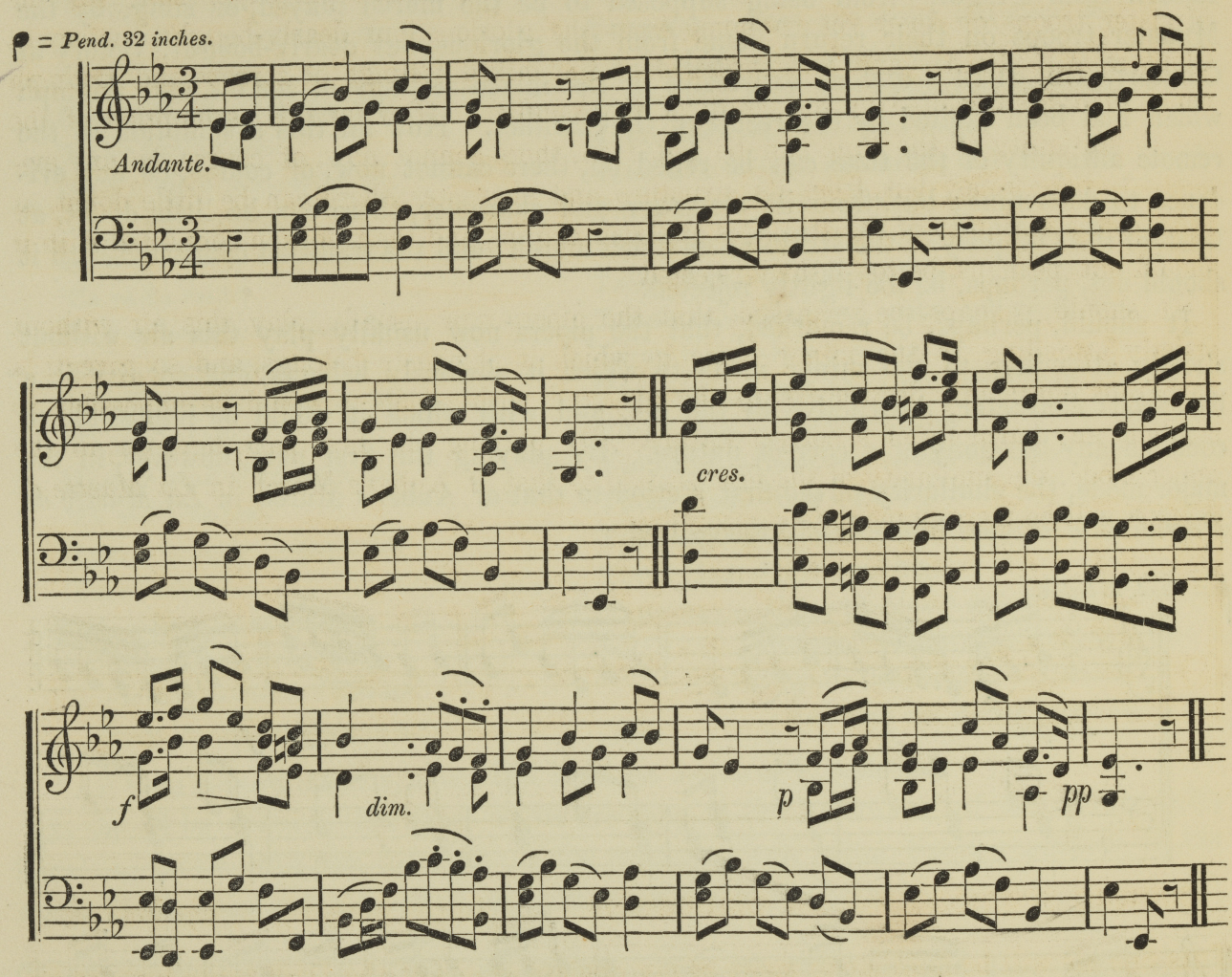
THE following wild and spirited martial air is one of the many ancient march-tunes still traditionally preserved in Ireland, and which are assumed to belong to the great Munster King, Brian Boru, or to his time. It is the tune known amongst the pipers as "The Return from Fingal," from being supposed to be the march played, or sung, by the Munster troops on their return home from the glorious, but dearly-bought, victory at Clontarf, A.D. 1014,—and as expressive of the mixed feelings of sorrow and triumph which had been excited by the result of that conflict. How far this assumption of the remote antiquity of the tune can be relied on, there cannot now, of course, be any evidence to determine; but, from its structure and character, there can be little doubt, at least, of the antiquity of the strain as an Irish march; and the tradition connected with it should not, perhaps, be too lightly rejected.

It should, perhaps, be remarked, that the pipers now usually play this air without strictly attending to the minor mode to which it obviously belongs, and so give it a barbarous character, destructive to the air, and with which it would be impossible to combine any harmony of a correct nature. By playing the first part, however, in the major mode, the similarity of the first section to that of Auber's March in *La Muette de Portici* will be more immediately recognized.



Popular Ballad Tune.

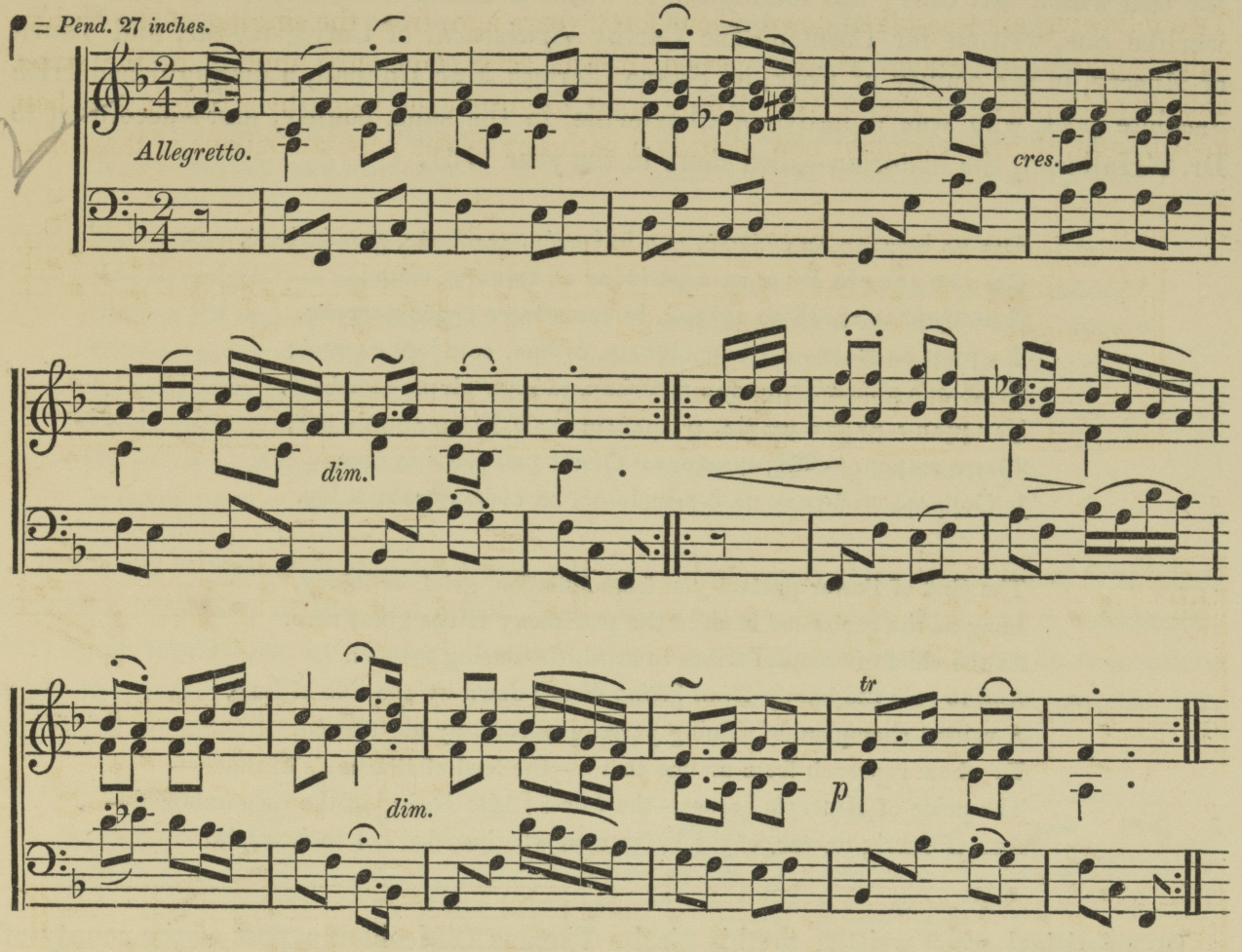
THE following air was taken down, about forty years ago, from the singing of the Dublin ballad-singers, by whom, at that period, it was very commonly applied to the street ballads of the day. I regret that I have long forgotten the name by which it was best known, and, therefore, cannot now identify it with any of the popular ballads of that time.



A ŚJNÉAD ĊUZ TÚ AN ĊLÚ LEAT. O Jenny, you have borne away the Palm.

THE following air will probably interest the lovers of our national music, as being the original vocal melody on which the popular reel, or dance-tune, known as "Pease upon a Trencher" has, apparently, been formed or founded, and which, in that form, has been used as a song and chorus by O'Keefe, in his musical farce of "The Poor Soldier," and by Moore, as a song in his Irish Melodies, connected with the playful lyric beginning with the words "The Time I've Lost in Wooing." Such adaptation of the older vocal melodies, in slow or moderate time, to the purposes of dance-music—by such changes in time and cadence as would give them the necessary liveliness—is of frequent occurrence, and may be considered as the cause of the sentimental character which pervades so many of our reel and jig tunes, and which renders them easily reconvertible into song-tunes of a more serious nature.

This—as I conceive—original form of the melody was set in the parish of Bannagher, county of Londonderry, in the year 1836, and has never been hitherto published.



CORMAC SPÁINNEAC, NÓ, AN DRUIMDÓIR. Cormac Spainneach, or, The Drummer.

THIS fine air will be familiar to many of my readers as one of the Irish tunes first, as far as I am aware, introduced to the English public by O'Keeffe, the dramatist, in his once highly popular musical farce of "The Poor Soldier," in which it is sung to the silly words "Good Morrow to your Nightcap." A different and less correct version of the tune—the accents being wholly changed—has also been given by Dr. Arnold in his musical farce of "Peeping Tom of Coventry;" and this latter version has been seized on as Scottish property by Mr. George Thompson, of Edinburgh, in whose collection of Scottish Melodies it has been published as harmonized by Haydn, and with words written expressly for it by the poet James Hogg. As, however, this air has not, that I can find, been hitherto incorporated in any of the published collections of our melodies, nor has its name been preserved, or its Irish origin and antiquity established, I have deemed it desirable—in accordance with the plan of this work in such cases—to give it a place in this collection.

This tune is known by the name Ir Gorta Crágtha, or, "And Hunger to you"—and perhaps by many others—in the province of Connaught; but it is in Munster, to which it owes its origin, that it is best known, and particularly in the counties of Cork and Kerry,

being, as Mr. Curry finds reason to believe, the clan march of the princely tribe of the Mac Carthys, anciently located in those counties. Of the various songs written to it, the best which Mr. Curry has found, and of which I annex a stanza, is a laudatory and warlike one, written for Cormac Mac Carthy *Spaineach*, of Carrig-na-var, and Tanist of Muscry, in the county of Cork, by Shane Claragh Mac Donnell, a distinguished Irish Jacobite poet, who was a native of Charleville, in the same county, and—according to Dr. O'Halloran, the historian—died there in the year 1751.

Dia na b-feart ad cumdach, gan bristeact, gan bron, gan millead,
Clan ad ceap le clí cirt, a n-dúccar an trínuirir mór;
A d-tigearnar treab go trúpach, le teannbriste treon gantime,
'Sa rian na Ranna cimmailt clutail, cumra, coir laoi na réol;
Gliadaire gárdach, gliandá gnádmar, ladain, alruin ionaimain,
Gan rian a náiste riaghla, ir briatair larla Blarnan gile rib;
Maire marcraid Muscraighe, an Curoi gan ceo ara cine,
Ir Carraic na b-fear na b-floinnlaoic, ná cumdaigeann a lón.

The God of Power protect you from affliction, grief, or injury,
Long as the renowned stem in the patrimony of the great race,
As the chief of troopful tribes to crush the daring foeman,
And to rule the happy *Rinn* [*Ring-Rone*] down by the side of Lee;
A valiant champion, of shining parts, generous, by all beloved,
To whom reproach from no one comes—the lord of Blarney's kinsman—
The pride of Muscry's heroes—the Curoi [*Mac Daire*] of the race untamed—
And of Carrig-na-var, of the brave men who hoarded not their wealth.

In a satirical song written to this air by Thomas O'Meehan, a poet of the county of Clare, and preserved in a MS. of the year 1780, as well as in a song on the battle of Carthagena, written by Thomas O'Gleeson, a poet of the county Limerick, the tune is called "Jack the Drummer," by which name—no doubt derived from some popular ballad of the day—it was, as we may assume, best known at that time in Munster. Of this song, however, I have met with no copy, though it would appear to have been well known throughout the southern counties. But, with a setting of the melody sent to me by Mr. James Fogarty, late of Tibroghney, in the county of Kilkenny, he gives the following notice of Irish words there sung to it, which may possibly be a version of those entitled "Jack the Drummer" by the Munster poets. Mr. Fogarty writes thus:—"This is an Irish song, in which is carried on a dialogue, verse for verse, between a big-drummer and a farmer's daughter to whom he paid courtship. The drummer complains of her coldness, and with bitterness expresses a hope that she may become the wife of a rake, who will treat her with unkindness and neglect. But she replies, that her choice shall be a fine hearty fellow, who will carry her to church on horseback, seated on a pillion behind him, whilst *his* poor girl will have to trudge there through puddle up to her knees, and he before her violently beating his drum." Be this, however, as it may, the two following stanzas, which have been recently obtained from Teige Mac Mahon, the Clare peasant, are obviously a portion, however varied, of the song sung to this air in Kilkenny, according to Mr. Fogarty:—

'Sa ċaillín deas, na g-cocán cas,
Náċ fuil rnóð na daċ na gnéine oirt,
An d-tiocfá liom do'n tír ódear,
A féaċain feal dá'r n-gaolta.
Tug mé gnáð 'gur taiṫneaṁ duit
'Gan fíor do'n t-saogal bréagaċ,
Mar fúil 'rgo d-tiocfá a baile liom,
'S go m'-beiṫeá 'gam mar ċéile.

'Sa dhrumadóir cad ċuiṫeas duit
Náċ Reanagád 'san tír ċú,
'Sní h-é rin féin ar méar liom,
Acht na feadar mé cé'r díob ċú.
Do ċroiceann gabair dá gneada 'gat,
Ar olc an biaḋ do ṁnaoi é
Ag rúbal na m-bóiṫre fada leat,
Ir laċaċ uille ir nóbul.

O pretty girl of the curling locks,
On whom the colour or hue of the sun is not,
Will you come with me to the southern country,
To visit for a while our relations?
I have given you love and affection
Unknown to this false world,
In hope that you would come with me,
And that you would be mine as my wife.

And O, Drummer-man, what think you!
Are you not a *Renegade* in *this* country?
And this even is not what I think worst of,
But that I know not what family you are of.
Your goat-skin, a-beating by you,
It is bad feeding for a wife
Walking the long road after you,
Bemired with mud and puddle.

It should be remarked that the words adapted to this air by Mac Donnell and O'Meehan require a repetition of the first strain, and also a return to that strain as a conclusion. But such repetitions, by causing the first strain to be played three times in succession, while the second strain would be played but once, would obviously soon fatigue the ear, and be at variance with the universal usage in, at least, all *old* march-tunes.

AN CÁNA DROJŻEANN ÉILLE. The Blackthorn Cane with a Thong.

THE following air—which appears to be the original form of the tune called "The Old Head of Denis," to which Moore wrote his beautiful song on "The Meeting of the Waters"—is one of many sweet melodies which I noted down from the singing of Biddy Monaghan—of whom I have already spoken at page 7—while on a visit to my friend Mr. R. Chambers Walker, Q.C., in the summer of 1837, at his seat, Rathcarrick, county of Sligo. I regret, however, to add, that I have forgotten the name by which the air was known in that county, and I have therefore given it that by which Mr. Curry tells me it is now generally known throughout Munster, both as a song-tune and as a jig. The song which has given it the above name in Munster was written by Owen Roe O'Sullivan, whom I have already mentioned as a scholar and Irish poet of some eminence, and who died from the effects of reckless dissipation about the year 1785; but of this song Mr. Curry only remembers the three following stanzas.

Ní ṡlaiṫíṁ bóṁ baéṫ, na ṁéaṁ don ċuilenn ċaṫ ċnaṁ,
'Bí aṁaiṁ-ṡa ṡéiṁ, acṫ ṁléaṫ mo ċuiṁṁiṫe ṡnaṫ;
Mo ċána droṁ-ṁeann éille, bí édtroṁ inneallta cnaiḋ,
Do ṁoiḋeaḋ ón' ṫaéb-ṡa an aonaċ Tulaċa naiḋ.

Do ċuiṁ miṫe an ṡiṁle ṁo oíḋċe doṁċa, dub,
Ó'n Mullaċ don Scṙíb 'nní bíonn ṡalaċ na ṡliaḃ:
Da ḋoiṁċe an oíḋċe 'ṡo'n n-droṁ-ṁeann bíoḋ ṡolus aṁaiṁ,
'Sna cneidṡiuṁ ó'n ṡaoṁal naċ ṡoillṡe maiḋne bíoḋ liom.

Do ṡiubhlainn-ṡi coillte, maiṁne, caṫraċa, 's cuaiċ,
Ó Ċarcaiṁ ṁo h-Aiḋne, 's ó Laiṁin ṁo Daingean an muiṙ;
Gan ṡaillinṁ am' aḋaiṙċ, gan ṡeiḋm an ċaiṙniḋ ná'n ċloṁ,
Ir le h-eagla an droṁṁainn, do ṁeibinn-ṡi coṁṫroṁ ir cuiḋ.

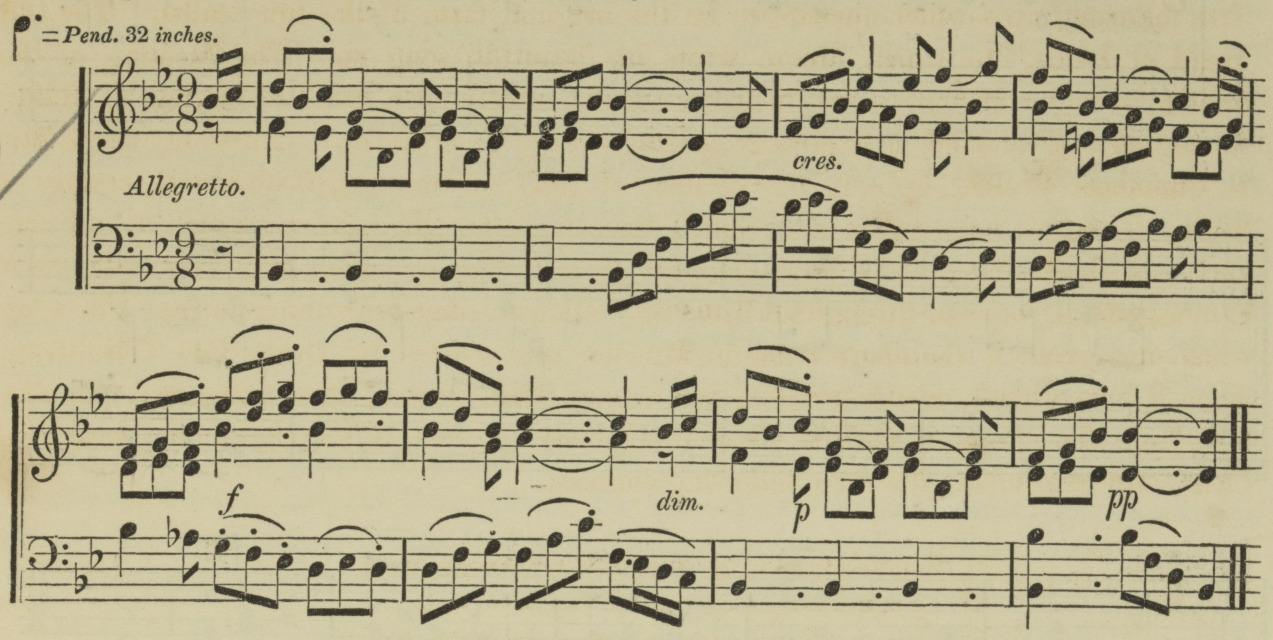
In the following versification of these stanzas I have endeavoured to give a correct idea of their metrical structure, without any departure from their literal sense.

'Twas no soft silly switch, nor a twig of knobb'd holly so short,
That I myself had, but one that would give me support—
My blackthorn cane with a thong, light ready and true,
Was stolen from my side at the fair of Tullacha rue.

This ramble I made on a night that was dusky and black,
From Mullach to Screeb, without drizzle or dust on my back:
Tho' dark was the night, yet my blackthorn gave me such light,
That I would not believe the world but 'twas morning bright.

Through ports, plains, and cities, I soon would track out my way,
From Cork into Aidhne, from Leinster to Dingle Bay;
Without claim to regard,—or even a groat in my horn,
Yet good cheer I'd receive from fear of my trusty blackthorn.

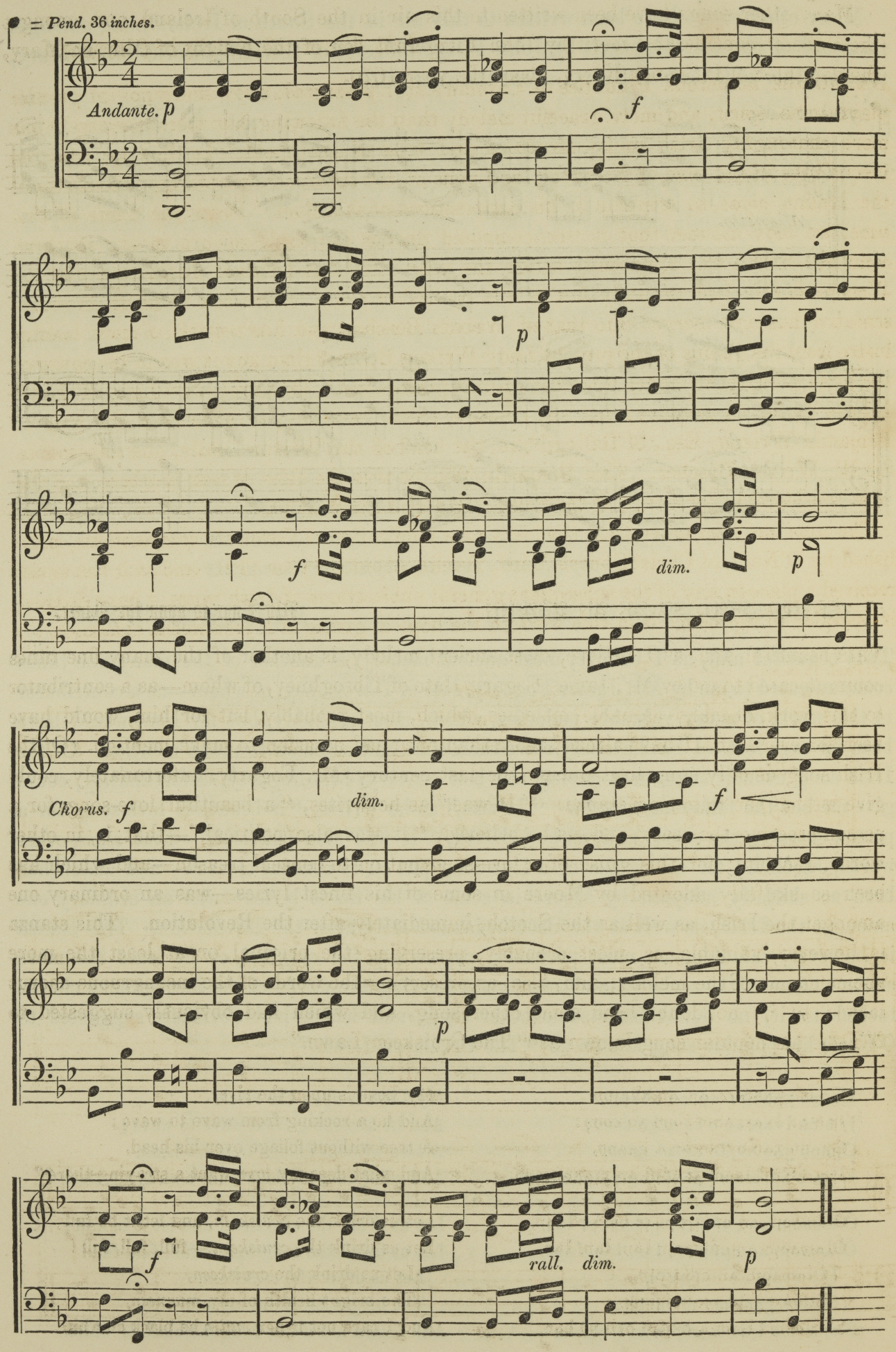
Many other songs have been written to this air in the South of Ireland, and amongst them one of considerable merit by John Fitzgerald, son of the Knight of Glin, on Mary, the daughter of O'Connor Kerry, about the year 1670.



Tá mo ghrádh sa ar an abhainn. — My Love is upon the River.

This beautiful and, as I believe, most ancient melody, is another of the many fine tunes communicated to me by Mr. James Fogarty, late of Tibroghney, of whom—as a contributor to this work, of many valuable melodies, which, most probably, but for him, would have been for ever lost—I have already more than once had occasion to make mention. Of the Irish song usually sung to it during the last century, Mr. Fogarty, unfortunately, could give me but the following stanza. "It was," as he writes, "a beautiful love-song for a person crossing the seas," and, as he believed, "it was also political,"—that is, in other words, Jacobite; for this guise of a love-song put on to conceal treason—and which has been so skilfully adopted by Moore in some of his finest lyrics—was an ordinary one amongst the Irish, as well as the Scotch, immediately after the Revolution. This stanza is, however, valuable, as, most probably, preserving the original, or at least the more ancient name of the melody; and, also, as preserving the words of the incongruous chorus tacked to it, no doubt from some other song, and which had obviously suggested to O'Keefe his popular song known as "The Cruiskeen Lawn."

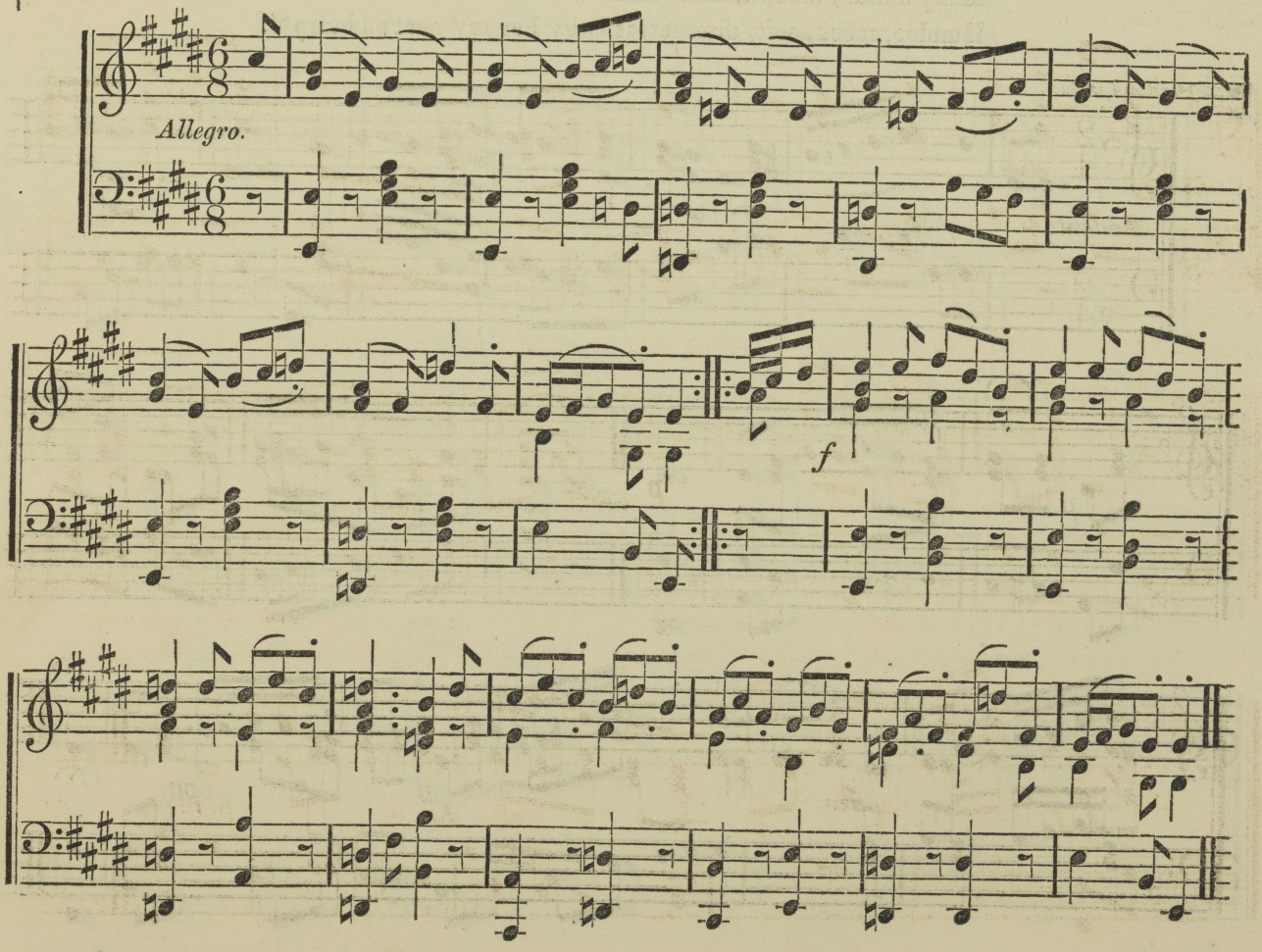
Tá mo ghrádh-sa air an abhainn,	My Love is upon the river,
Is é bá luascadh o thonn go tonn;	And he a rocking from wave to wave;
Crann gan dhuille air a cheann,	A tree without foliage over his head,
Is gá b'áil leam ghrádhín air fiarán ann.	And what does my love want a straying there?
Ólamaoid an chrúiscín is bíodh sé lán,	Let us drink the *cruiskeen*, and let it be full;
Ólamaoid an chrúiscín lán, lán, lán,	Let us drink the *cruiskeen*,—full, full, full!
Ólamaoid an chrúiscín,	Let us drink the *cruiskeen*,
Slainte geal mo mhúirnín,	The bright health of my *murneen*,
S'ar chuma liom a chúilín dhubh nó bán	And I care not if her *cuilin* be black or white.


= Pend. 36 inches.
Andante. p
f
p
f
dim.
p
Chorus. f
dim.
f
p
f
rall.
dim.
p

Lady Wrixon.—A Planxty by O'Carolan.

Among the numerous Planxties of Carolan's still preserved, there are many of greater playfulness, spirit, and more graceful melody than the following, but there is scarcely one more thoroughly Irish in its structure and tone of sentiment. In this we have no inequalities in the time of the parts; and none of the ambitious, wandering, imitations of the Italian *gigas*, so common in his compositions of this class. From the name of this tune, we may assume that it was composed during Carolan's sojourn in the southern counties—which was apparently before the year 1720—as I do not find that any of the Wrixon family had property out of the county of Cork, where the name of its representative has now merged into that of Wrixon Beecher, and has received a more lasting lustre from the genius of the present Lady Wrixon Beecher than any it was in the power of the Irish minstrel to confer upon her distant predecessor. Of Carolan's "Lady Wrixon" I have found no account; but she appears, pretty certainly, to have been the wife of Benjamin Wrixon, Esq., of Ballygibblin, the head of the Wrixon family, and ancestor to Sir W. Wrixon Beecher. This Benjamin Wrixon was the elder of four brothers, and the most considerable personage of the name. He died about 1733.

The tune has been taken from that very rare publication of Carolan's compositions, published by O'Neill, of Christ Church Yard, Dublin, about the year 1721: and as it has never received a place in any of the subsequent general publications of Irish tunes, I have deemed it desirable to reproduce it in this work in the hope of giving it a permanent existence.

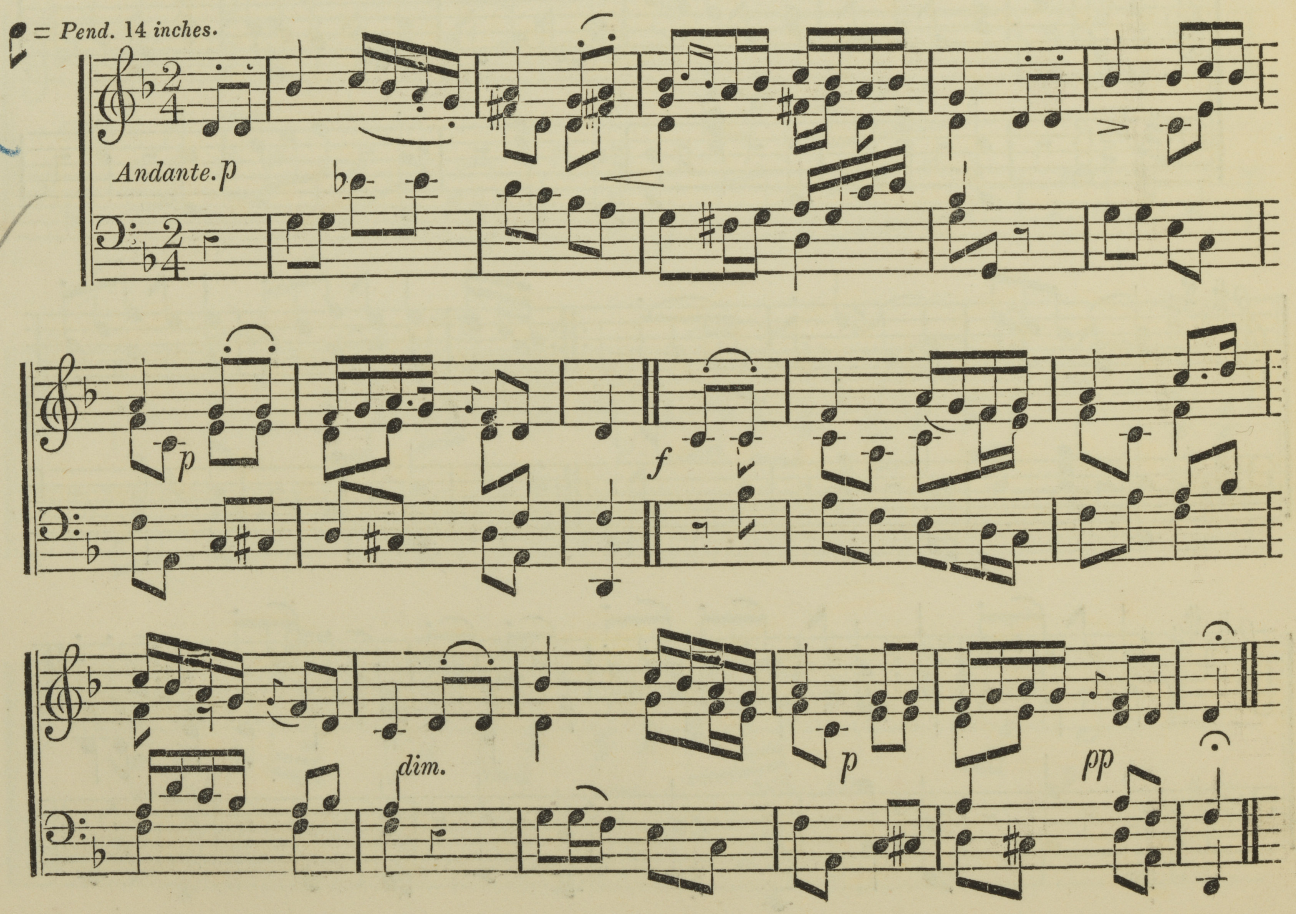


Mhaire ni Mhaceadha. Molly Kewsan.

My acquisition of the following melody, as in so many instances already noticed, was the result of an accident, but for which it would most probably have perished, with many others of greater excellence. It is one of many tunes noted down about forty years since, from the singing of a now aged lady—a near connexion of my own—those airs having been learned in her child-days from the singing of an old woman, who was frequently brought in to assist in washing in her father's house. And as those tunes had been similarly learned by the washerwoman in her youth, an antiquity of nearly two centuries may fairly be assigned to them, with the probability of a far more remote origin. The singer—who was named Betty Skillin—was one of those characters that would not, perhaps, have been easily discovered out of Ireland. A nearly illiterate peasant girl, but possessed of singular beauty and a very sensitive nature, she had been led from the path of virtue in her youth, and became the mistress of the ancestor of the noble family of Blessington—the celebrated Luke Gardiner, who died at Bath in July, 1753. But, though supported in splendour and treated with a devoted affection, she was not happy; she sighed to be an honest woman, and became so as the wife of one of her own chairmen. She had a fine voice, and was a passionate lover of the airs she had learned in her childhood, and which she never ceased singing while employed at her humble occupation.

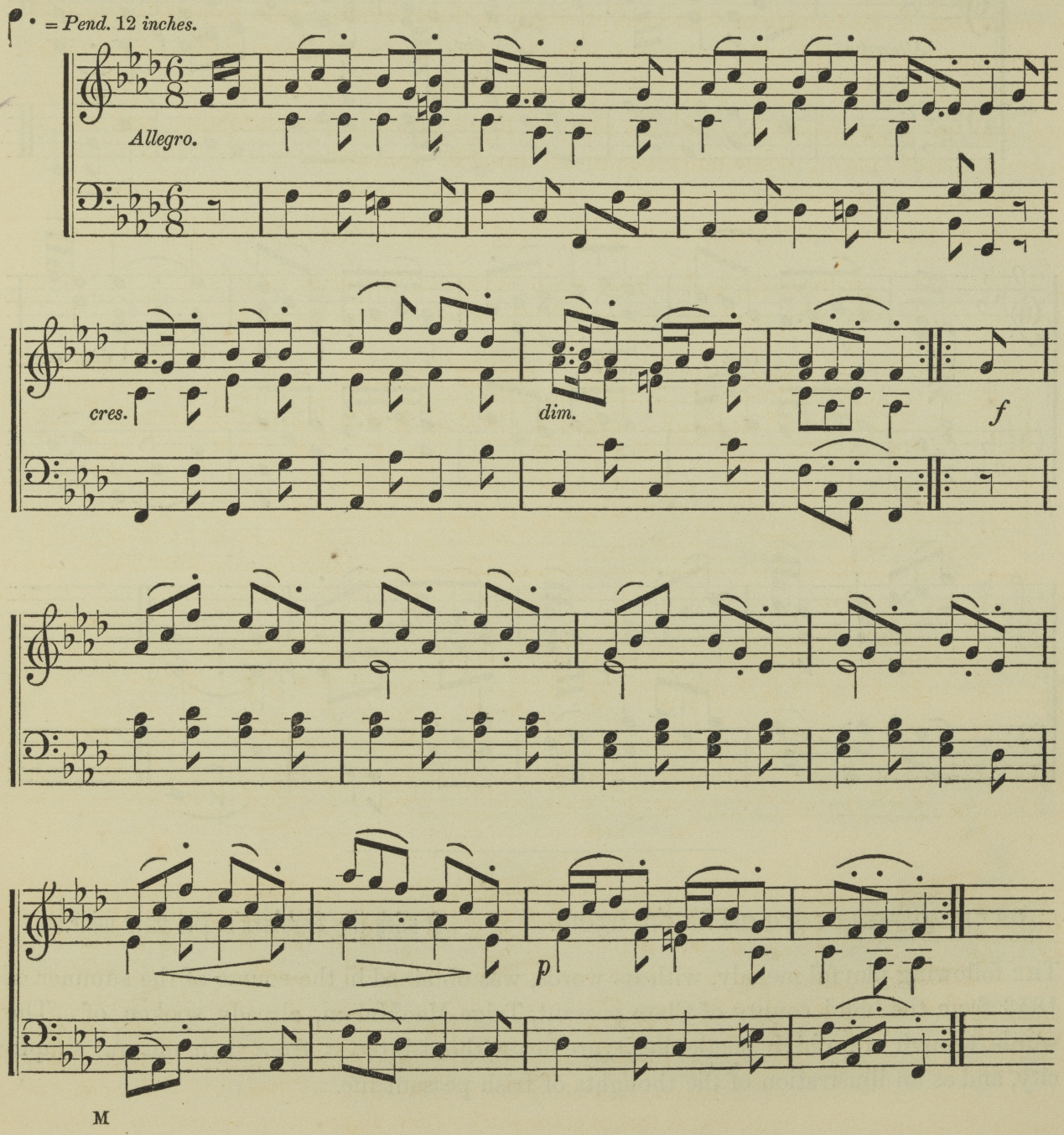
Of the song sung by her to this air—which was a doggrel ballad one—I have only obtained the following half stanza, which was sung to the second strain of the melody.

Molly's mild, modest, kind, chaste, divine,—a beauteous maid,
Humble, meek, soft, discreet, it is by her my heart's betray'd.



Lán Béoda. All Alive.

This tune—together with many others—was obtained through the kindness of a friend from a neatly written MS. music-book of the middle of the last century, which contained about three hundred of the dance tunes at that period apparently the most popular amongst the higher classes of society in Ireland. In its style it exhibits an affinity to that of the Jigs and Planxties of Carolan, rather than to that of the older and more purely Irish dance music of the country; and it may fairly, perhaps, be regarded as a composition of that great composer's time, if not, as possible, one of his own numerous productions. For it is certain that, amongst the, as yet, unedited melodies of Ireland, there are a great number, and particularly of the lively class of airs, that should obviously be attributed to Carolan's prolific genius; while, on the other hand, there have been many airs of a tender and sentimental character ascribed to him without reason, as they can be proved to be compositions of a much earlier period.

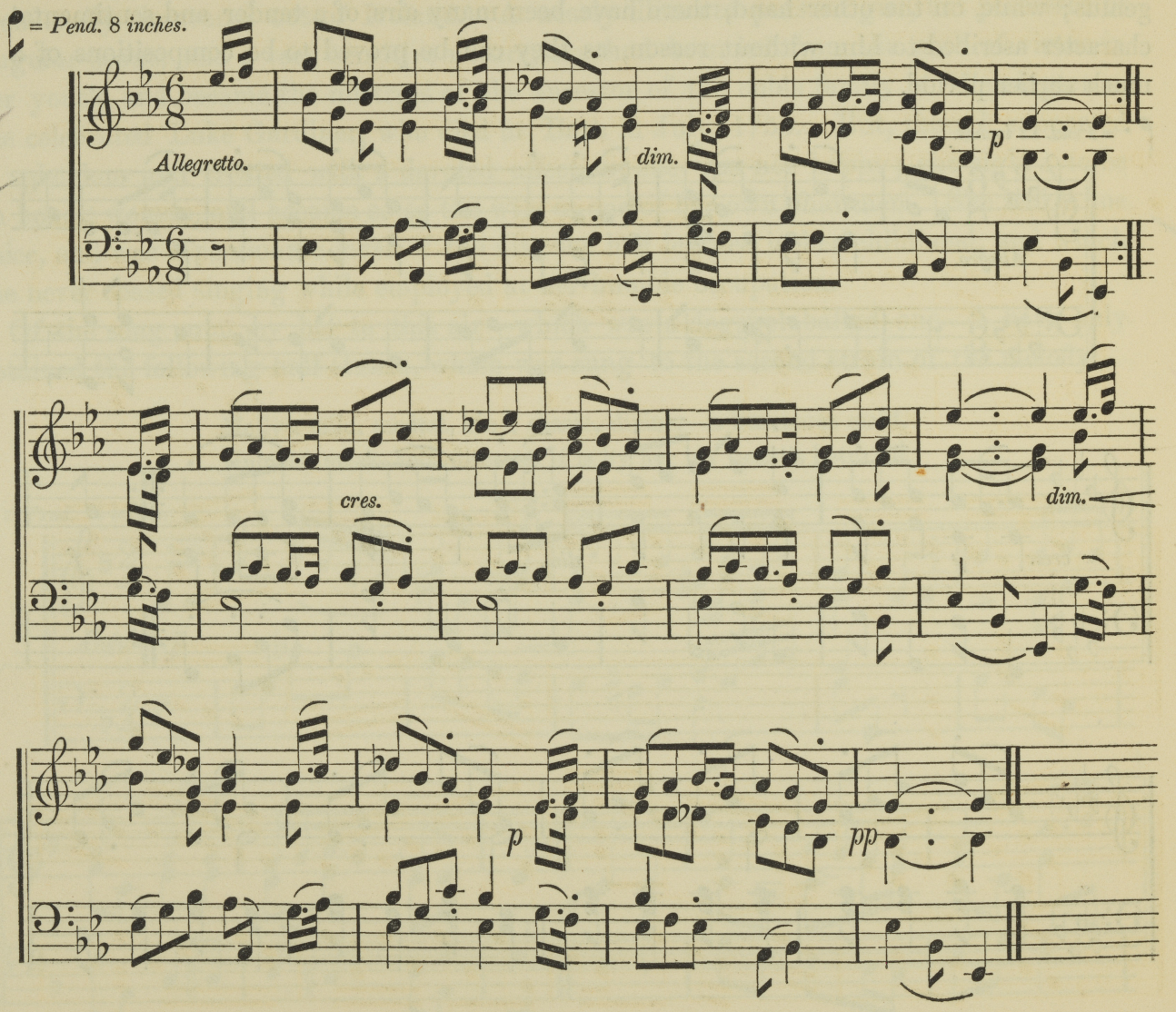


M

COIS CUAIN MUGÓRNA. Along the Mourne Shore.

The beautiful shore of the barony of Mourne, in the county of Down, has suggested a theme to more than one peasant English ballad-writer, and, consequently, given a name to several of our melodies to which they have been adapted. Of these melodies, the following—which is, perhaps, one of the most pleasing—was, with many other beautiful airs, noted down from the singing of the late Mr. Joseph Hughes, of the Bank of Ireland, who had learned them while a boy in his native county of Cavan, and preserved them in his memory during life with an undiminishable affection.

Of the ballad words which he sang to it I have retained no recollection; and the older Irish name of the melody I have never been able to discover.



AS TRUAG GAN PEATA AN MAOIR AGAM. I wish the Shepherd's Pet were mine.

THE following playful melody, with its words, was obtained in the course of the summer of 1853 from the blind county of Clare peasant, Teige MacMahon, already spoken of. The words, though of no high poetic merit, are not without interest, from their natural simplicity, and as an illustration of the thoughts of Irish peasant life.

Ar thuagh gan peata 'n mhaoir agam,
Ar thuagh gan peata 'n mhaoir agam,
Ar thuagh gan peata 'n mhaoir agam,
'Sna caoire beagha bána.
Ir ó goirim, goirim tú,
Ir grádh mo chróidhe gan cheilg tú,
Ir ó goirim, goirim tú,
Ar tú peata beagh do mháthar.

I wish the shepherd's pet were mine,
I wish the shepherd's pet were mine,
I wish the shepherd's pet were mine,
And her pretty little white sheep.
And oh! I hail, I hail thee,
And the love of my heart for ever thou art,
And oh! I hail, I hail thee,
Thou little pet of thy mother.

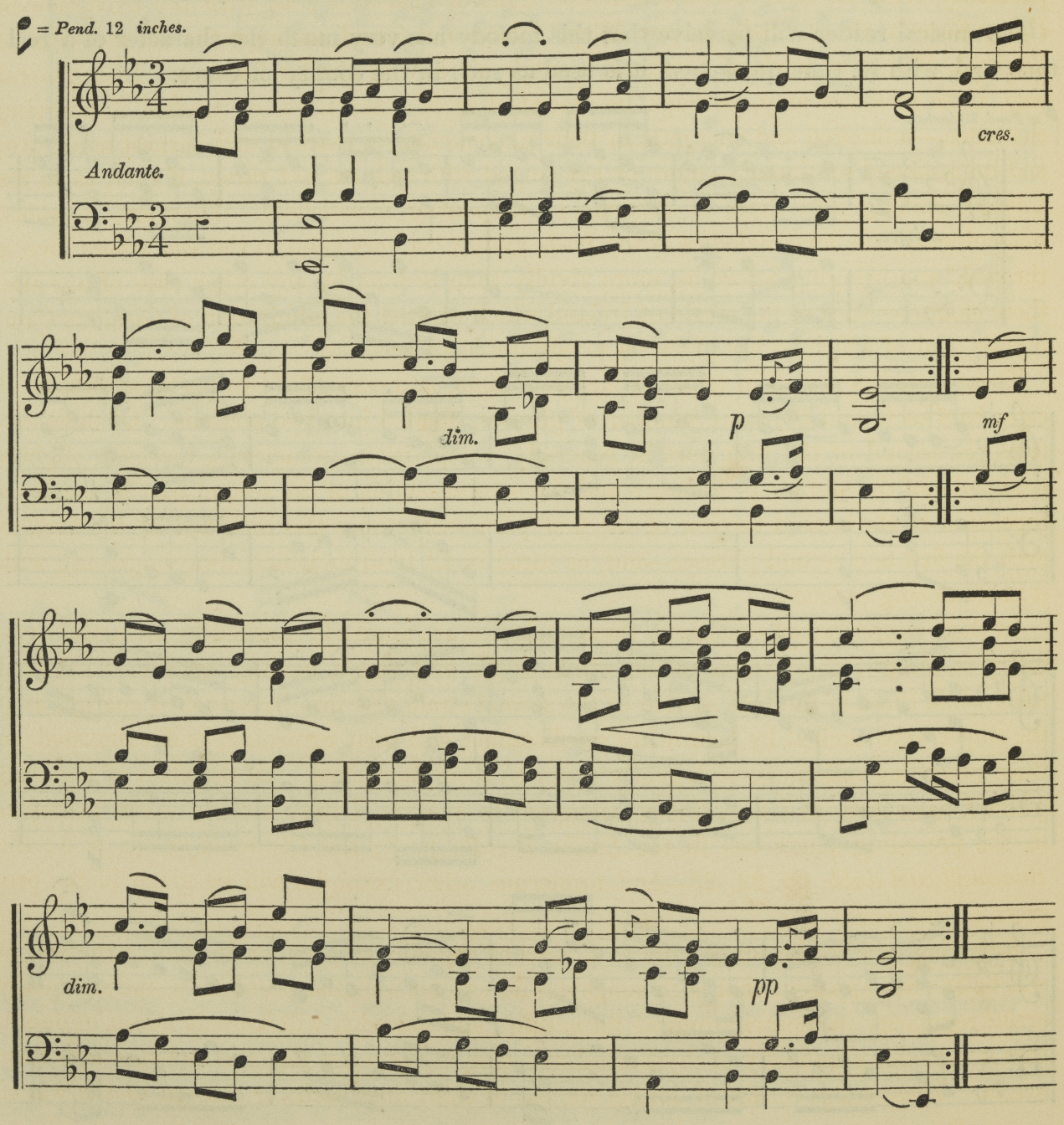
Ar thuagh gan bólacht baine agam,
Ar thuagh gan bólacht baine agam,
Ar thuagh gan bólacht baine agam,
Ir Cáitín ó na máthair.
Ir ó goirim, goirim tú,
Ir grádh mo chróidhe gan cheilg tú,
Ir ó goirim, goirim tú,
Ar tú peata geal do mháthar.

I wish that scores of kine were mine,
I wish that scores of kine were mine,
I wish that scores of kine were mine,
And Katey from her mother.
And oh! I hail, I hail thee,
And the love of my heart for ever thou art,
And oh! I hail, I hail thee,
Thou fair pet of thy mother.

The musical reader will perceive that this melody has very much the character of a reel tune, and, with its time quickened, it is used as such in the county of Clare.

ᴅ'ımċıȝ mo ġṙáᵭ—'tá mo ċroıᵭe ᴛeınn. My Love has gone—my Heart is sore.

The very pleasing melody which follows is one of those obtained from the county of Mayo, through the kindness of Mr. P. J. O'Reilly, of Westport, and for which I have already expressed my grateful acknowledgment in connexion with the beautiful air *Ni Threigfidh mo ghradh go deoidh me*, or, "My Love will ne'er forsake me," given at page 18. Of the words sung to it I have no remark to offer, as they have not been transmitted to me. But in reference to the melody, it should, perhaps, be observed, that its construction is, like many others from the same locality, somewhat peculiar, particularly in the second strain or part, which commences like a repetition or variation of the corresponding phrase of the first part, but, in the phrase following, surprises the ear by a graceful progression into the relative minor, and then returns, by a skilful transition in the succeeding phrase, to the usual close, as found in the first part.



AN CAILÍN BÁN. The Fair Girl.

THIS beautiful melody was noted down, in the summer of 1839, from the singing of the late Patrick Coneely, a Galway piper of more than average ability, whose memory was richly stored with the unpublished music of his country, and of whom I gave some account in the "Irish Penny Journal" for the year 1840. Of the words which Coneely sang to it—an Irish love-song—I neglected, unfortunately, at the time, to secure a copy, and I have never since been able to obtain one. It is probable, indeed, that both the song and air, which were learnt by Coneely from the singing of his father and grandfather, were only known amongst the peasantry of the mountain districts of Galway and Mayo, as I have never been able to trace a familiarity with either in any other part of Ireland.

The *Cailin Ban* may be regarded as a good specimen of a large class of melodies most peculiarly Irish in their construction and general character; as, with the exception of Harry Carey's air of "Sally in our Alley," I have not found, amongst the old melodies of England, Wales, or lowland Scotland, a single air having similar features. In a general way, these melodies may, perhaps, be described as of a narrative, or excited discoursing character,—animated and energetic in their movement, yet marked with earnest tenderness and impassioned sentiment,—more or less tinged with sadness, yet rarely, if ever, as in the *Caoines*, sinking into tones of extreme or despairing melancholy. They are, in short, pre-eminently the love melodies of the Irish, giving "a very echo to the seat where love is throned," and bringing before us, more vividly than is done by any other class of our airs, those characteristics of the music of Ireland which excited the admiration of Giraldus Cambrensis, and of which he has given us so admirable an account.

These melodies are all in triple or *three-four* time, and consist of two parts, or strains, of eight bars each, and the same number of phrases, divided into two sections. Of these sections the second of the first part is, generally, a repetition—sometimes, however, slightly modified—of the section preceding; and the second section of the second part is usually a repetition of the second section of the first part—sometimes also modified in the first, or even the first and second phrases—but, as usual in all Irish melodies, always agreeing with it in its closing cadence.

In their expression of sentiment these melodies are similarly marked by an artful symmetry in design; the phrases in the whole of the first strain having, usually, a subdued tone, while those in the first section of the second strain rise into impassioned energy, as if the singer were excited by harrowing recollections, and then returning, as if exhausted, to their preceding quietness, sink gently down to their final close. Of the class of melodies which I have thus, as I fear, feebly attempted to analyze, I have already given examples in the preceding pages—as in the *Cailin Ruadh*, p. 3; the *Cleasaidh fir oig*, p. 6; the *Buachaill caol dubh*, pp. 22, 23—and numerous other examples will be given in the progress of this work.

Referring now to the songs sung to a class of melodies so peculiar in their structure, it will be at once apparent that such songs should exhibit a similar peculiarity, and an equally artful regularity in their rhythmical formation; and indeed it will scarcely admit of doubt, that it is to this peculiarity of rhythmical structure in the songs that the melodies owe their origin. These songs consist of double stanzas of eight lines each, or sixteen in the whole,

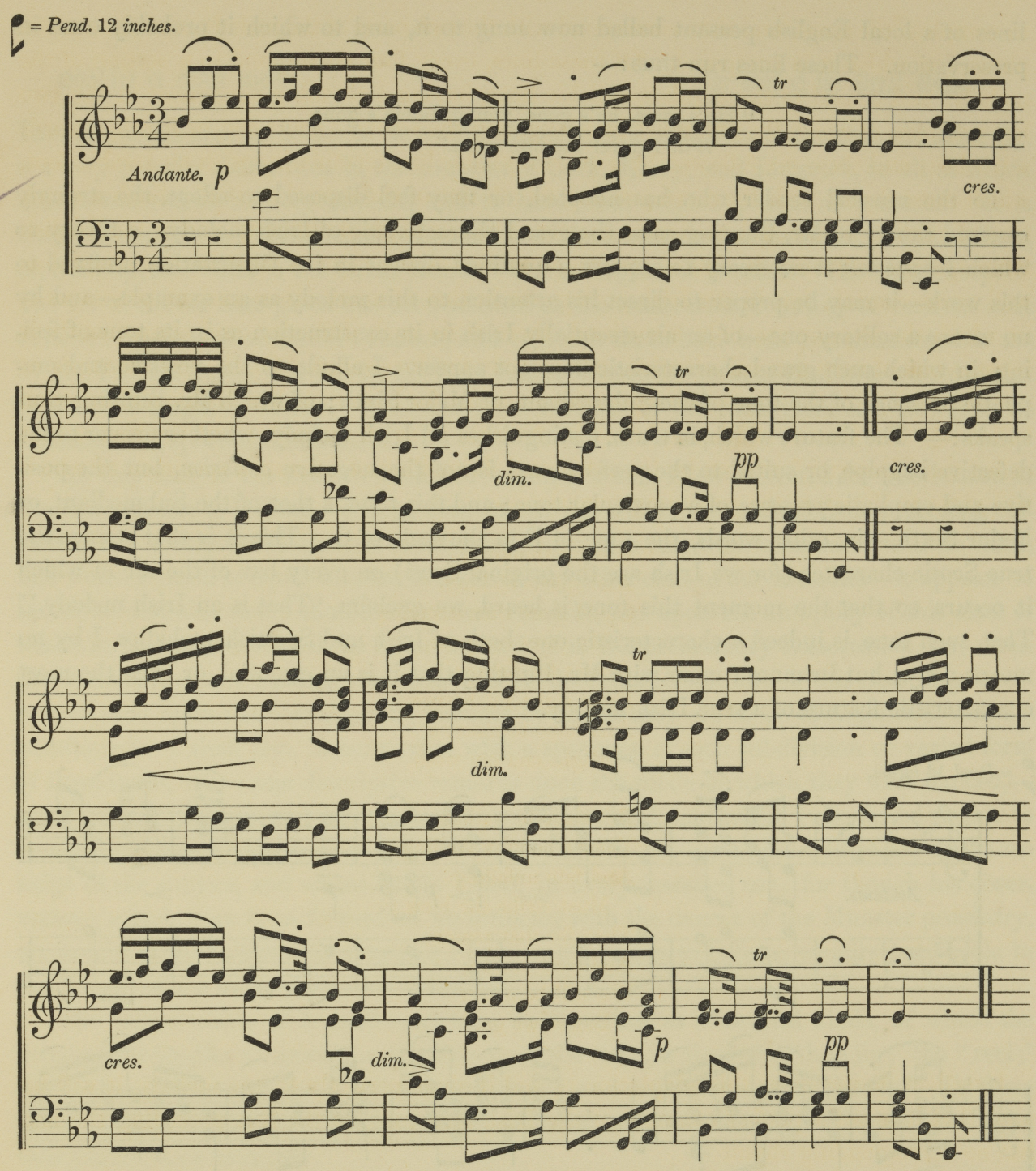
to complete the sense, and thus correspond with the two parts of the melody, and the sixteen phrases of which it is composed. Of these lines, every four correspond to a section of the melody, and consist of three quinto-syllabic lines, having a rhyming agreement in the two last syllables, of which the first must be a long, and the second a short one, or in other words a trochee; and these are followed by a quarto-syllabic line terminating with an Iambic foot, which must rhyme with the corresponding fourth line of the second section. Such a structure of versification would, obviously, appear to be one of great difficulty, and in the English language the difficulty is almost insurmountable—as the rhymes must be consonantal as well as assonantal; but in the Irish poetry—as in that of many other ancient languages—in which the rhymes are only assonantal, there is no such difficulty, and consequently it became one of very general adoption, particularly for love-songs. Of the few attempts of our educated poets to compose stanzas of this structure for Irish melodies, Milliken's burlesque ballad of "The Groves of Blarney" may be referred to as an example; but the best is that called the "Deserter," written by the celebrated John Philpot Curran, a specimen of which will serve to illustrate the preceding remarks:—

"If sadly thinking,
And spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking
My cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow
Might end my woes.

But since in wailing
There's nought availing,
And fate unfailing
Must strike the blow;
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
We will be merry
Before we go."

Excellent, however, as this adaptation is, and it sings perfectly to the melody, it will be seen that it is not a perfect example of the Irish structure, as the line preceding the last has no corresponding rhyme.

In the lyrics of our national poet, Moore, we find no example of the adaptation of a stanza of this structure to any of the Irish Melodies, with the peculiar structure and sentiment of which, in truth, he had a far inferior intimacy than that possessed by the great Irish orator. Indeed Moore appears even to have avoided the selection of melodies of this class as subjects for his Muse; and in the very few of them to be found in his work—however happy in the expression of their sentiment—he has in every instance failed to convey their proper native rhythm. And in one instance, that of his words to "The Groves of Blarney," or, properly, "The young Man's Dream," so well known as "The last Rose of Summer," though he had before him the example of the tolerably correct rhythm of Milliken's song to that air, he did not hesitate to change the accents and character of the melody to suit it to words which could not otherwise be sung to it.



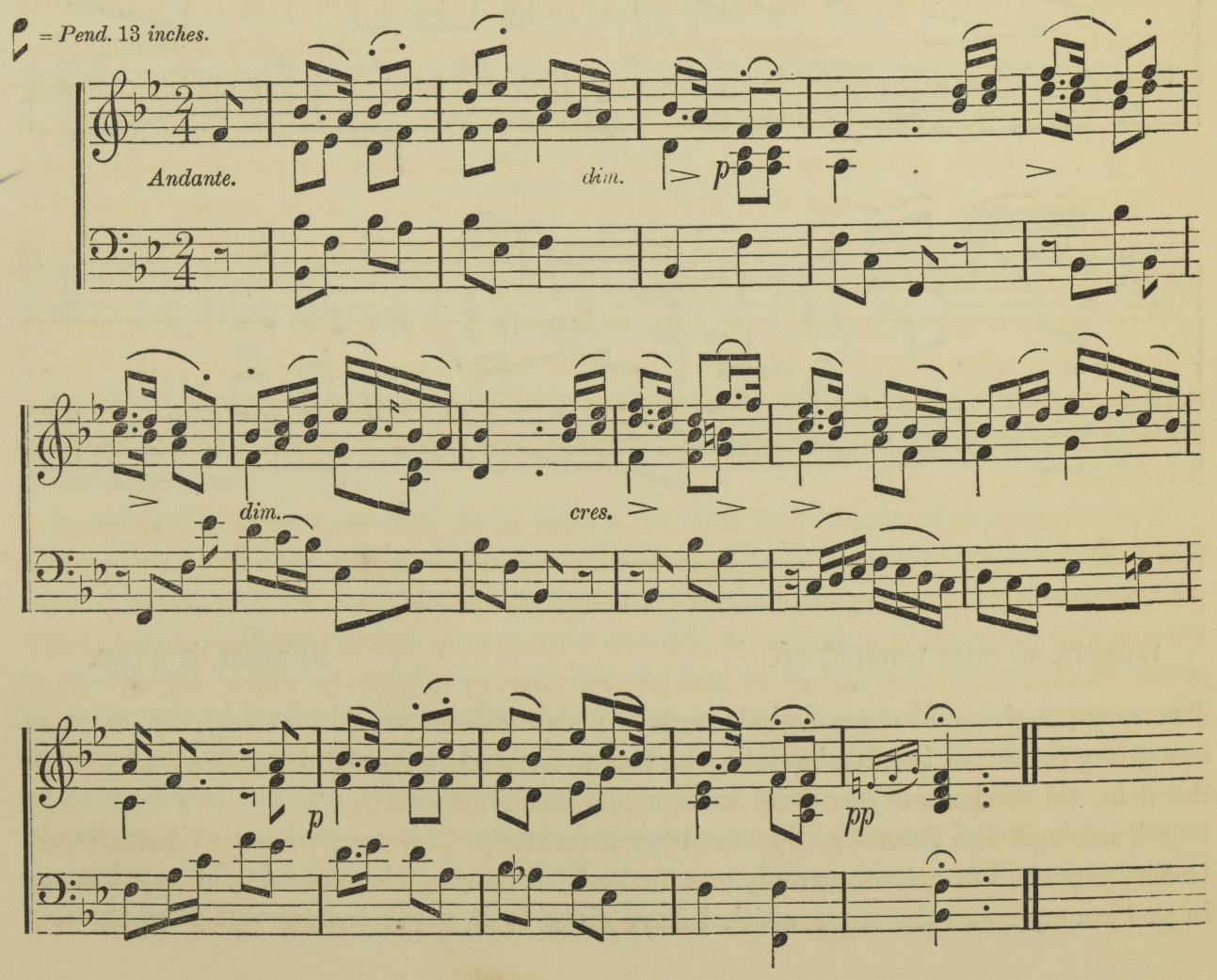
ʊ'ɪmʊɪʒ sé 'ɡus ʊ'ɪmʊɪʒ sé. He's gone, he's gone.

The very pleasing and characteristic melody which follows was obtained in the parish of Dungiven, county of Londonderry, in the summer of 1837; and it may, perhaps, be considered as one of the many ancient tunes which had their origin, and are now only to be found, amongst the Irish race in that beautiful county. Its original, or at least its old Gaelic, name is, I fear, irrecoverably lost, as the Irish language has ceased to be a spoken one in that county: and the name which I have given to it above is borrowed from the first

lines of a local English peasant ballad now sung to it, and to which it probably owes its preservation. These lines run thus:—

"He's gone, he's gone, young Jamie's gone,
Will I never see him more."

To the musical reader who has adopted, or may feel disposed to adopt, the strongly asserted theory of Mr. Bunting as to the grand characteristic of Irish melody—a theory to which I have felt it necessary to express a qualified dissent in the Dissertation prefixed to this work—it may be proper to direct his attention to this melody as an example—and by no means a solitary one—of an air essentially Irish in its construction as in its tone of feeling, in which such grand characteristic does not appear. I allude to the positive and emphatic presence of the tone of the Submediant, or Major Sixth; of which Mr. Bunting thus speaks:—"The feature which, in truth, distinguishes all Irish melody, whether proper to the defective bagpipe, or suited to the perfect harp, is not the negative *omission*, but the positive and emphatic *presence* of a particular tone; and this tone is that of the Submediant, or Major Sixth,—in other words, the tone of E in the scale of G. This it is that stamps the true Scotic character (for we Irish are the original Scoti) on every bar of the air in which it occurs, so that the moment this tone is heard, we exclaim, 'That is an Irish melody.'" That such tone is indeed a characteristic one, both of Irish and Scottish melodies, I by no means deny; but I cannot concur with Mr. Bunting that it is an essential, or even the most characteristic feature of a true Irish melody.



CAILÍN A TIGE MHOIR. The Girl of the Great House.

THIS air, which appears to me to be a very characteristic specimen of the true old Irish jig, is a very popular dance-tune in the counties of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, in all of which it is considered to be very ancient, and to have been originally used as a march. It is known amongst the Irish-speaking population of these counties, as the *Cailin a tighe Mhoir*, or, literally, the "Girl of the Great House;" but in English it is called "The Housekeeper." The set of the air here given has been selected as the truest from a variety of versions of it obtained from those southern counties, and of which three have been communicated to me by Mr. Patrick Joyce, and one by the Rev. Father Walsh, the present kind-hearted old parish priest of Iveragh, in Kerry. Amongst these versions of the tune there are, however, no essential or important differences.

As this tune is the first well-marked example which I have selected for publication of the dance-music of Ireland—a large class of our airs which has received from preceding collectors but a very small amount of attention, as if such airs were considered of little value, but which I think of equal interest to those of any other class of our melodies—it appears to me to be desirable that I should offer some remarks, not upon the antiquity of this class of music in Ireland, which will be found treated of in the preliminary Dissertation, but upon the various forms or subdivisions under which the innumerable airs of this class may be arranged, and upon the characteristic features by which they are to be distinguished and denominated. I shall also, in connexion with a specimen of each subdivision or varied form of these tunes, offer some descriptive remarks upon the mode in which they were danced,—a subject not hitherto, as I believe, in any way illustrated, and which I should be unable to treat of, but for the kindness of Mr. Patrick Joyce, who has communicated to me his knowledge of the subject, and whose words I shall in every instance use; for though his observations, which have been formed on his intimacy with the dances of the Munster peasantry, are applied only to them, they are, as I have every reason to believe, equally applicable to the dances of the other provinces of Ireland.

The dance music of Ireland may then be described as of several kinds, of which the principal are,—the common, or "double jig;" the "single jig;" the "hop jig;" the "reel;" the "hornpipe;" "set dances," of different kinds; and various "country dances." Of these dances I shall at present only notice the common, or "double jig," of which the tune that follows is an example.

The common, or "double jig," is a dance tune in *six-eight* time, usually consisting of two parts of eight measures each, each of these measures usually presenting two quaver triplets throughout the tune, and each part being always played twice. In these general features, this most common variety of our dance tunes only differs from the great majority of the old clan marches in the somewhat greater rapidity of time in which they are generally performed; and I have already expressed my conviction, that very many of these common jigs were originally marches, and were anciently used for both purposes; but on this point the reader will find more in the preliminary Dissertation.

"The common, or 'double' jig," as Mr. Joyce writes, "is generally danced by either four or two persons, but the number is not limited. The dance to this, as well as to every other kind of dance-tune, consists of a succession of distinct movements called 'steps,' each

of which is usually continued or repeated during either four or eight bars of the tune. Every step is danced at least twice in succession, first with the right foot, and after with the left. If the step extend to four bars, or measures, only, it is danced twice with each foot, in order to extend it over the whole of one part of the tune *played twice*. Every 'step' has corresponding to it what is called its 'double step,' or 'double,' or 'doubling,' that is, another similar step which extends to *double* the time of the former; and in relation to this, the original on which the double is founded is called the 'single step.' After a single step has been danced, it is 'doubled;' that is, its double step is danced immediately after with right and left foot in succession.

"A movement, or as it is called in Munster, a step, is always danced in one place,—a promenade round the room is never called a step.

"All steps are formed by the combination of certain elementary movements, or operations, which have got various names expressive of their character, such as 'grinding,' 'drumming,' 'battering,' 'shuffling,' 'rising,' 'sinking,' 'heel and toe,' &c. A few of the most important of these may be described.

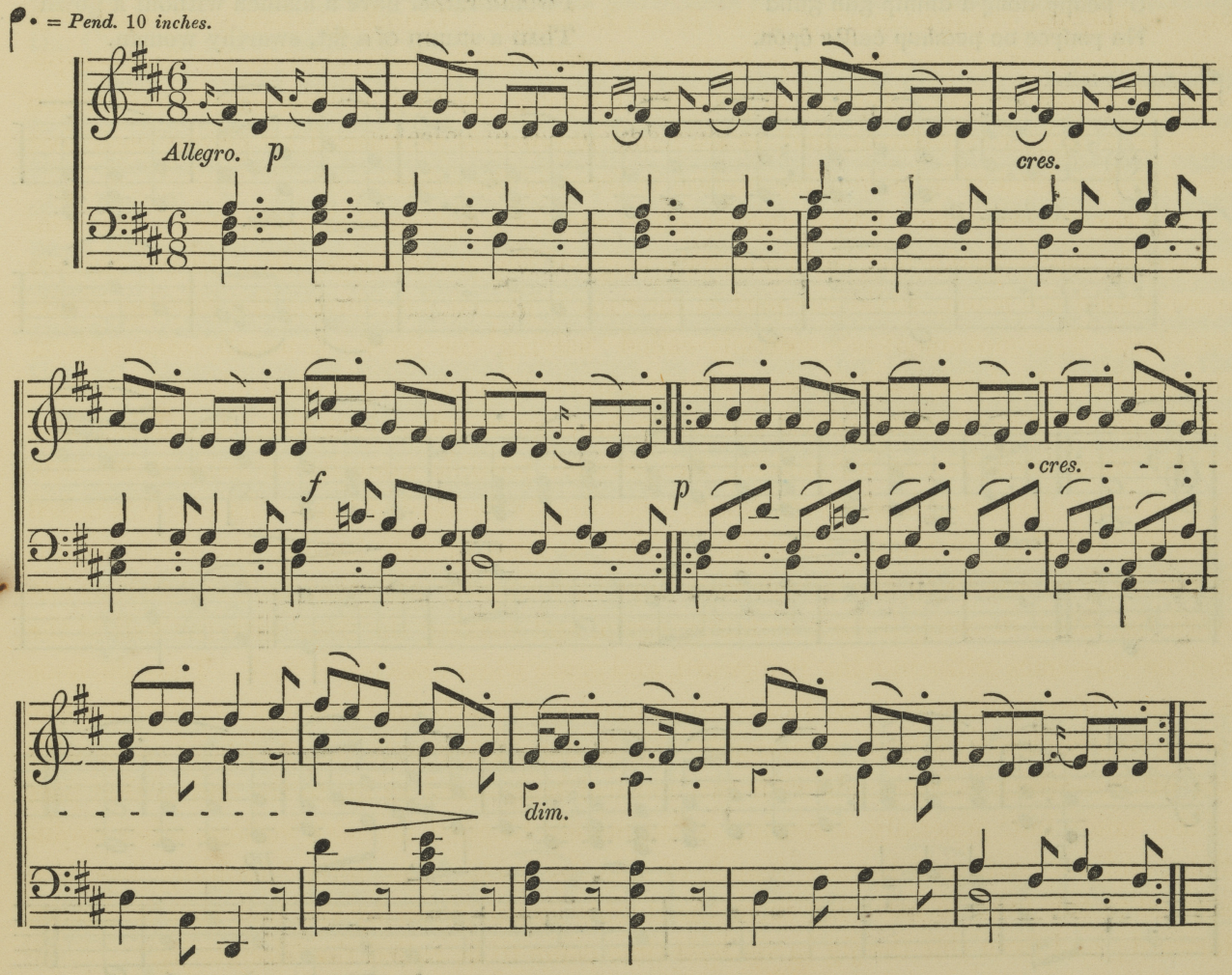
"The dance of the jig always commences with what is called 'the rising step,' in which first the right foot is *raised* pretty high from the floor, and thrown forward,—then the left,—and lastly the right; which three movements correspond with the first three bars of the tune, and the fourth bar is finished by either 'grinding' or 'shuffling.' Grinding is performed by striking the floor quickly and dexterously with the toes of each foot alternately, six times during a bar, corresponding with the six notes of the two triplets forming the bar, and requires much practice from the learner. Grinding, when performed with *nailed* shoes, is of all the dance steps by far the most wofully destructive to the floor—especially if an earthen one. Instead of grinding, however, shuffling is often substituted, which latter is a lighter movement, and, as its name imports, is performed by giving each foot alternately a kind of light *shuffling* motion in front of the other.

"After the rising step follow various other steps of a light and skipping kind, and comparatively easily performed, until a certain stage of the proceedings, when all the dancers move round the room, while one part of the tune is played, i.e., during the playing of sixteen bars. This movement is commonly called 'halving' the jig, for it usually occurs about the middle of the dance; and the steps after it are generally of a very different kind from those used before. After halving comes the really hard work, when battering, drumming, and all the other contrivances for making the greatest possible quantity of noise, come into requisition. Battering is of several kinds, according to the kind of tune. In a jig it is called 'double battering,' or simply 'doubling.' This is done by first leaning the whole weight of the body on one foot; the dancer then hops very slightly with that foot, and throws forward the other, drawing it back instantly again, and striking the floor with the ball of the foot twice,—once while moving it forward, and again when drawing it back. Thus the floor is struck three times, and these strokes must correspond with the three quavers forming one of the two triplets in a bar. Frequently this is done twice with one foot and twice with the other,—which corresponds with two musical bars,—and so on to the end of that part of the tune; but, generally, battering is intimately blended up with various other evolutions, and not continued for any length of time by itself. The term 'doubling' has been applied to this kind of battering from the double stroke given by the foot that is thrown forward; and from this the jig in *six-eight* time came to be called the 'double jig.'

"In grinding and battering, the toes only are used. Drumming is performed by both toes and heels, and is, perhaps, the most noisy of all the operations in dancing. In drumming, also, the triplets of the jig are timed, and it is sometimes continued for a considerable time, but is more commonly united with other movements.

"The movements I have described under the above names are only a very few out of the number of those in use,—the rest having either no names at all, or names which I never knew. No description can give an idea of the quickness, the dexterity and gracefulness, with which these various movements are performed by a good dancer; and notwithstanding their great variety and minute complication, scarcely a note in the music is allowed to pass without its corresponding stroke. There are few movements of the human body that require so much skill, dexterity, and muscular action, all combined; and, for my part, I must confess that I have never seen any exhibition of manly activity that has given me such a sense of pleasure as a double jig danced by a good Munster dancer."

To the preceding remarks of Mr. Joyce I may add, that the jigs of this class are also popularly known, at least in Munster, by the appellation of *Moinin* (pron. *Moneen*) jigs,—a term derived from the word *Moin*, a bog, grassy sod, or green turf, and which, according to Mr. Curry, is also an ancient name for a sporting place, somewhat in the same sense as the English word "turf" is now applied to a race-course: and hence the application of its diminutive, *Moinin*, to this kind of jig; because, at the fairs, races, hurling-matches, and other holiday assemblages, it was always danced on the choicest green spot, or *Moinin*, that could be selected in the neighbourhood.

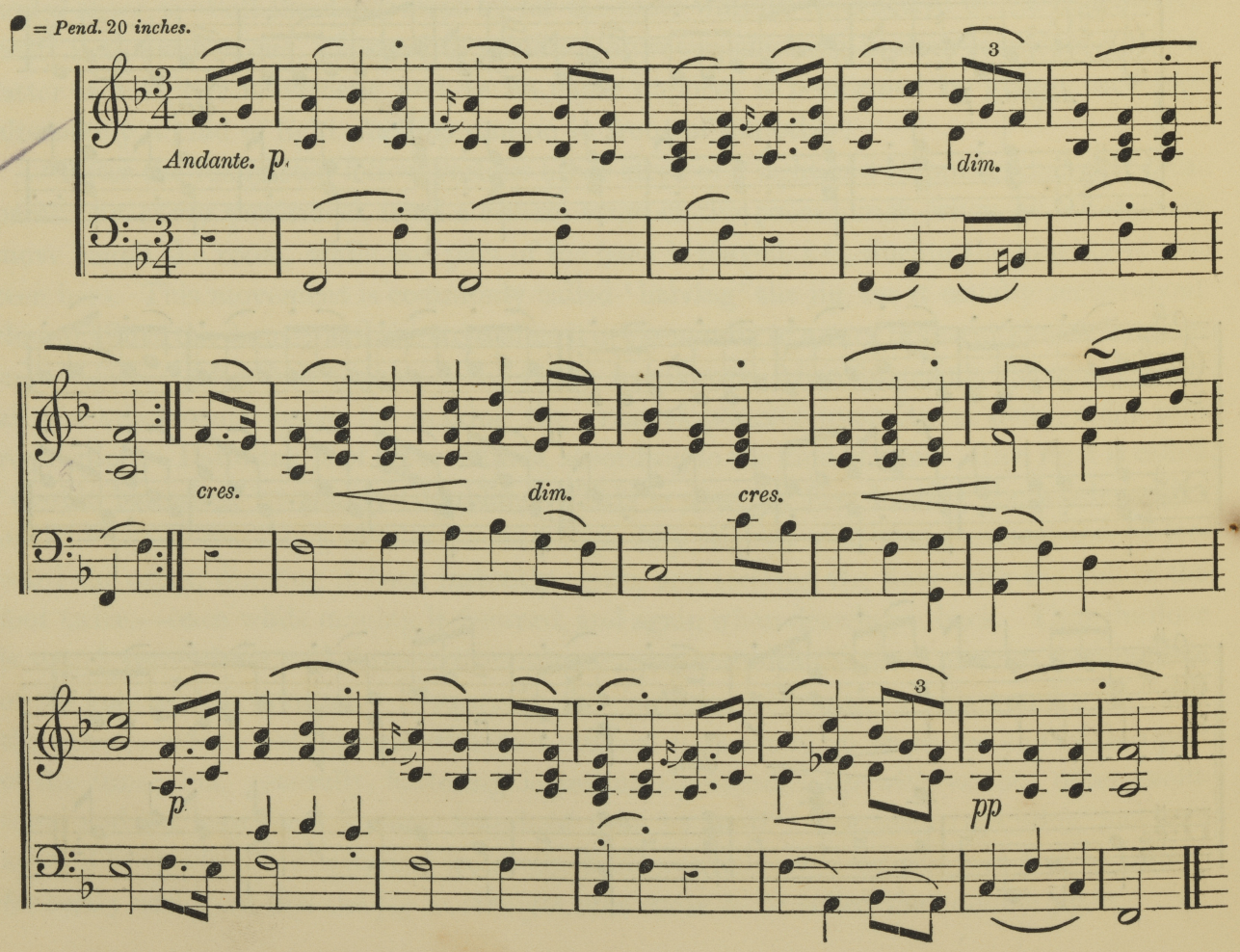


132456

b'fearr liomsa ainnir gan gúna. I would rather have a Maiden without a Gown.

For the following beautiful air, as well as for the preceding, and many other melodies of equal value, I have to express my very grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Patrick Joyce, formerly of Glenasheen, in the county of Limerick, but now of Dublin,—one of the most zealous and judicious of the collectors of Irish music who have voluntarily given me their aid in the prosecution of this work. Like most of the airs in his collection, this tune was procured in Munster, and it very probably belongs to that still singularly musical province. It was learnt by Mr. Joyce from the singing of his brother, Mr. Michael Joyce of Glenasheen, who had it from his father. Of the Irish song sung to it, Mr. Joyce says that his brother can now only remember the annexed fragment; but the subject of it was a comparison drawn by a young man between two women, one of them old and ugly, but very rich,—possessed of large herds of cattle, and to whom he was importuned to get married,—the other, a young and blooming girl, but entirely fortuneless; and he contrasts the riches and ugliness of the former with the poverty and beauty of the latter, whom he finally determines to prefer. The fragment above alluded to is as follows:—

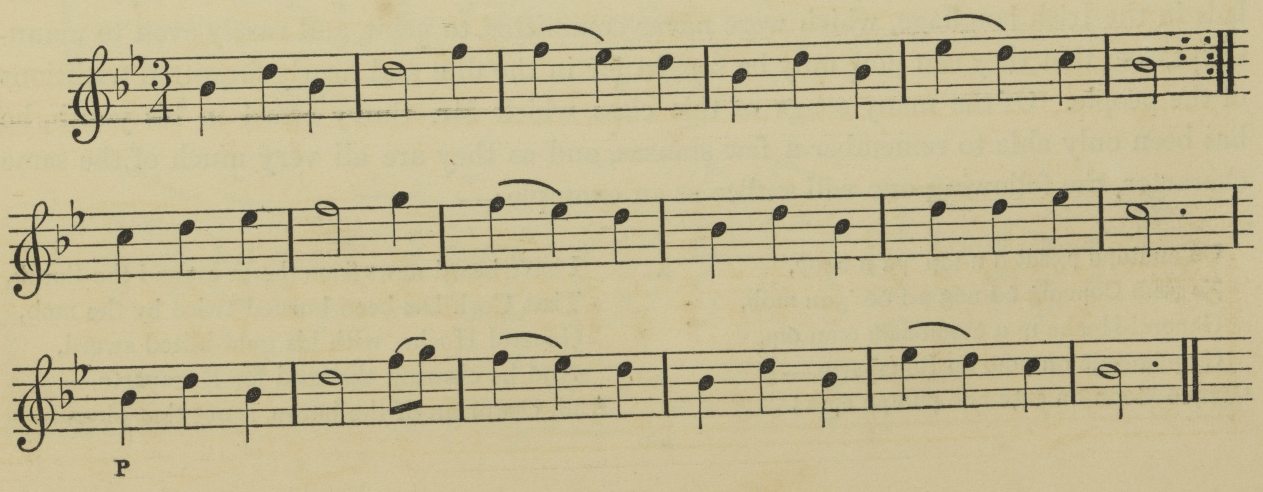
Seáċt bíċit bó baine, gan aṁarus,	Seven score milchers, without doubt,
* * * * * * *	* * * * * * * *
Da ḟeirseaċ ċapal do ċreaḃaċ,	Twice six ploughing horses to plough with,
Dá ḟeaċt bíċit donn druimḟionn óg;	Twice seven score young dun heifers;
b' fearr liomsa ainnir gan gúna	I would rather have a maiden without a gown
Na smíste do ḟeaṁar ċaille ċrón.	Than a stump of a fat, swarthy woman.



In reference to the construction of the preceding air, it should, perhaps, be observed, that it is one which characterizes, and is peculiar to, a large class of Gaelic melodies, and which may be described as airs in triple time, consisting of two strains, or parts, in each of which there are two sections, and in each of these, again, two extended or irregular phrases. Such melodies, therefore, when written in *three-four* time—with a view to enable the performer to mark the time and accents more readily—as in the example above, will have the seemingly irregular number of twelve bars, or measures, in each part; whereas, if considered as properly in *six-four*, or *nine-eight* time, the parts will consist of but four bars in each part, or eight in all,—as in the example of the well-known air of this class called *Cailin deas g-cruidadh na mbo*, or "The pretty Girl milking the Cow," which has been always so written.

Further, with respect to the rhythm of melodies of this class, I may remark that the two phrases in each of their four sections consist in each of three accented, or emphatic notes, each of which is preceded and followed by an unaccented one, with this exception, that every second phrase closes upon the accented note; or, using the terms of Grecian rhythm, the first phrase of each section consists of three amphibrachs, and the second of two amphibrachs and an Iambus. Hence it follows that the stanza suited to such melodies should consist of eight lines, corresponding to the eight phrases of the tune, the lines alternately containing nine and eight syllables, having their accents in accordance with those of the melody; and as a very happy example of such metrical adaptation of English words to a melody of this class, I may instance Moore's song, "The Valley lay smiling before me," written for the Irish melody of *Cailin deas g-cruidadh na mbo*, or "The pretty Girl milking the Cow," as above referred to.

Lastly, I would remark, that it appears to me in the highest degree probable that it is to this class of the ancient Irish or Gaelic vocal melodies we should ascribe the origin of that class of our dance-tunes, in *nine-eight* time, popularly known in Munster by the name of "Hop jigs." Such dance-tunes,—as I have already stated in a preceding notice at page 19,—are certainly very peculiar to Ireland; though I have found an interesting specimen of a dance-tune, very similar in construction, in the Introduction to Wood's recent valuable work, "The Dance Music of Scotland," where it is given, amongst the examples of the old dance-tunes of continental countries, as a "Song for dancing; of Sarlat, in the ancient province of Perigord, now in the Department of Dordogne, in the south-west of France." It is written in *three-four* time; and as an interesting illustration of the preceding remarks, I have taken the liberty of inserting it here.



O 'bean an tige, nac suairc esin. O Woman of the House, is not that pleasant!

If we were disposed to take the widely spread popularity of an Irish tune as an evidence of its antiquity—and we believe that such an inference would, in most cases, be a correct one—the following air might be considered as of no recent origin; for it has long been a favourite in most, if not all, parts of Ireland. But, be that as it may, it is a melody of considerable interest, as well on account of its strongly marked Irish character, as of the uses to which it was applied by the peasantry of Ireland in troubled times.

To those who have inconsiderately, if not flippantly, expressed an opinion that the melodies of Ireland are wanting in variety of character,—that they are tiresomely uniform in their expression of an unmanly despondency,—or, in more poetic phrase, that they are "the music of a people who had lost their liberty," and so forth—and such opinions are still very generally expressed—this air, as well as numberless others still preserved, may be cited in proof of the fallacy of such hasty assumption. It is true, indeed, that in this, as well as in most of our old lively tunes, whether vocal or instrumental in character, there is a blending of tones not in themselves mirthful or enlivening; for, as the poet Moore writes, "Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude,—some minor Third or flat Seventh,—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting." But such tones are only like the judicious touches of dark colour in a bright picture, which, instead of darkening, serve to increase its brilliancy, while they add to its substance and vigour.

Again. To those who value a national melody on account of the historical associations which may appertain to it, this air will possess an interest, independent of any intrinsic merit it may lay claim to, from the fact that it has been chosen by the Whiteboys, and other illegal combinations of the southern peasantry, as their choral song and night march; and, to men of their temperament, a very inspiring march and song-tune it must have made. And hence, it naturally followed that this melody should have become the medium for the dissemination of a large amount of excitement to disaffection, in the shape of Irish ballad songs, more remarkable for the daring boldness of the feelings they expressed, than for the display of any metrical skill or poetic merit.

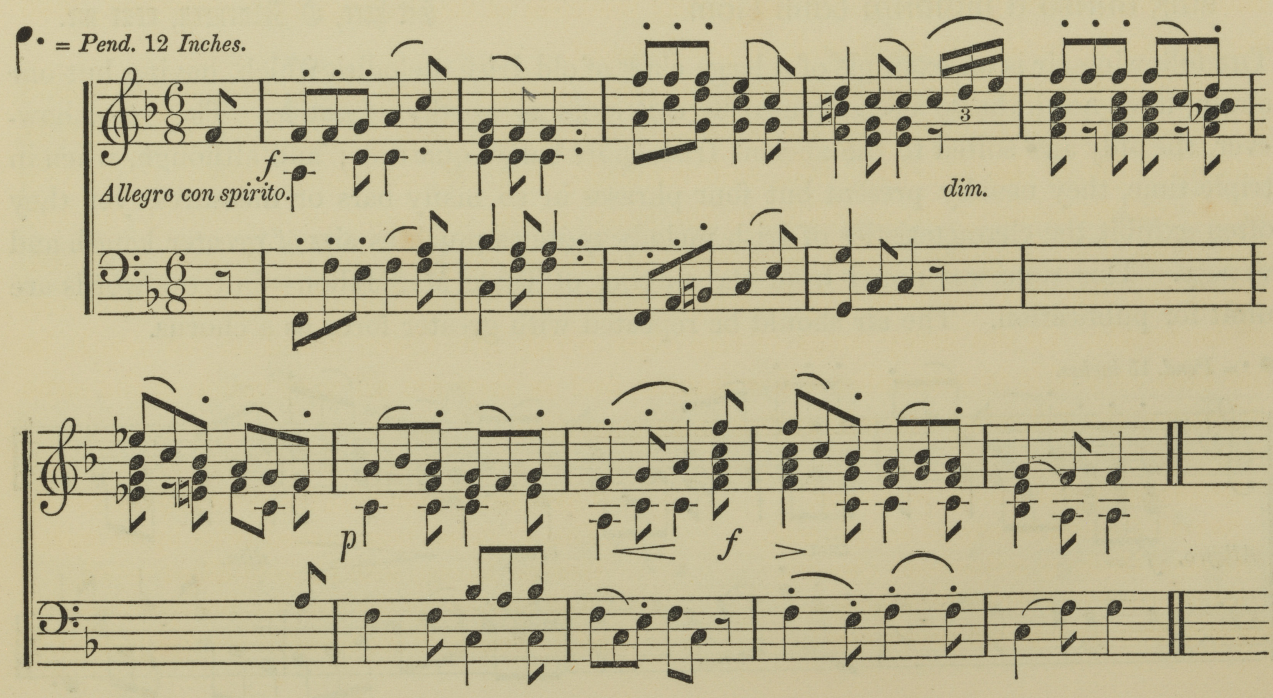
Such rude ballads, however, are not without a certain degree of interest, as expressive of the popular mind during periods of its excitement, and their preservation would not be without value to the historian: but, unfortunately, they are now most difficult to be procured, and particularly those which are the most worthy of preservation, namely, the ballads in the Irish language, which were never committed to print, and rarely even to manuscript,—so that they can now only be sought for in the dim and nearly forgotten traditions of the people. Of the many songs of this class which Mr. Curry heard in his youth, he has been only able to remember a few stanzas, and as they are all very much of the same character, the following one will suffice as an example:—

Do chualapa pséal a n-iap 'pa n-deap,
Go paib Corcaig dá dóg pá dó 'gan mob,
General Hoche ip a claoideamh cinn óip,
Ag péidteac an póid do Bonaparte,—
Agup ó 'bean an tige nac puaipc éipin!

I have heard news from the West and the South,
That Cork has been burned twice by the mob,
General Hoche, with his gold-hilted sword,
And he clearing the road for Bonaparte,—
And, O woman of the house, is not that pleasant!

In a melody so generally known in most parts of Ireland, it might naturally be expected that there would exist a great variety of local forms, from amongst which it might be difficult to select any one as the most pleasing or original, and such I have found to be the case. I have, therefore, chosen, as deserving of publication, two notations of the tune, procured from different provinces of Ireland, which embody the most striking differences the melody assumes,—leaving it to the reader to determine their relative merits. The first of these settings may be regarded as the Munster version of the air, as it was noted from the singing of the Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon, and corroborated by that of Mr. Curry.

The setting which follows may be regarded as the Connaught form of the air. It was set in that province by a talented musician, the late Mr. William Ford, of Cork, during a tour—made for the purpose of collecting Irish melodies—in the western counties, in the years 1846–7, and has been kindly communicated to me by my valued friend, Mr. John E. Pigot.



In connexion with the preceding air, I have yet a remark to offer relative to the peculiarity of its construction. This peculiarity—which it shares with a class of airs which may be considered as exceptional in their form, and of which this air is a good example—consists in the odd number of its sections, namely five; while, in the great mass of our tunes, the number is an even one, or, as usual, four: and I may add that such tunes are usually in common time, or that compound form of it having a *six-eight* measure. The cause of this peculiarity of structure will be at once obvious, namely, the necessity for a fifth section in airs composed for stanzas having a repetition of their fourth line, or a fifth added as a burden.

Since the preceding notice was placed in the printer's hands, I have accidentally discovered another Irish song, or rather fragment of one, which had been obviously written to this air, and which, though modern, I have much pleasure in adding to the other fragment already given, as exhibiting one of the better and abiding traits of the Irish peasant nature, in strong contrast to those partially acquired and temporary ones which had been superinduced by untoward circumstances, happily not likely again to occur. I found it in an interesting little volume, entitled "Irish Popular Songs, with English Metrical Translations," &c., "by [the late] Edward Walsh. Dublin: James M^{c}Glashan. 1847." I give his own metrical version of the song, which very well preserves the rhythm of the original.

Air maidin a nae roim gréin go moċ,
Do ċeapcar an ċéiċ ba niamḋa cruċ;
Sneaċta agus caor ḃí ag cairmirc 'na ṙgéimh
'S a reangga-ċorp réimh mar géir air rruċ;
'S a ċuirle mo ċroiḋe! créad í'n gruaim rin orc?

Ḃuḋ ḃinne guċ caomh a ḃéil le rulc
Ná Orḟeur do léig go raon na coirc;—
Ḋí a ramhar-rorg réiḋ mar ċriorcal na mbraon
Air ṙeamair-glair ṙéir roimh gréin go moċ;
'S a ċuirle mo ċroiḋe! créaḋ í an gruaim rin orc?

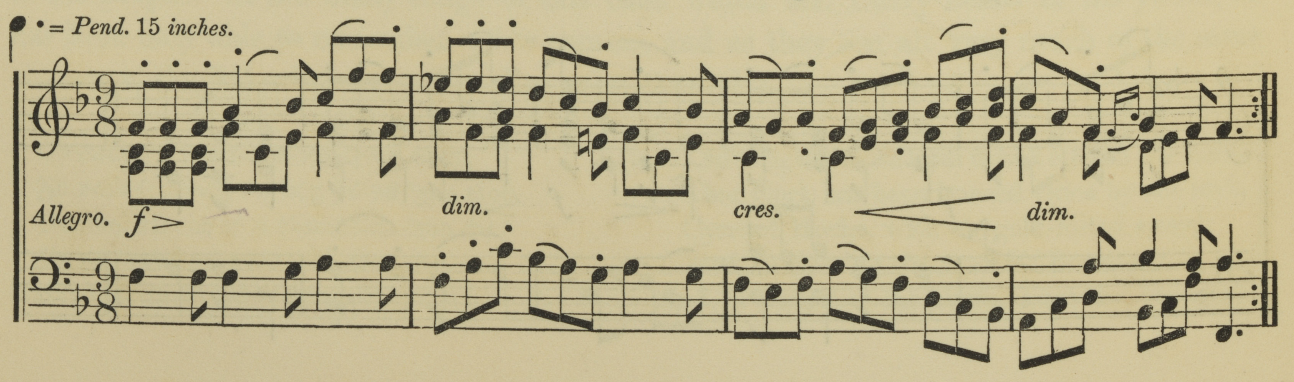
Before the sun rose at yester-dawn,
I met a fair maid adown the lawn;
The berry and snow to her cheek gave its glow,
And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan—
Then, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won
Than Orpheus' lyre of old had done;
Her ripe eyes of blue were crystals of dew,
On the grass of the lawn before the sun—
And, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

---

suig annso a múirnín laimh liom. Sit here, O Murneen, near me.

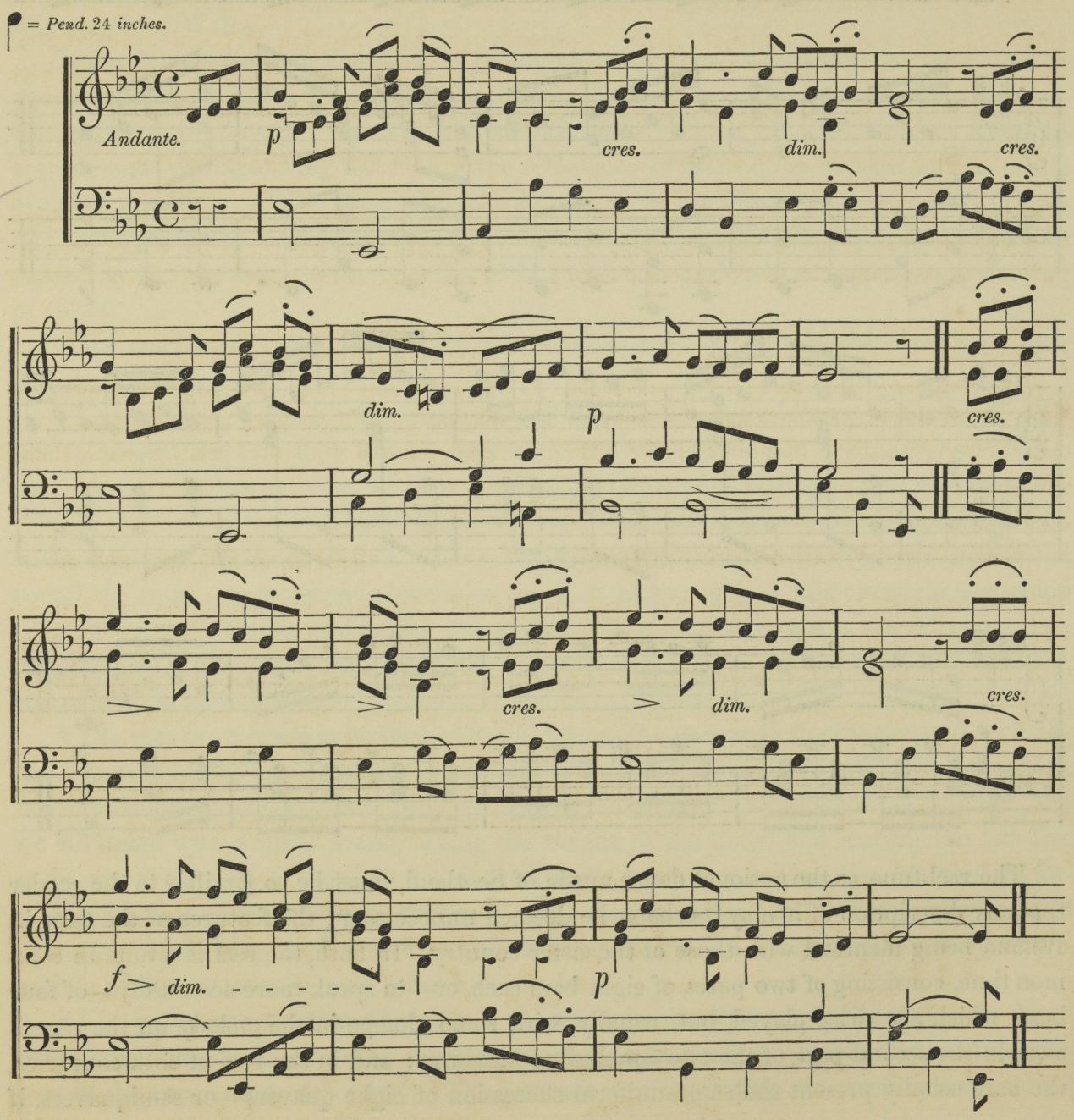
The following air is an example of a large class of old Irish melodies which, having but one strain, have not hitherto been deemed by collectors as worthy of notice. They are, however, the only airs suited to the ancient Irish short ballad quatrain; and although, when in triple time, they usually present but four phrases in so many bars or measures, yet they often exhibit the characteristics of Irish melody quite as much as airs of greater length and variety. This tune was noted from the singing of Teige MacMahon—but the words are unfit for publication. The air should be repeated with greater force as a chorus.



Maiden i mBéarra

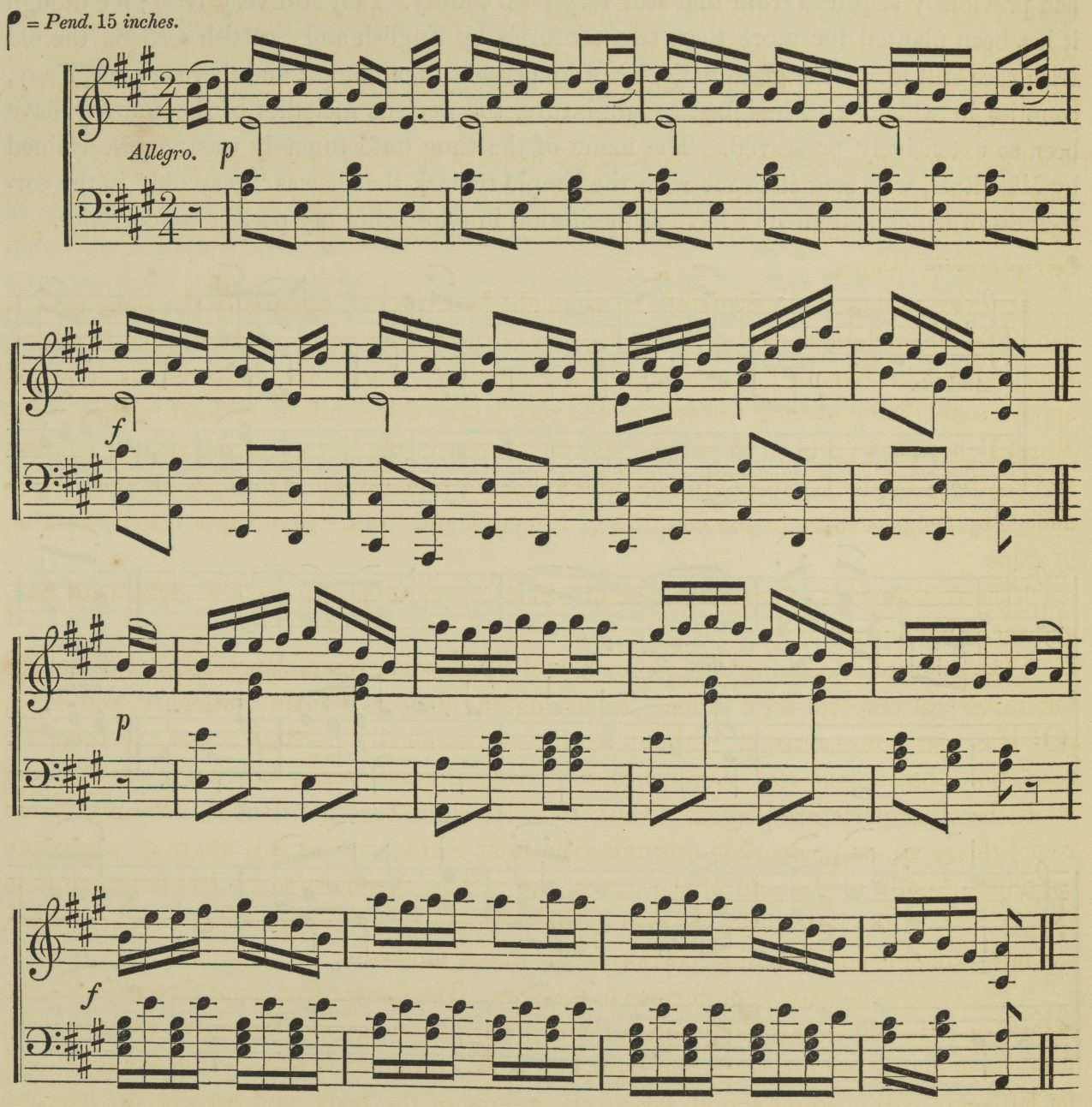
Name unknown.

For the following beautiful air I have to express my very grateful acknowledgment to Miss J. Ross, of N.-T.-Limavady, in the county of Londonderry—a lady who has made a large collection of the popular unpublished melodies of that county, which she has very kindly placed at my disposal, and which has added very considerably to the stock of tunes which I had previously acquired from that still very Irish county. I say still very Irish; for though it has been planted for more than two centuries by English and Scottish settlers, the old Irish race still forms the great majority of its peasant inhabitants; and there are few, if any, counties in which, with less foreign admixture, the ancient melodies of the country have been so extensively preserved. The name of the tune unfortunately was not ascertained by Miss Ross, who sent it to me with the simple remark that it was "very old," in the correctness of which statement I have no hesitation in expressing my perfect concurrence.



Loċ aillinne. Lough Allen.

The following air—which is one of the class known by the name of reel—has been a very popular dance-tune in the county of Leitrim, in which, as may be inferred from its name. it most probably had its origin; and it was obtained, with other dance-tunes, from an itinerant fiddler of that county.



The reel-tune, as the national dance-music of Scotland, must be so familiar to the reader that any description of it may, perhaps, be deemed unnecessary; the features of the tune in Ireland being identical with those of the sister country. In both, the reel is a tune in common time, consisting of two parts, of eight bars each, or—to speak more accurately—of four bars, which are twice played, but, usually, with some change in the melody on the repetition, in the second part, of the two concluding measures: and in the reel of both countries, the bars usually present the same uniform succession of eight quavers—or semiquavers, if

written in *two-four* measure—in each bar throughout the tune. There is, however, as it appears to me, this difference between the reel-tunes of Scotland and of Ireland, that while the former are, perhaps, more marked by a sunshine of mirthfulness, the latter have usually more melody and expression of sentiment. I may further state, that the Scottish variety of the reel, known by the name of Strathspey, the distinguishing peculiarity of which is the succession of long and short, or short and long notes, or, as it has been termed by Dr. Burney, "the check"—a peculiarity which, as I have been informed by intelligent Scottish gentlemen, was introduced into the Highlands by Gipsy fiddlers, and which has, unfortunately, as I conceive, been very generally extended to the lowland song-tunes—has not as yet found acceptance in Ireland; and I trust that our melodies may never be subjected to its corrupting influence. Further, it may be worthy of remark, that the reel, though now, and for a long time, regarded as the national dance of Scotland proper, was anciently known only to the Irish, and Hiberno-Scotic, or Highland people, and that it does not appear to have ever been common to, or adopted by, the Anglo-Saxon people of England, or the Cimbric people of Wales.

The reel, as danced in Scotland, is, as might be expected, essentially the same as it is danced in Ireland, and a very curious account of the former will be found in the Introduction prefixed to Wood's "Dance Music of Scotland." There are, however, as it would appear, some distinguishing features in the reel-dance of Ireland, or at least in that of the Munster peasantry; and to those who take an interest in the history of the ancient customs and pastimes of the Scoto-Celtic race, the following remarks by Mr. Joyce on the reel, as danced by the peasantry of the counties of Limerick and Cork, will not appear to be wanting in value.

"The reel-dance is of several kinds, of which the most in use are, the eight-hand reel, and the common reel.

"The manner of dancing the common reel bears some resemblance to that of the jig, but in several respects they differ. In the jig the dancers remain stationary, and dance part after part consecutively without ceasing,—occasionally moving round the room for relaxation; but, in the reel, they dance only every alternate part,—moving round the room while the other parts are played. Thus, the first eight bars are danced,—the movement round the room, or promenade, occupies the next eight; and as this alternate succession continues usually to the end of the dance, the reel is, therefore, much less fatiguing than the jig. As in the latter also, the reel is 'halved,' and in a similar manner; and, as usual, the most difficult and fatiguing portion of the dance follows.

"The reel promenade is performed in this way: The dancer first steps forward with the right foot—the left immediately follows, but is not placed beyond the right, and the body leans on it for an instant, while the right foot is raised one or two inches off the floor, and let fall again with a slight sound, taking the weight of the body, and leaving the left free to be moved forward as the right was moved in the beginning. Thus the dancer steps forward with each foot alternately, and each step occupies half a bar, or four quavers. This movement is sometimes continued all round the room, and at other times is varied, in the middle of the promenade, with other movements.

"I may also observe that, in the reel, as well as in the different kinds of jig, the dance is not commenced immediately; there is always a preliminary movement that occupies one part of the tune,—sometimes two. The partners on first coming out stand side by side—

the woman to the left of the man—and generally allow the first part of the tune to be played without moving. They then, hand in hand, move, first forward and then backwards, keeping strict time to the tune, and lastly separate to their respective places to commence the dance. The whole is concluded by a similar movement.

"'Battering,' as applied to a reel, is called 'triple battering,' or more commonly 'thribbling.' It differs, however, from the battering of the jig; the floor being struck four times, corresponding with the four quavers forming half a bar of common time, instead of three, as in the jig,—once by the foot on which the body leans, and three times by the foot thrown forward: and it is from this latter circumstance it derives its name.

"'Drumming,' too, is employed in the reel, and is generally sounded in triplets, i.e., there are three strokes to correspond with two quavers. The dance of a common reel is always commenced with 'the side step,' in which the dancers move lightly on tiptoe from left to right, and from right to left, alternately, during the first two or three parts of the tune.

"The eight-hand reel is, as its name indicates, danced by eight persons,—four men and four women. They first stand in a circle round the room, and then go through a regular series of complicated evolutions, somewhat like the figures of quadrilles, but much more animated, as all are continually in motion. In these movements there are regularly recurring pauses, during which the women stand still, while the men exercise themselves to their hearts' content in 'thribbling,' taking particular care, during these intervals, however short, never to allow a single bar or note of the music to go waste."

In connexion with the preceding notice, the following remarks by Mr. Joyce, though not strictly in accordance with the object of this work, so truly illustrate one of the interesting characteristics of the Irish race, that I cannot willingly deny myself the pleasure of subjoining them.

"It is an object with the musician to procure the recurrence of the eight-hand reel as frequently as possible; for the men who dance it always pay him. After it is concluded, and a minute or two allowed for rest, four of the dancers—of whom two are women—stand up and dance a common reel, a jig, or a hop-jig, according to the choice of 'the girls.' These are followed by the other four. On first standing out after the eight-hand reel—which passes off without any immediate payment, this being reserved for the dance succeeding—each man puts a piece of money into the hands of his partner, who hands it to the musician. This payment varies from a penny up to a shilling, but seldom goes above two pence; as the same person may have to pay several times during the same evening. The payment, however, of a shilling, or any large sum in the commencement, exempts the person from further charge. Among the poorer class of peasantry, each man pays one penny—seldom more—every time he dances a reel. The woman frequently increases the offering by an addition of her own; but this is an act of generosity from which, if she please, she may always exempt herself.

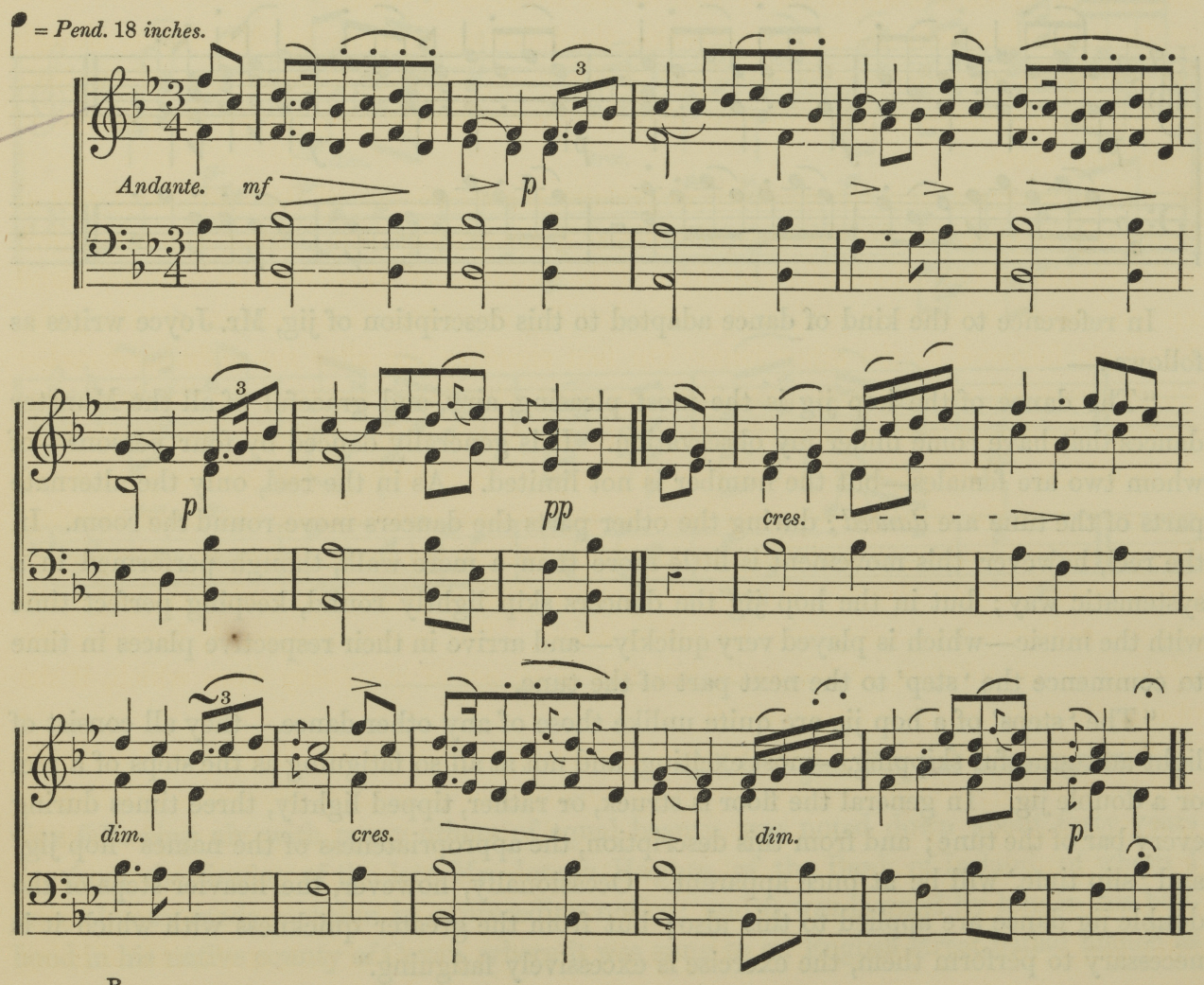
"The men of the Irish peasantry have a peculiar respect for the delicacy and modesty of the other sex; and their mode of paying the musician at a dance illustrates this feature of their character. The woman, after receiving the money from her partner, places it in the musician's hand, generally unseen by the company, so that they remain in ignorance as to whether she has increased it or not. The men *may* pay if they choose at any particular dance, but they *must*, in general, pay after every eight-hand reel, at the risk of being

considered shamelessly penurious,—unless in the case of a person paying a large sum in the commencement, or paying very frequently. And I may in this place remark that the payments are all voluntary.

"The dance of the women is generally of a lighter and less fatiguing kind than that of the men: they seldom use battering, drumming, grinding, or any other of those heavier operations performed by the men. In this respect, however, there is a great difference between the usage in the counties of Limerick and Cork,—as far at least as I have been able to observe. In Cork, the women endeavour to emulate the men in all the various and difficult movements, with few exceptions; while in Limerick, this, for a woman, is considered unbecoming. I have seen them dance repeatedly in both counties, and were I to pronounce judgment, I should feel inclined to coincide with the opinion of the Limerick folk. My knowledge in this matter is, however, confined to a very limited extent of locality."

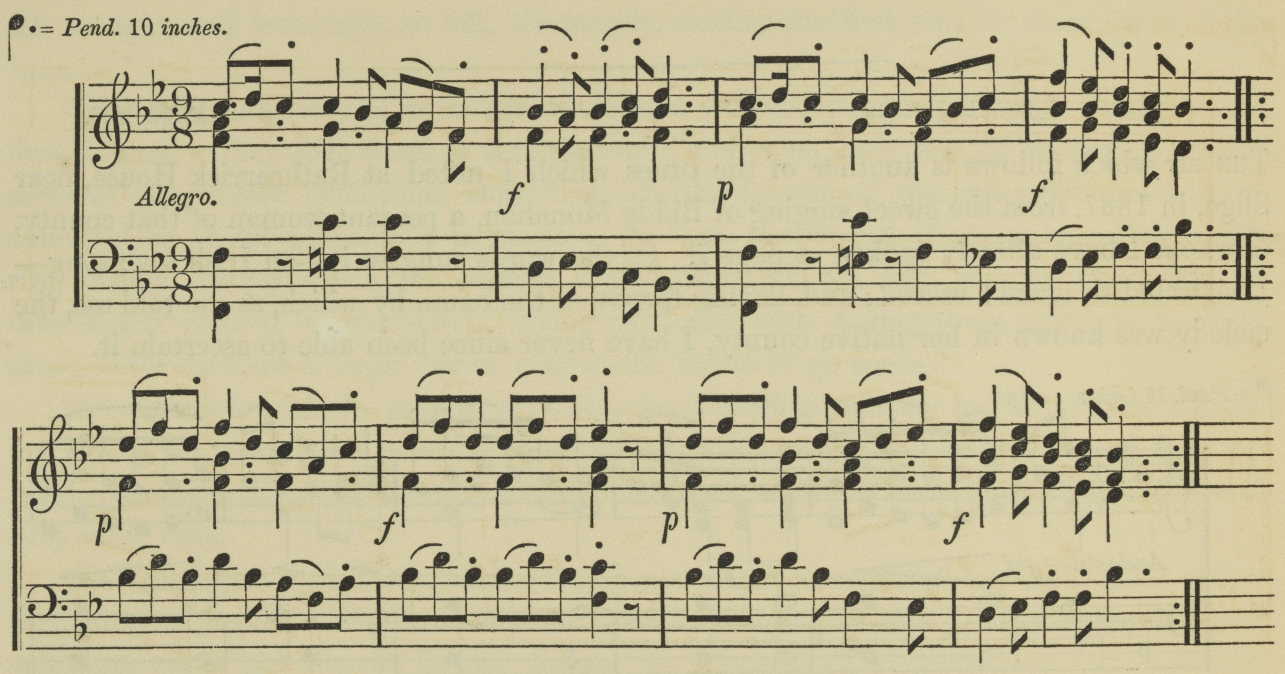
Sligo Air.

The air which follows is another of the tunes which I noted at Rathcarrick House, near Sligo, in 1837, from the sweet singing of Biddy Monahan, a peasant woman of that county, of whom I have already spoken at page 7. Of the words sung to it—an Irish love song—I neglected to make a record; and, having forgotten the name by which, as she told me, the melody was known in her native county, I have never since been able to ascertain it.



Hop Jig.

For the following dance-tune I have, unfortunately, no name. I found it as I give it, in a valuable manuscript collection of the dance-tunes popular in Ireland about a century back, and of which I made mention in a preceding notice. It is a pleasing specimen of the class of Irish jigs, in triple, or *nine-eight* time, known in Munster by the name of "hop jig," and also "slip time;" and, as I have already remarked, I consider such class of tunes as very peculiar to Ireland. I may further observe, that in such jigs we often find, instead of triplets, a succession of long and short, or crotchet and quaver, notes throughout the parts,—a peculiarity of structure which is also often found in the jigs in common, or *six-eight*, measure, which are known by the name of "single jigs."



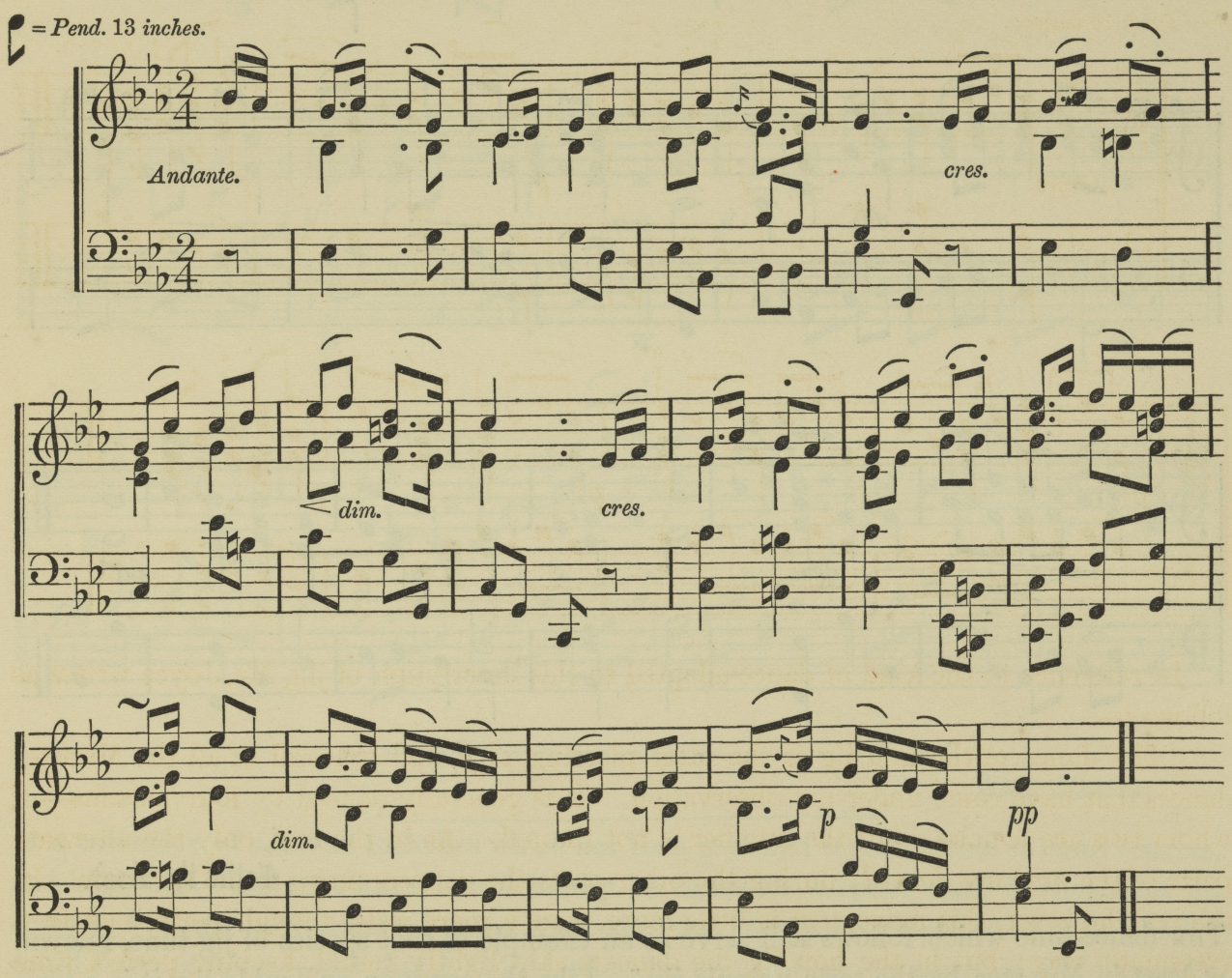
In reference to the kind of dance adapted to this description of jig, Mr. Joyce writes as follows :—

"The dance of the hop jig is the most pleasing, airy, and graceful of all the Munster dances that have come under my observation. It is generally danced by four persons—of whom two are females—but the number is not limited. As in the reel, only the alternate parts of the tune are *danced;* during the other parts the dancers move round the room. In the reel, however, this movement is little more than a mere walk, though performed in a systematic way; but in the hop jig the dancers skip lightly round, keeping perfect time with the music—which is played very quickly—and arrive in their respective places in time to commence the 'step' to the next part of the tune.

"The 'steps' of a hop jig are quite unlike those of any other dance,—they all consist of light and graceful skipping,—most exciting, and not at all so fatiguing as the steps of a reel or a double jig. In general the floor is struck, or rather, tipped lightly, three times during every bar of the tune; and from this description, the appropriateness of the names 'hop jig,' and 'slip time,' will be at once apparent. Occasionally, however, the heavier steps of the double jig dance are applied to this also; but from the greater quickness with which it is necessary to perform them, the exercise is excessively fatiguing."

Blow the Candle out.

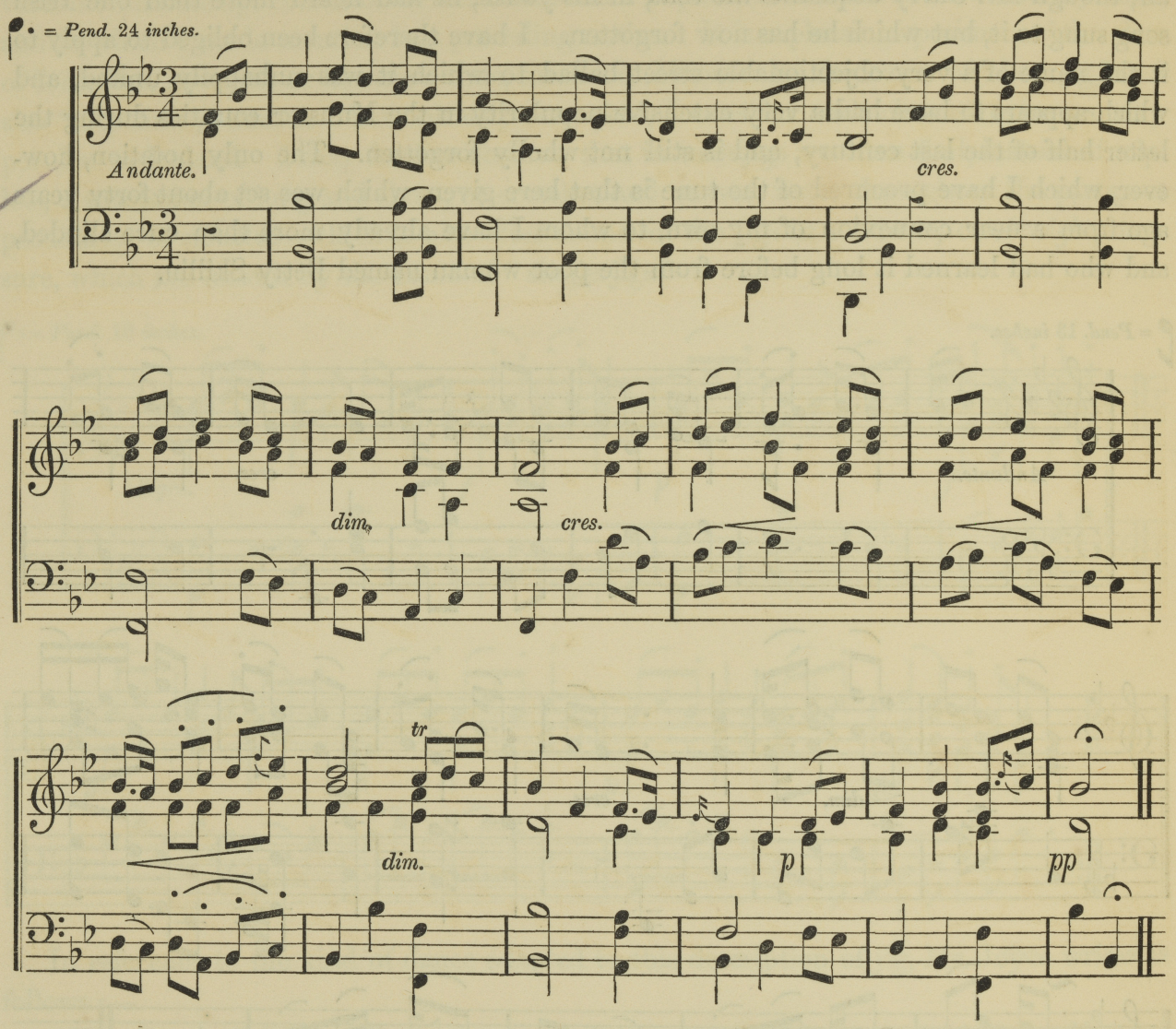
I HAVE been unable to ascertain the original, or any other old Irish name, to the following air, though Mr. Curry acquaints me that, in his youth, he had heard more than one Irish song sung to it, but which he has now forgotten. I have therefore been obliged to apply to it the name of a very objectionable street ballad to which it was unhappily united, and which appears to have had a very extensive popularity in the Munster counties during the latter half of the last century, and is still not wholly forgotten. The only notation, however, which I have procured of the tune is that here given, which was set about forty years ago from a near connexion of my own, to whom I have already more than once alluded, and who had learned it long before from the poor woman named Betty Skillin.



I'll be a good Boy, and do so no more.

THE following air, with many others of equal beauty, was noted down about forty years ago from the singing of the late Mr. Joseph Hughes, of the Bank of Ireland, of whom I have already made mention in a preceding notice; and it was learned by him in his boyhood in his native county of Cavan, where it was sung to an English street ballad named as

above. I have no reason, however, to assume that the melody was peculiar to that or any other of the northern counties; for Mr. Curry acquaints me that he has often heard it sung in the counties of Clare and Limerick, to the same English song,—of which I have in vain endeavoured to procure a copy.



Catter the Road.

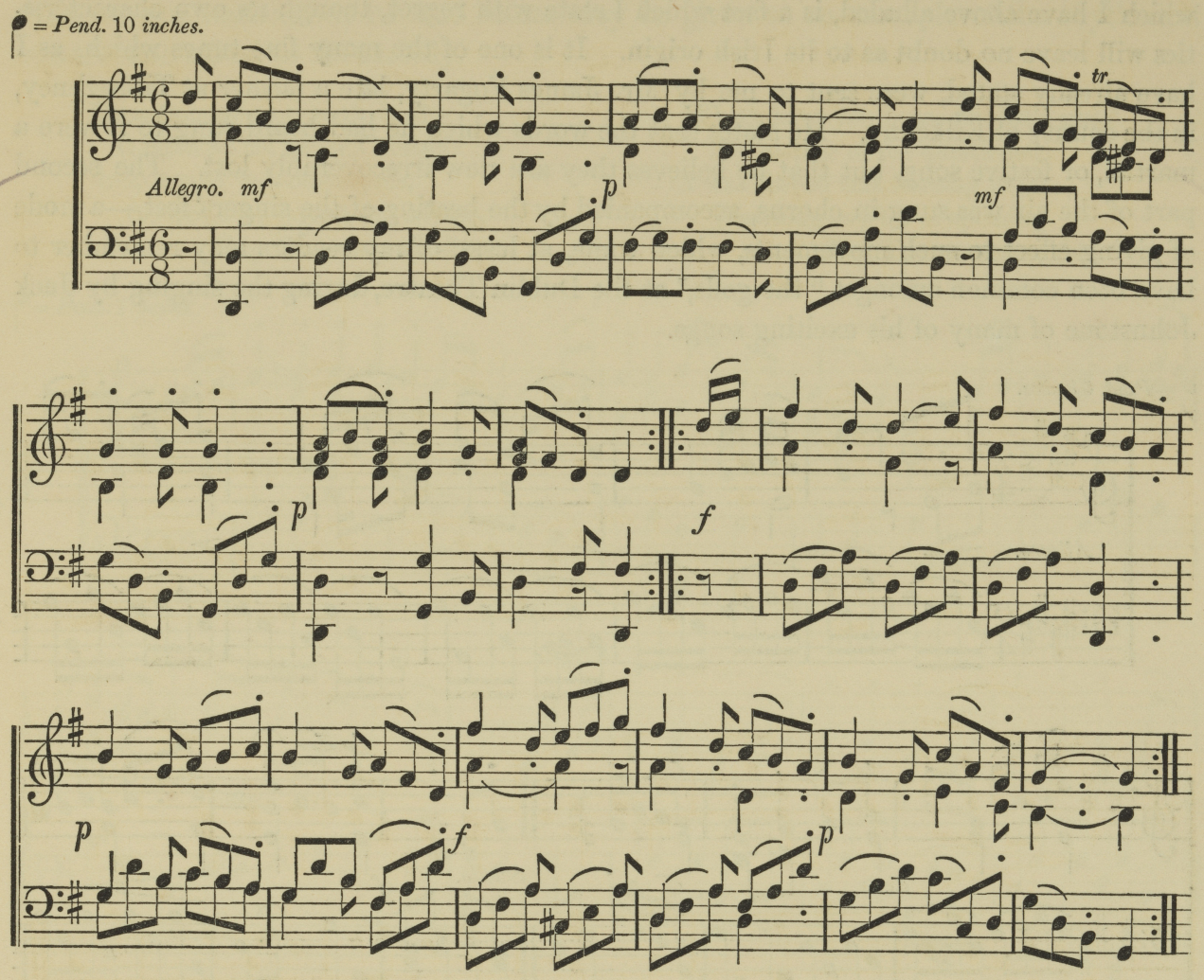
The dance-tune which follows will serve as an example of that species of jig-tune, known, at least in Munster, by the term "single jig." Like the common or double jig, it is a tune in *six-eight* time, and having eight bars, or measures, in each of its two parts. But it differs from the former in this, that the bars do not generally present, as in the double jig, a succession of triplets, but rather of alternate long and short, or crotchet and quaver notes.

"The dance to this kind of jig-tune," Mr. Joyce writes, "is very like that to the double jig, but so modified as to suit four instead of six notes in each bar. Thus in 'grinding,' the floor is struck only four times to the bar, instead of six times, as in the 'double.'

"'Battering,' as applied to this variety of jig, is called 'single battering.' The floor is struck only twice,—once by the foot on which the body leans, and once by the foot thrown

forward. And it is from the latter circumstance that the term 'single' has been applied to this kind of battering, and has thence been extended to designate the jig itself."

I found this tune in the old MS. volume of dance music of which I have already more than once spoken.



Name unknown.

In a collection of national melodies which has been gathered together from so many sources, and in so many different ways, it will hardly be cause for surprise that, in numerous instances, I should have acquired tunes respecting the history or proper locality of which I could learn nothing,—and that I should often be unable even to ascertain the names by which they had been known. On the contrary, it should, perhaps, be considered rather a matter of wonder that, in connexion with such accidentally discovered vestiges of an ancient and peculiar race of people, whose characteristic traits have been so long subjected to all sorts of changing influences, we should still find remaining so much of a traditionary lore, having a tendency to diminish the darkness in which their origin was enveloped, and adding to the evidences which their own features, however altered by time, still exhibit, to indicate with certainty the locality, at least, to which they had indubitably belonged. With this latter evidence only, the reader must, therefore, at least for the present, be, in many instances, satisfied: and it may be hoped that the awakened interest which the exhibition of

such remains may excite in minds possessed of unappreciated traditionary knowledge connected with them, may lead, hereafter, to our acquirement of much matter with which they may be illustrated.

That the following spirited air should be one of those as yet unidentified melodies to which I have above alluded, is a fact which I state with regret, though its own characteristics will leave no doubt as to its Irish origin. It is one of the many fine tunes which, as I have already stated, were sent to me by Mr. James Fogarty, late a farmer at Tibroghney, in the county of Kilkenny. He states that the words which he had heard sung to it were a martial, or festive song, but that he believes they are now irrecoverably lost. The second part of the air was sung in chorus, accompanied by the beating of the singers' feet,—a mode of giving effect to such movements, which some, at least, of my readers may remember to have been common amongst "the gods," at the Dublin Theatre, during the singing by Jack Johnstone of many of his exciting songs.

---

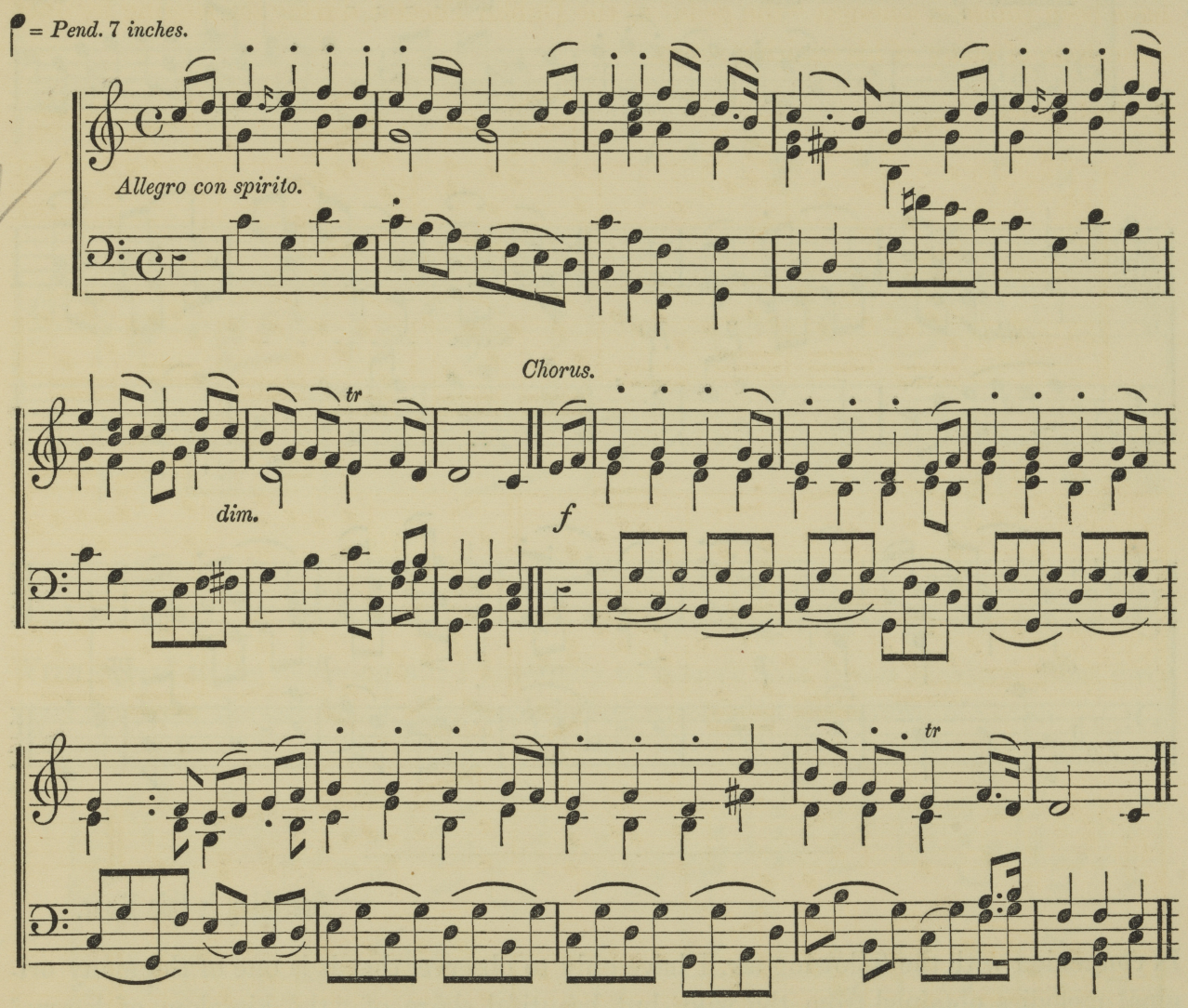
cá rabáis anois a cailín bíg. Where have you been, my little Girl?

The very spirited and characteristic air which follows was given to me by Mr. P. Joyce, who learnt it in his native county of Limerick, where it is still a popular favourite. It is

now usually sung to an Irish song, supposed—but erroneously, as Mr. Curry believes—to have been written for it by the clever, but licentious Limerick poet of the middle of the last century, named Andrew Magrath, or, as he is better known, by the cognomen derived from his calling, the *Mangaire Sugach*, or Jolly Merchant or Pedlar. As a whole, this song is unfit for publication, but its first stanza may be given as an example of the rhythmical construction suited to the melody.

Ca paḃair anoir a ċailín ḃig?
A ḋúḃairt ma maċair liompa:
'Ḃior amuiġ 'ran-oiḋċe 'rioc,
A fairrge ma raeḋ beag aḃruir.
Sing *Tow-row-row*, &c.

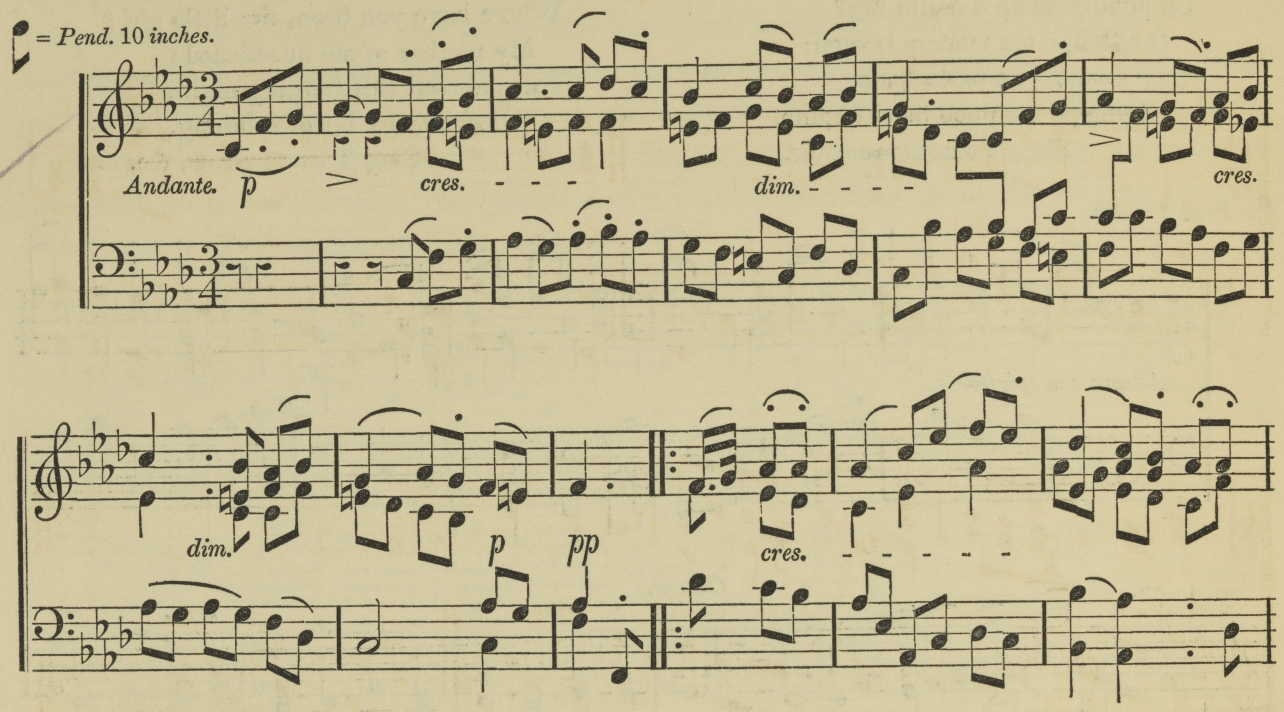
Where have you been, my little girl?
My mother of me questioned:
I was abroad this freezing night,
Watching my bit of spinning.
Sing Tow-row-row, &c.

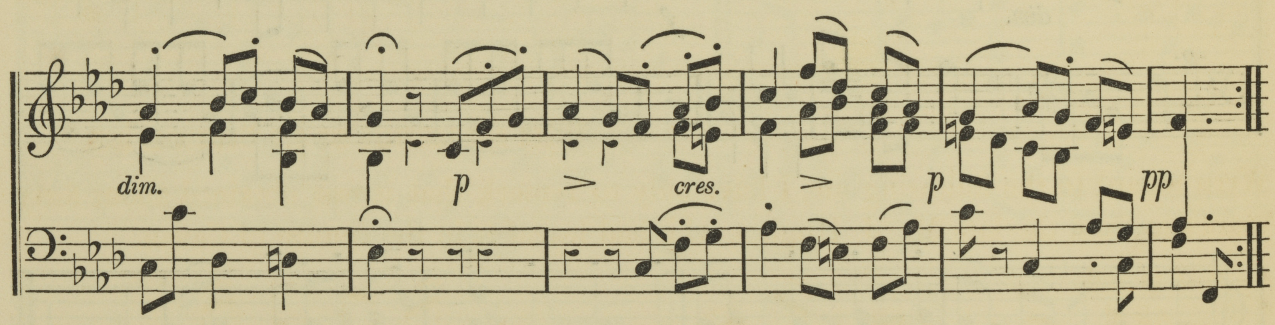


ḋéanfaḋ ḋam' ġráḋ ġeal, uċt sgaṫáin ġlan.—I'll make my Love a Breast of Glass.

The following is another, and, as I consider, a very beautiful example of that peculiarly Irish class of tunes on the construction of which I have already made some remarks at pp. 45 and 46, in connexion with the air entitled *Cailin Ban*, or "The Fair Girl." It is one of the many airs which, as I have stated in p. 40, I noted down from the singing of the old

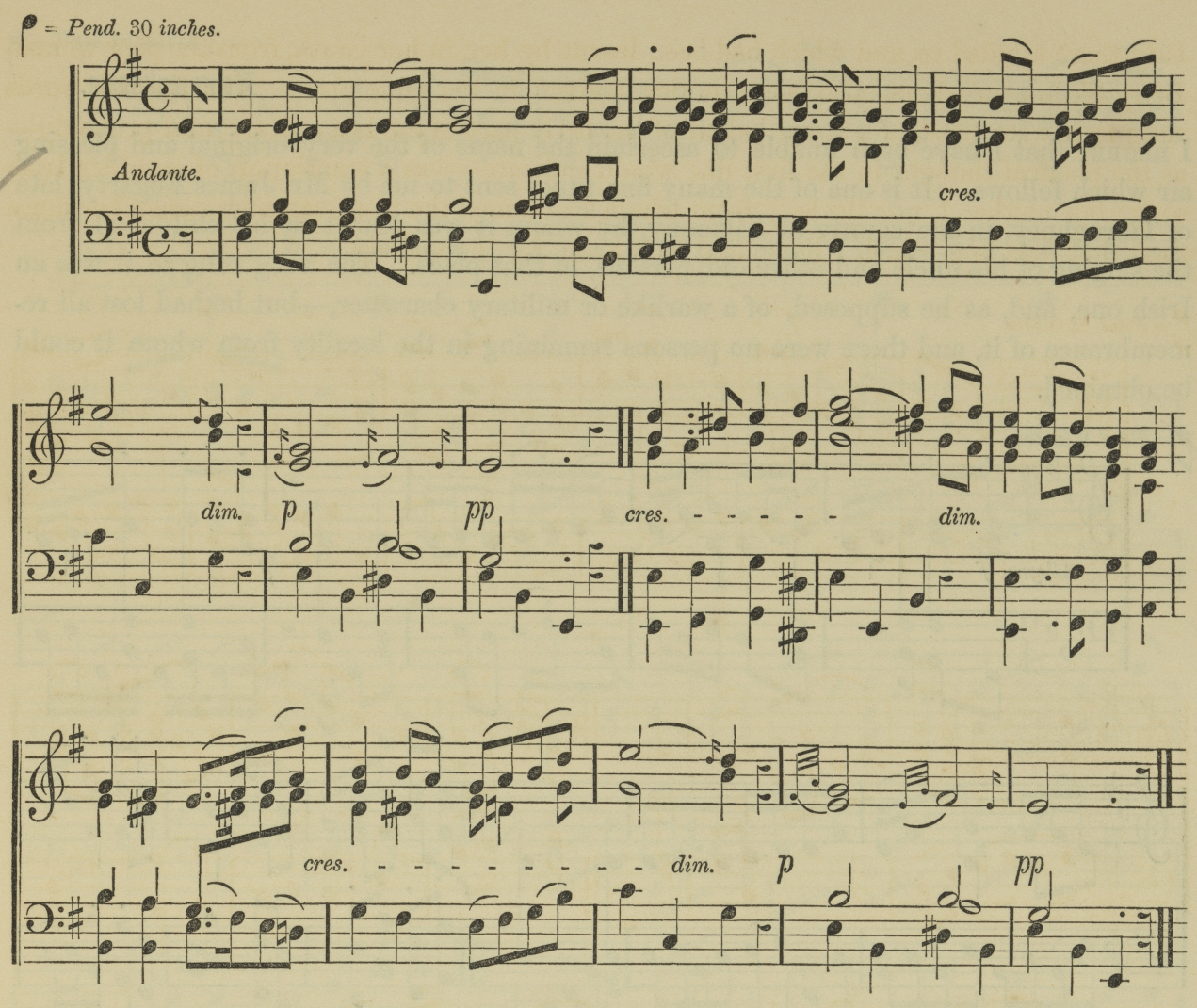
lady there alluded to, and which had been learnt by her, in her youth, from the poor woman Betty Skillin, of whom, also, some notice is given in the same place. The English words sung to it were those of a street ballad of the early part of the last century, and probably—as the poetical thought in the first line would indicate—was a translation of an older Irish song; but neither I, nor the lady from whom I obtained the tune, can now remember more than that first line, which I have used as a name for the melody.





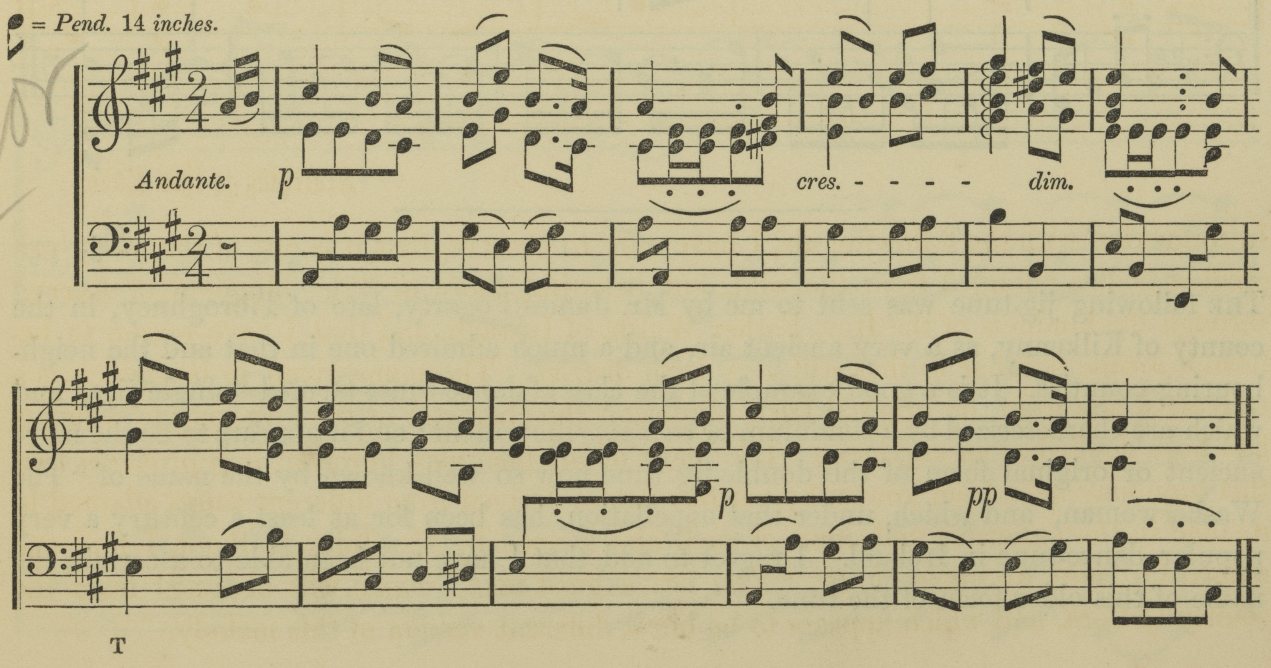
Scorrhing is this Love.

In connexion with the following air, I have only to observe, that it is one of the many original melodies obtained from the wild, but beautiful shore of "the kingdom of Kerry," through the kindness of the Rev. Father Walsh, of Iveragh, and that I have reason to believe it a tune peculiar to that still very Irish district. The name given to it—which is a translated one from the original Irish—indicates the character of the love-song to which it had been applied as an exponent. Like most of our finer airs, however, it is probable that this tune may have been known by various names derived from different songs adapted to it; and in the extensive collection of such airs formed by Mr. John E. Pigot, I find one named Ar maith an duine tú, or, "You are a good man," which was obtained from the county of Cork, and which appears to be but a different version of this melody.



When she answered me her Voice was low.

With regard to the following air, I have only to remark that it was obtained about forty years ago from the late Mr. J. Hughes, who had learnt it in the county of Cavan.



T

Name unknown.

I REGRET that I have been unable to ascertain the name of the very original and pleasing air which follows. It is one of the many fine tunes sent to me by Mr. James Fogarty, late of Tibroghney, in the county of Kilkenny, by whom it was learnt in his childhood, from the singing of his uncle and other old persons, in that place. The song sung to it was an Irish one, and, as he supposed, of a warlike or military character,—but he had lost all remembrance of it, and there were no persons remaining in the locality from whom it could be obtained.

Jig.

THE following jig-tune was sent to me by Mr. James Fogarty, late of Tibroghney, in the county of Kilkenny, as a very ancient air, and a much admired one in that and the neighbouring counties. It is a good example of the class of dance-tunes termed "single jigs," and which are characterized by a pendulum or *swinging* movement: and it appears to be the more ancient or original form of the double-jig tune now so well known by the name of "The Washerwoman," and which, under that appellation, has been for at least a century a very popular dance-tune in Ireland. I regret to add, that I have not been able to ascertain the name of this older form of the tune.

♩ = *Pend.* 10 *inches.*

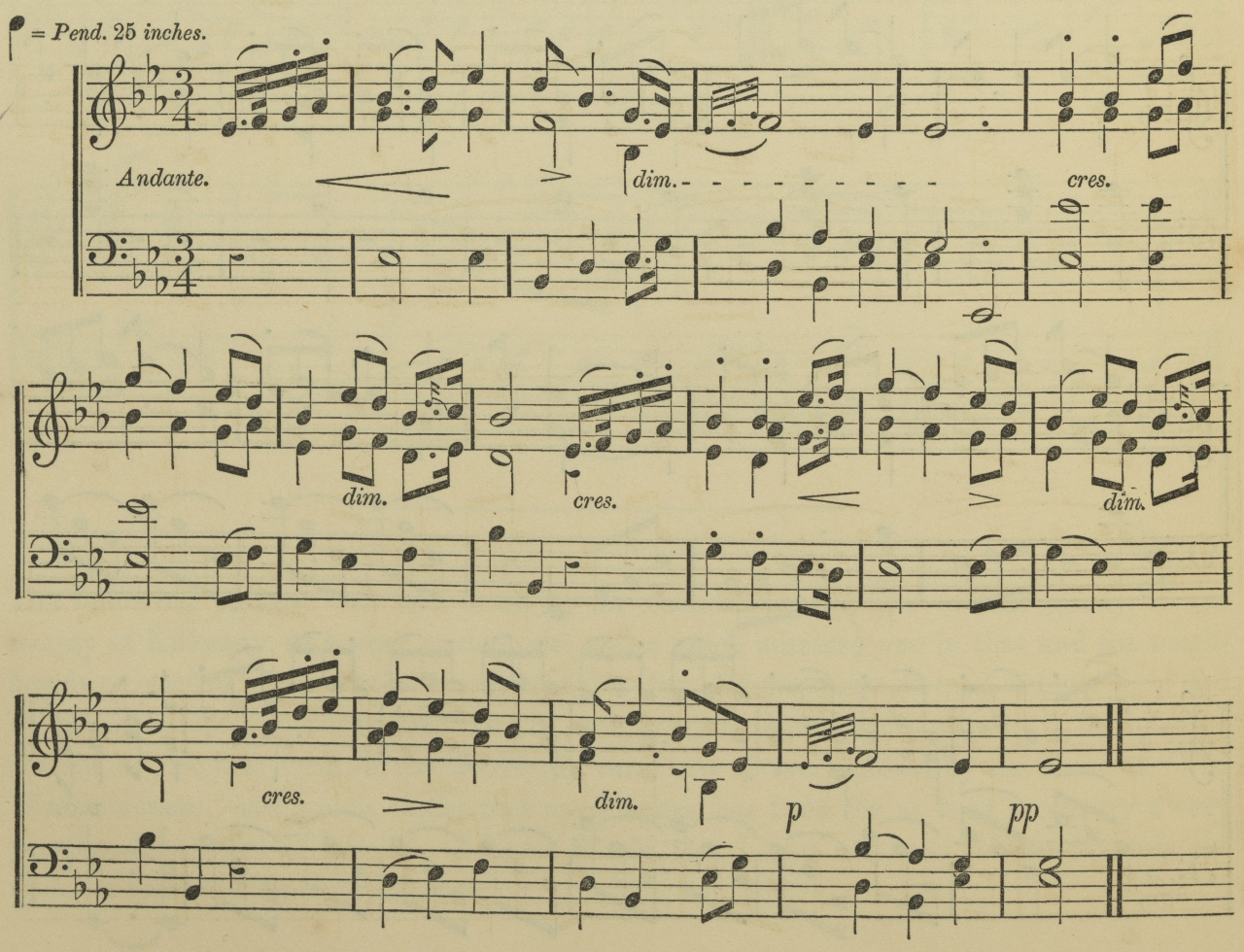
Allegro.

fine.

D.C.

b'puiris tú aiṫne na paċa tu roisi 'riain.—'Tis easily known that you never saw Rosy.

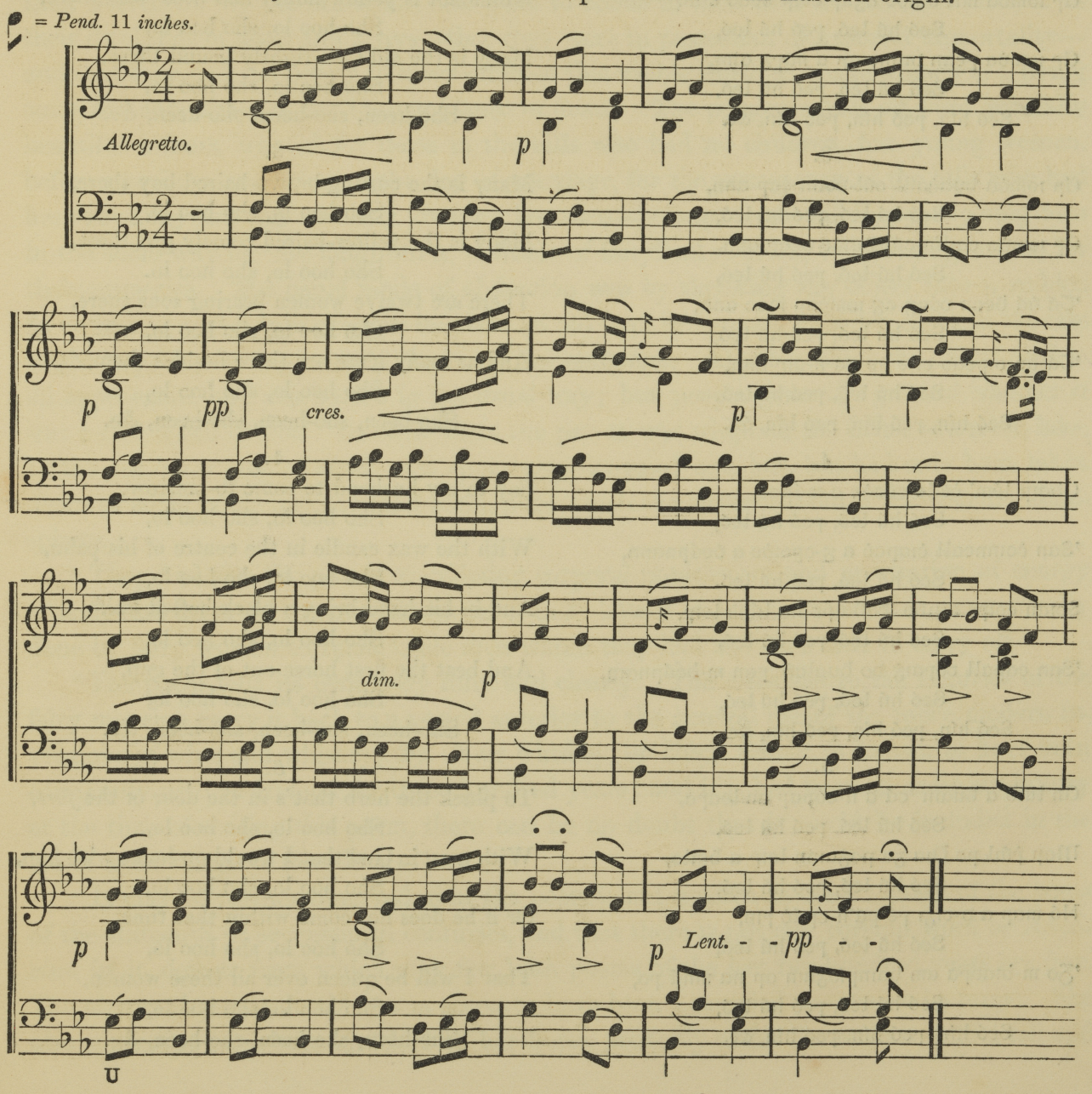
The following air—which I consider a very characteristic and ancient one—was first noted down about thirty years ago under circumstances which, at the time, made a deep impression upon me. A gray-headed old man of most respectable appearance, with an interesting child, his grand-daughter, were, on a wet day, singing it to obtain charity, while slowly passing along the centre of one of the streets at the north side of Dublin; and such was the power of their chanting—coupled, no doubt, with the interest which their appearance created in their favour—that, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, they were followed silently by a large crowd, who expressed their commiseration, as well as their gratitude for the pleasure given them, by an unusual outpouring of liberality. These strange singers were, as I ascertained, from the north of Ireland, and, as I subsequently found, their touching melody was a well-known one in the counties of Derry and Tyrone, if not, as probable, in the northern counties generally, for I find a version of it—very corrupt indeed—called "Cavan O'Reilly," amongst the tunes collected by the late William Forde, and now in the possession of my friend Mr. J. E. Pigot. The setting of the air here given is, as I believe, a very correct one, for it has been verified by several others variously acquired, and particularly by one, obtained in 1837 from Paul M'Closkey of the Bennada Glens, in the county of Derry, in which romantic, and very Irish, district it was then sung to an old Irish love-song, from the first line of which I have derived the name above given to it. As this melody does not appear to be known in the Munster counties, it may, perhaps, be fairly considered as one of an Ulster, if not, as possible, a Connaught origin.



seo hu ṫeo.

An Irish Lullaby.

THE following melody, together with the Irish song which accompanies it, were recently taken down from the singing of Mary Madden, a poor blind peasant woman from Limerick, now resident in Dublin; and both tune and words appear to me to possess a high degree of interest;—the tune, as a beautiful, and, as I believe, a very ancient example of that one of the three classes of music said to have been introduced into Ireland by that heroic or mythological race called the Tuatha de Dananns, namely, the *Suantraidhe*, or sleep-disposing music;—and the fairy legend embodied in the words, as preserving to us a valuable illustration of the nature of the superstitions connected with the same mysterious race, and which, despite of every counteracting influence, have so long retained their hold on the belief of the people. Further, with reference to this air, I would observe that its strong affinity to the lullaby tunes of Hindostan and Persia will scarcely fail to strike the investigators of national melody; and connected as it thus is with a fairy legend, this affinity must be regarded with interest by those who trace such superstitions to an Eastern origin.



1.

A bean úd thíos ar bhruach an t-sruthán,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
An bh-tuigeann tusa fáth mo ghéarán,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
'Sgur bhiadhain'sa lá 'niu 'fhuadhaigh mé dhom' ghearrán,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
'Sdha fhuagadh artheach mé a Lios an Chnocáin,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó.
Seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, seó hín,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, seó hín,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó.

2.

'Seo é annso mo theagh mór maitheach,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Ar iomdha leann úr agus leann sean ann,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Ar iomdha mil bhuidhe agus céir bheach ann,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Ar iomdha sean dhuine ar a nargh ann,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, &c.

3.

Ar iomdha buachaill cúl-donn cas ann,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Ar iomdha cailín cúl-buidhe dheas ann,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
'Tá dá bhean dhéagh ag iomchar mac ann,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
'Tá an oiread eile se na n-air ann,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, &c.

4.

Abair lém' chéile teacht a máruch,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
'San choinneall chiarach a g-croidhe a dheárnann,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Scian choise dhuibhe 'thabhairt na láimh leis,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
'San capall toraigh do bhualadh 'san m-bearnain,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, &c.

5.

An luibh a bhuain 'tá a n-dorus an leasa,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Mar fhúil se Dia go raghainn leis a bhaile,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Nó mar a bh-tigi sé fá'n tráth sin,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
'Go m-biadsa am bainsíoghain ar na mnáibh so,
Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,
Seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, &c.

1.

O woman below on the brink of the stream,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Do you understand the cause of my wailing?
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
A year and this day I was whipt off my palfrey,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
And was carried into *Lios-an-Chnocain*,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo.

2.

Here is here my beautiful great-house,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Abundant is new ale there and old ale,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Abundant is yellow honey and bees' wax there,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Many is the old man tightly bound there,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, &c.

3.

Many is the curling brown-haired boy there,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Many is the yellow-haired comely girl there,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo.
There are twelve women bearing sons there,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
And as many more are there besides them,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, &c.

4.

Say to my husband to come to-morrow,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
With the wax candle in the centre of his palm,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
And in his hand bring a black-hafted knife,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
And beat the first horse out of the gap,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, &c.

5.

To pluck the herb that's in the door of the *fort*,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
With trust in God that I would go home with him,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Or if he does not come within that time,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
That I will be queen over all these women,
Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, &c.

As a somewhat necessary illustration of the still existing superstitions detailed in the preceding legendary ballad, I have been favoured by Mr. Curry with a commentary, which, as coming from one who from his childhood had the amplest opportunities of becoming acquainted with those superstitions, and the extent to which they were believed in, must be regarded as of great value. And although the subject may be considered as not strictly in accordance with the primary purpose of this work, I trust that few of my readers will object to my securing in this place remarks of so much interest,—and more particularly as they tend to prove not only the antiquity of the poem, but the probably still greater antiquity of the hushaby melody to which the poem had been adapted.

I give Mr. Curry's observations in his own words:—

"The preceding rare and remarkable poem contains, I am bold to say, more of authentic fairy fact and doctrine than, with some few exceptions, has been ever before published in Ireland. The incident here clearly narrated was believed, at all times, to be of frequent occurrence. It was for the last sixteen hundred years, at least, and is still, as firmly believed in as any other fact in the history of this country, that the Tuatha de Dananns, after their overthrow by the Milesians, had gone to reside in their hills and ancient forts, or in their dwellings in lakes and rivers—that they were in possession of a mortal immortality—and that they had the power to carry off from this visible world men and women in a living state, but sometimes under the semblance of death. The persons taken off were generally beautiful infants, wanted for those in the hills who had no children, fine young women, before marriage, and often on the day of marriage, for the young men of the hills who had been invisibly feasting on their growing beauties—perhaps from childhood;—young men in the same way for the languishing damsels of fairyland;—fresh, well-looking nurses for their nurseries. The usual mode of abduction was by throwing the object into a sudden fit or trance, and substituting in its place an old man or woman, or sickly child, as the case might require; but apparently there was no exchange. At other times the object died to all appearance, and was buried in the usual way; but people generally guessed whether it was a real death or not. In other cases the person was whipt off the brink of a river, lake, or the sea, by a gust of wind, and apparently drowned and lost, but had only been taken down to some noble mansion and plain, over which the water was but a transparent atmosphere.

"They had also the power of inflicting corporal punishment and prostration of energy of body and mind on the mortal objects of their hatred or jealousy; and this was generally done by fairy women to remarkable men whom they had not been able to carry off.

"The poem tells its own story fully and clearly. The allusions to the luxuries of the fairy mansion carry it back to a period anterior to the general use of the more modern inventions of wine and whiskey, &c. Now whiskey, or *Uisge Beatha*, is known to have been commonly used in Ireland for three hundred years; and if it had been an ordinary luxury at the time of writing this poem, there can be no doubt that it would be included in the list of good things of fairydom.

"It may be further observed, that the poem is not written in the language of the poets of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, and that there is not one corrupt word or *Anglicism* in it, defects from which very few Irish poems of the last two hundred years are free. The abducted person in this poem seems to have been a married woman, and a nurse. She also appears to have been snatched off her horse, probably under the semblance of a fall and

death; and that her rank was respectable is shown by her having ridden her own palfrey. She sees from within *Lios-a-Chnocain*, or the Fort of the Hillock, a woman, probably a neighbour, standing on the brink of a stream which passes by the fort, and in the intervals of her *Seo hu leo*, or hushaby, for her new nurseling, she contrives to convey to the listener her wishes line after line to the end of each stanza, and then, in order to gain time for further thought, and see if she was still unobserved within, she finishes with a more prolonged and endearing *Seo hu leo*, addressed to her infant.

"The old men tied in fetters, in the second stanza, are men who had been formerly carried off in the prime of life, but were kept to be substituted for other young men when carried off from their young wives or friends.

"The bit of wax candle which her husband was to carry securely in the palm of his hand was—in more modern times—a candle blessed on Candlemas-day, and with which no house in Ireland was unprovided. The black-hafted knife was the only formidable mortal weapon in fairy warfare—a single thrust or stab from it was fatal; but a second rendered the first one harmless. As an illustration of this belief, I may mention that there is an old fort on the brink of the little ford of Bel-Atha, between Kilkee and Dunbeg, on the western coast of the county of Clare, where some years ago a large stone still remained on the northern side of the ford, which for ages had been looked upon with awe and reverence by the people of all that country, as the seat of *Cailleach Bheil Atha*, or the Hag of Belatha, although the hag herself had disappeared many score years before. Her custom was to take her seat on this stone after nightfall, and to watch the men who crossed the ford, and when she found a man to her taste to jump on him, clasp him in her arms, and whip him into the fort; so that few wished to pass the spot at a late hour. It happened that a gentleman of the powerful Mac Mahon family of Carrigaholt Castle, on the Lower Shannon, was riding home late one night from the northern parts of the country, and, impelled by urgent business, or by a spirit of daring, he rode up rapidly to the ford, saw the hag, and thought by the fleetness of his steed to spring past her; but, just as he entered the ford, the hag sprang up behind him on the horse, and clasped him around in her arms. He pulled out of his left-hand waistcoat pocket, with his right hand, his black-hafted knife, and plunged it into her left side behind him. Tarraing ir gáig áir—'Draw and plunge again,' said the hag. Mac Mahon, however, neither answered nor drew his knife, but rode on, and immediately the hag fell off the horse and disappeared. Mac Mahon rode to the nearest house, told his story, and remained there for the rest of the night, and at daylight next morning returned with several persons of the neighbourhood to the ford, where they found the black-hafted knife stuck in a small lump of jelly, resembling what the peasantry call a fallen star. There is a small cave in the inside of the wall, or mound of the ford, which is believed to have been the hag's prison. I was in it, but not as a prisoner, in the year 1820. The hag never appeared since, and her request to Mac Mahon remains, I believe, still a common saying in that country—Tarraing ir gáig air mar a dubairt Cailleach bhéal-Átha—'Draw and thrust again, as the Hag of Bel-Atha said.'

"The use of the black-hafted knife in our poem appears to have been to strike the leading horse of the woman's fairy chariot when going out through the gap or door of the fort the next day, by which the magic veil which concealed her would be destroyed; and the possession of the herb which grew at the door of the fort was to guard her from all future attempts at her recapture. Her urgent request for an immediate release was in accordance

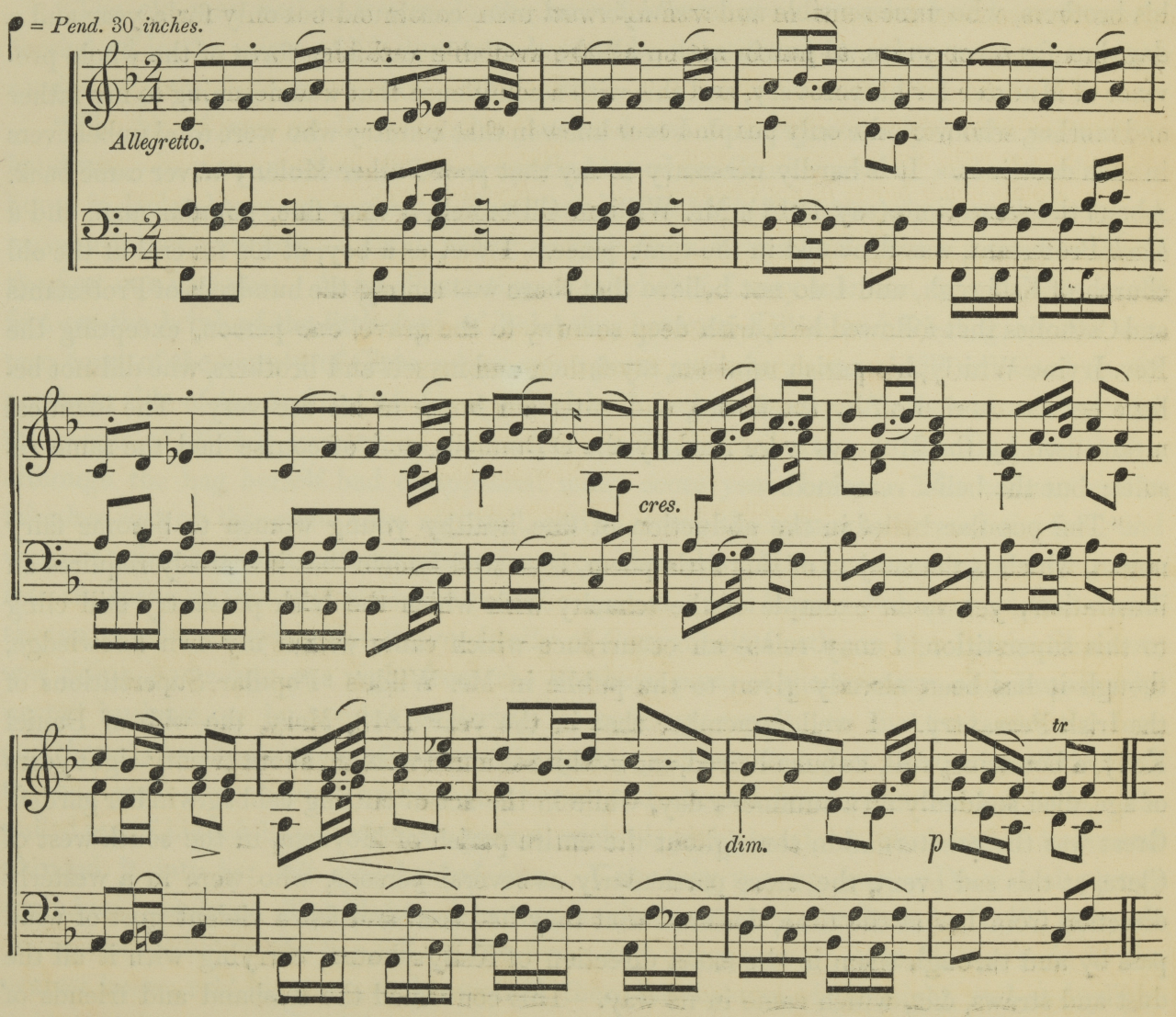
with the belief that fairy captives are redeemable within a year and a day, but after that they are lost for ever.

"The belief in fairy influence, and in the ordinary means of counteracting it by the agency of herb-men and herb-women, was not confined to the votaries of one form of Christianity. I remember when Father Matthew Molony, parish priest of Moyarta and Kilballyowen, was drowned in crossing on horseback at *Bealbunadh*, the inlet of Oystercove, or Skeagh, on the lower Shannon, Clare side, about three miles below Kilrush, his mother, and his brothers, who were sensible and *well-informed* men, continued not only for a year and a day, but for seven years, to put in action all the available anti-fairy force of the whole province of Munster for his recovery, and this with a confidence that was sickening to my father and mother, who were the only people I ever knew in that country who were total unbelievers in such doctrines. It is hardly necessary to say that poor Father Molony never came back. About the same time (say 1812), Mr. William O'Donnell, a very fine, popular man, and a *black* Protestant, was drowned in the same place. I was, as a boy, at his funeral at the old church of Kilferagh, and I do not believe that there was among the hundreds of Protestants and Catholics that followed him, with deep sorrow, to the grave, one person, excepting the Rev. Irvine Whitly, his parish minister, my father, and myself and brothers, who did not believe he was carried off by the fairies, and entertain hopes of his recovery. The identical means used by the Molonys were used by the O'Donnells, and of course had the same results; but the belief remained.

"The popular belief in the abduction of fine healthy young women to become fairy nurses, which is the subject of this little poem, is so well known that it scarcely requires an illustration; yet, as an example of the tenacity with which the Irish peasantry still cling to this superstition, I may relate an occurrence which came within my own knowledge, though it has been already given to the public in Mr. Wilde's 'Popular Superstitions of the Irish Peasantry.' I well remember that in the year 1818, Mary, the wife of Daniel Kelly, a bouncing, full, auburn-haired, snow-white-skinned woman, about twenty-eight years of age, died suddenly on a summer's day, while in the act of cutting cabbages in her garden. Great was the consternation throughout the entire parish of Moyarta, in the south-west of Clare, at this sad event, the more particularly as several persons, who were in a westerly direction from her at the time, declared that they had seen and felt a violent gust of wind pass by and through them in the exact direction of Kelly's house, carrying with it all the dust and straws, &c., which came in its way. This confirmed the husband and friends of the deceased in their impression that she had been carried off to nurse for the fairies. Immediately Mary Quinn, alias 'The Pet' (*Maire an Pheata*), and Margaret M'Inerheny, alias 'Black Peg,' two famous fairy women in the neighbourhood, were called in, who, for three days and three nights, kept up a constant but unavailing assault on a neighbouring fort, or rath, for the recovery of the abducted woman. But at the end of that time it was found that the body, or what in their belief appeared to be the body, of Mary Kelly, could not be any longer kept over ground, wherefore it was placed in the grave, but still with a total unbelief of its identity. Her bereaved husband and her brothers watched her grave day and night for three weeks after; and then they opened it, in the full conviction of finding only a birch broom, a log of wood, or the skeleton of some deformed monster, in it. In this, however—I need scarcely add—they were grievously mistaken; for they found in it only what they had placed there, but in a much more advanced state of decomposition."

The Advice.

This very characteristic air is one of the many interesting tunes sent to me, during the last year, by Miss Jane Ross, of Newtown-Limavady, in the county of Derry, and which were collected by that lady in that and the adjacent counties. The melody is most probably a northern one.



I once lov'd a Boy.

For the following beautiful air, I have to acknowledge myself indebted to the kindness of my valued friend Miss Holden, the youngest surviving daughter of the eminent composer of military music, the late Mr. Smollet Holden. The melody was noted down, from the singing of a servant girl, by Miss Holden's sister, the late Mrs. Joseph Hughes—a lady whose virtues and varied attainments can never be forgotten by those who had the happiness to enjoy her friendship.

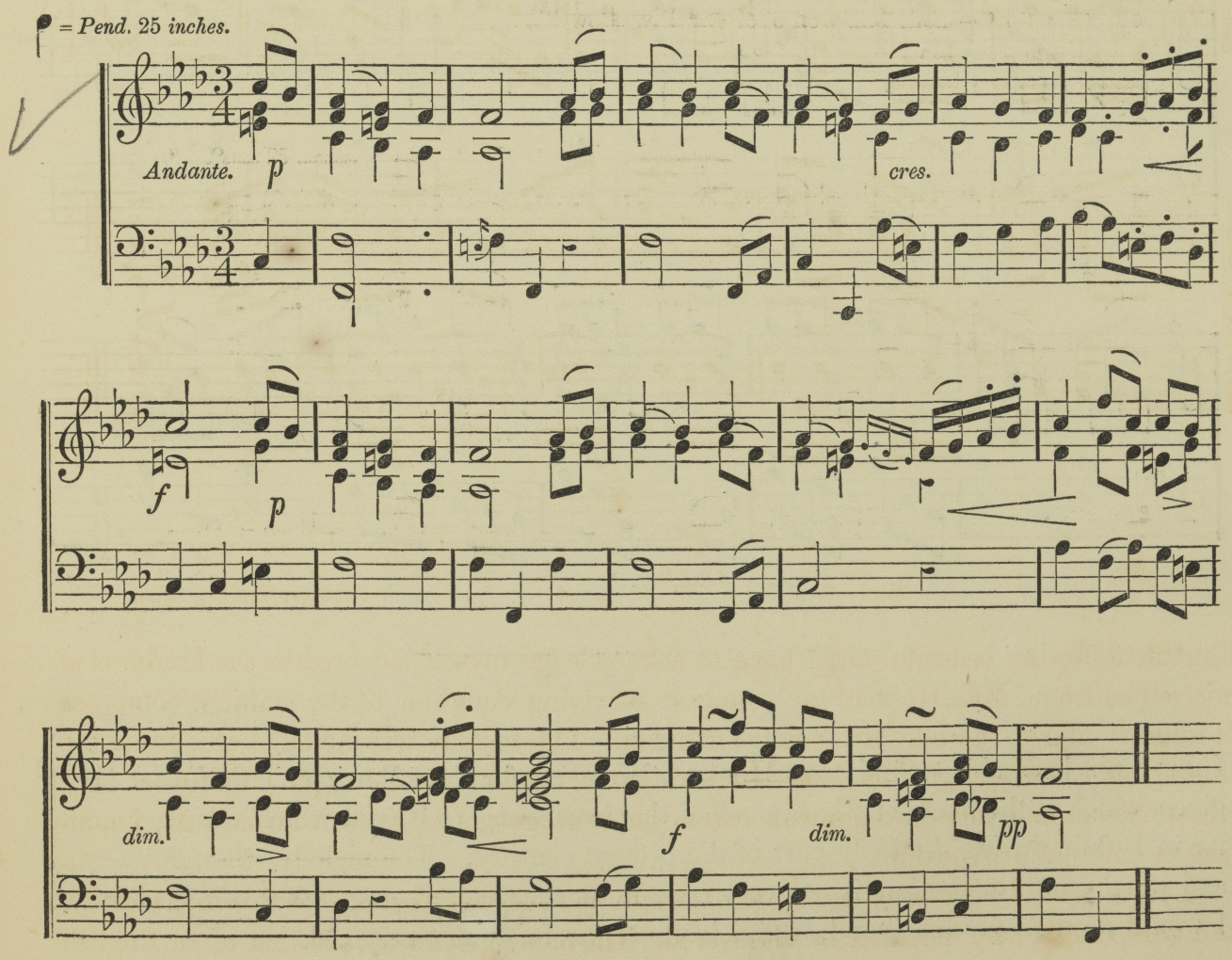
I regret that I have been unable to ascertain the older Irish name of this fine melody, and trust that it may hereafter be discovered. The name given above is that of an English

street ballad which had been sung to it, and which, from the number of copies of it that I have seen, would appear to have been very popular—at least in Dublin—towards the close of the last century; for such copies usually bear the imprint of the great Dublin ballad-monger, Bartle Corcoran. Like most songs of its class—though, in its ideas, less than usually objectionable—it makes but slight pretensions to poetic merit. It assumes to be the song of a slighted maiden, who, however, does not abandon herself to despair, as some maidens foolishly do, but takes the matter very wisely, as shown in the concluding stanza, which, as well as the first two, I venture to reprint.

I once lov'd a boy, and a bonny, bonny boy,
Who'd come and go at my request;
I lov'd him so well, and so very very well,
That I built him a bower in my breast—
In my breast,
That I built him a bower in my breast.

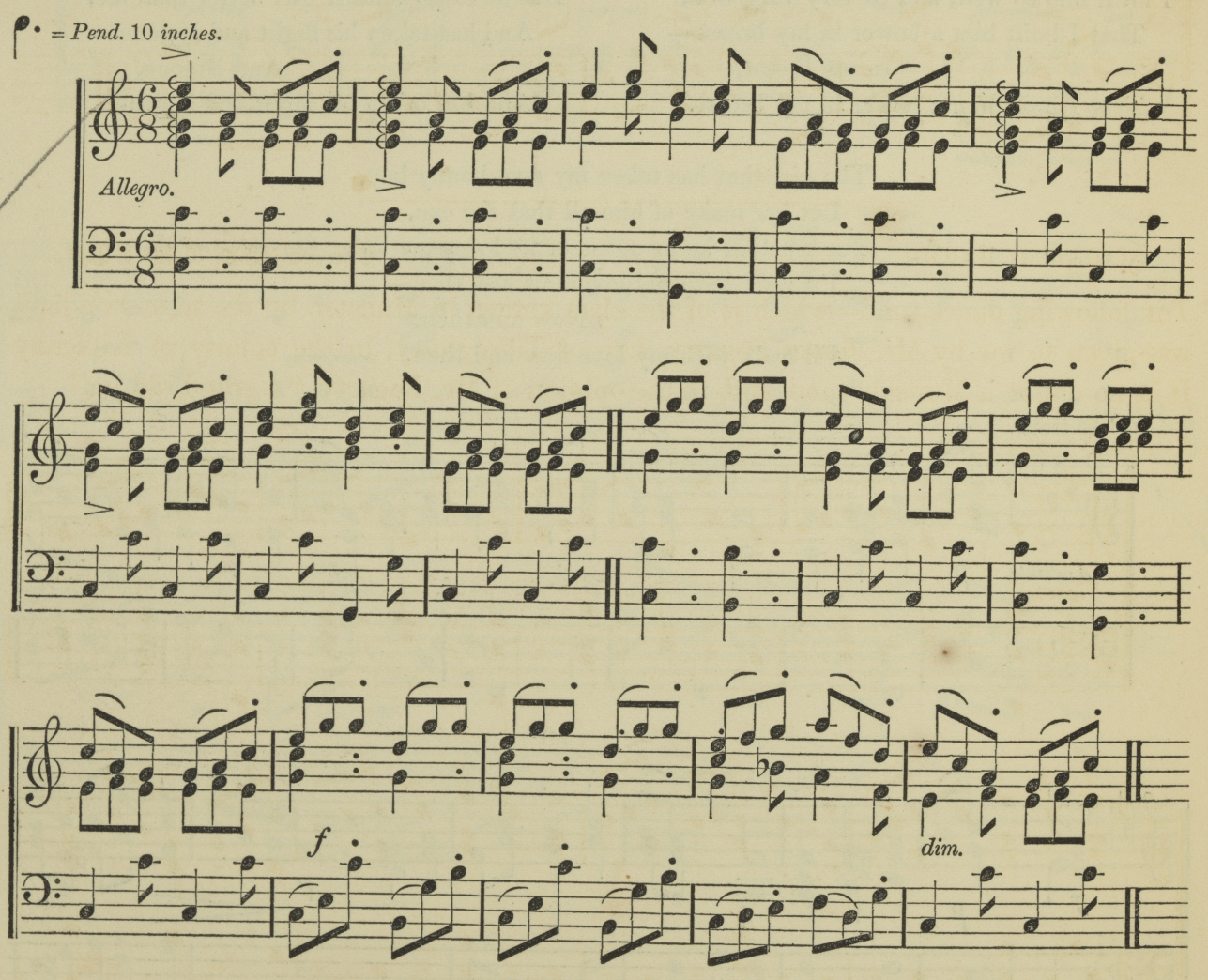
I once lov'd a boy, and a bonny, bonny boy,
And a boy that I thought was my own;
But he loves another girl better than me,
And has taken his flight and is gone—
And is gone,
And has taken his flight and is gone.

The girl that has taken my own bonny boy,
Let her make of him all that she can,
For whether he loves me or he loves me not,
I'll walk with my love now and then—
Now and then,
I'll walk with my love now and then.



Good Night, and Joy be with you.

The name of the following air is common to several tunes of a similar character, and indicates the purpose to which they were applied, namely, as farewell dance, or march-tunes, played on the breaking up of festive meetings; and I believe that this is, or, perhaps, was, the tune commonly played on such occasions in the province of Connaught. It was noted in the summer of 1839, from the playing of the Galway piper, Patrick Coneely, by whom it was considered to be a pipe march-tune of the olden time. The tune commonly used on such festive occasions, in the province of Leinster, and known by the same name, will be given during the progress of this work.

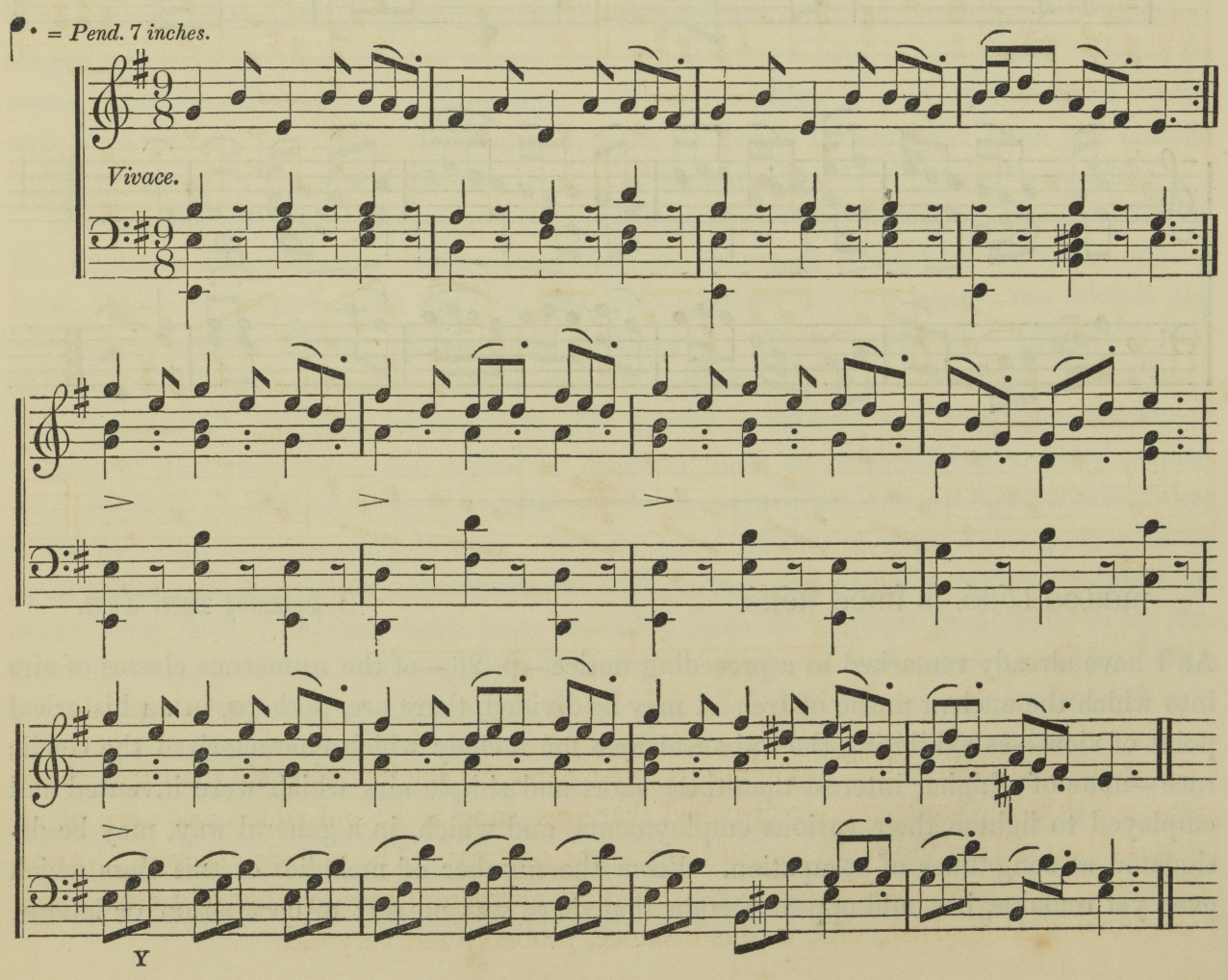


Allan's Return.

I have not been able to find any older or other name for the following air than that above given, which is the name of a street ballad that was sung to it, and which was very popular in Dublin during the early part of the present century. The melody, though pleasing and worthy of preservation, is not very Irish in its character; being rather of a class which I would term Anglo-Irish, and, in this instance, probably not very old.

Sluiġir a ṁaoir. The Splashing of the Churn.

The following dance-tune—which is of the class known in Munster by the term hop-jig—was given to me by Mr. James Fogarty, late of Tibroghney, in the county of Kilkenny. It is, no doubt, a Munster tune, and, in the opinion of Mr. Fogarty, "a grand old jig."



The forlorn Virgin.

This truly characteristic air—which I believe to be very ancient—was set in the summer of 1839, from the singing of Anne Buckley, a poor woman, the wife of a tailor, who had been born, and was then living, in that curious suburban village of Galway commonly known as the *Claddagh*, or sea-shore, and which is almost wholly inhabited by fishermen and their families. To a collector of our melodies, this poor woman—who was no less remarkable for her intelligence and matronly beauty than for her musical perceptions and fine vocal powers—was a rare treasure to fall in with; for her memory was richly stored with little-known, and, perhaps, local airs, which she sang with a rarely to be heard sweetness and truthfulness; and it is to the accident of my meeting with her that I owe the acquisition of some of the best airs which it may be in my power to preserve in the present work. I add, with regret, that I neglected to obtain the words which she sang to this air—vainly trusting that I should have an opportunity of doing so on some future occasion.

---

maileó léró, is imbó néró. A Spinning-wheel Tune.

As I have already remarked in a preceding notice—p. 26—of the numerous classes of airs into which the ancient music of Ireland may be divided, there are, perhaps, in an historical point of view—as exhibiting the universal love for melody which characterized the Gaelic race—none of a higher interest than those short and simple airs which were invented and employed to lighten their various employments, and which, in a general way, may be designated as song-tunes of occupation. From the number of melodies of this class which even yet remains, it would appear certain that there was no sort of occupation or labour,

whether indoor or outdoor,—save such as was of too noisy a nature to allow of it,—that the use of song was not resorted to, as a sustainer of the spirits, and a lightener of the toil. And perhaps it is not too much to aver that such was the purpose for which that inestimable gift of the Omnipotent—the sense of melody—was granted to man. Of the airs of this class, whistled or sung by the ploughmen while labouring in the fields, I have already given a few specimens. They are of a plaintive and solemn character, suited to the quietness and solitariness of such an occupation. I have now to give a place to one or two airs of a lighter and more mirthful kind—specimens of the sort of tunes usually sung by the girls and women while engaged at their cheerful indoor occupation of spinning, &c. Of such tunes, three very interesting specimens have been already given to the public in Mr. Bunting's last published volume of "The Ancient Music of Ireland;" and as that gentleman has only given as his authority for those airs the name of a "Miss Murphy, Dublin, 1839," I am glad to have it in my power to verify his statement, and to add to its distinctness, as to the locality from which they were derived, by now stating, from my own knowledge, that the person so named was a young girl from the county of Mayo, then in the service of a lady in Dublin. Mr. Bunting, who ranked these airs amongst those of the second class in point of antiquity, states that such tunes are known in Ireland by the name of *Loobeens;* and in reference to them he writes as follows:—

"The Loobeen is a peculiar species of chaunt, having a well marked time, and a frequently recurring chorus or catch-word. It is sung at merry-makings and assemblages of the young women, when they meet at 'spinnings' or 'quiltings,' and is accompanied by extemporaneous verses, of which each singer successively furnishes a line. The intervention of the chorus after each line gives time for the preparation of the succeeding one by the next singer, and thus the *Loobeen* goes round, until the chain of song is completed. Hence its name, signifying literally 'the link tune.' Of course there is a great variety of words, and these usually of a ludicrous character, such as might be expected from the *crambo* verses of rustics. The airs themselves bear all the appearance of antiquity."—p. 98.

To the above descriptive notice I have, in a general way, nothing to object. But to Mr. Bunting's statement that tunes of this class are known in Ireland by the name of *Loobeens*, I have to remark, that the two best Irish scholars in the country, my friends Dr. O'Donovan and Mr. Curry, consider this statement as wholly erroneous. They state that the word *Loobeen*, or, properly, *Luìbin*, which is a diminutive of the word *Lùb*, a loop, &c., and figuratively, cunning, craft, &c., is only known in Ireland as signifying a handsome woman, that is, one having fine curled or ringleted hair, or as signifying a crafty person. And certainly no authority could be adduced for the somewhat strained figurative meaning which Mr. Bunting has assigned to it. But the word *Lùìbin*, as applied to signify a handsome woman, is of common occurrence in Irish songs; and as some particular spinning-wheel song may, therefore, have been so called from its frequent recurrence in it, Mr. Bunting may, possibly, have supposed the term to apply to such tunes generally. But however this may be, it would appear certain that if the term were ever understood as a name for spinning-wheel tunes, such use of the word must have been very local.

Tunes of this class are also, as might be expected, very common in the Scottish isles and Highlands, where they are known by the name of *Luinigs*, or properly, *Luinniochs*, signifying cheerful chorus music; and by this term also it is certain that they were anciently known in Ireland. And they form a very considerable portion of the Rev. Patrick

McDonald's collection of Highland vocal airs published in 1781, and are thus spoken of in the preface to that work:—"A considerable number of the airs contained in this first division are what the country people call *Luinigs*, and are sung when a number of persons are assembled either at work or for recreation. They are generally short: their measure is regular, and the cadences are distinctly marked. Many of them are chorus songs. Particular parts of the tune are allotted to the principal singer, who expresses the significant words: the other parts are sung in chorus by the whole company present. These pieces being simple and airy, are easily remembered, and have probably been accurately preserved."

I must say, however, that the Highland *Luinigs*, as published, seem to me very inferior, in point of melody, to those of Ireland,—very possibly from their being unskilfully noted; for I have myself found that the Highland airs, as sung by the people, were, generally, far superior in beauty to any publications of them hitherto produced; and though, very probably, in a general way, the Highland melodies may not have been so well preserved as the Irish, I cannot but retain on my mind an impression that they have not, as yet, had full justice done to them. But, be this as it may, the account given by Mr. McDonald of the Highland *Luinigs* is equally applicable to the Irish tunes of the same class; and, in connexion with the following specimen, I am enabled, by Mr. Curry, to give an accurate example of the manner in which the words were adapted to them. The tune itself was noted down from the singing both of Mr. Curry and Teige MacMahon. And I should observe that the air is also known, in Clare, by the name of *Lura, Lura, no da Lura.*

As a preface to the extemporaneous words sung to this tune in the county of Clare, Mr. Curry writes as follows:—

"It will be seen from the discussion on the word planxty at p. 13 of this volume, that it was of old, as it continues to be still, the practice of the Irish peasant girls to come together in groups when engaged in the preparation of wool and flax for the loom, either for domestic purposes or for sale. Sometimes the group consisted of the daughters of the house, and neighbouring poorer girls, who were engaged for hire at—say in 1816—three pence a day

each. Sometimes it was the *Comhar*, or reciprocal co-operation of the daughters of two or more neighbouring families; but, in all cases, the work—particularly wool-spinning—was carried on with an accompaniment of singing. Sometimes the girls sang, in turn, a popular song; but more generally they sang, two at a time, extemporaneous verses to peculiar airs, to none of which I ever heard songs or verses of any other kind. The following is the most popular of some four or five specimens of those airs and verses, as sung in the county of Clare. It will be seen that the words of the lines beginning 'Mallo lero' have no definite signification, but are merely musical accented sounds—something like 'High diddle diddle,' and serve simply as starting and resting points for the dialogue.

"The first girl here starts the song, as it were, out of a reverie, and as if giving unconscious expression to a deep internal feeling—she has 'traversed the wood when day was breaking.' What for? The cause is well understood, and interpreted by the second girl, who is quite well acquainted with the direction of the first girl's inclinations, but designedly mentions a name that she knows will not be accepted, for the purpose of making a line to the verse, and sometimes of gratifying a small bit of secret spleen against the person proposed, whom, it will be seen, she takes good care to praise as a husband worthy of the pettish girl who rejects him. The first girl begins again, and, since the ice has been broken, requests her companion to find for her the man she really loves, and this being always done, she accepts him, and so the verse ends with the usual prayer from the second girl for their happy union.

"The second girl's turn comes now, and she, without any reserve, calls on the first to go westwards and eastwards, and find her lover for her. Here a nice spring of pride and jealousy is most delicately touched by the first girl, who proposes to her companion a man on whom she knows her to have had some fruitless design; and thus she brings out two secrets as to the state of O'Flaherty's mind, or heart, which the second girl had taken pains to be acquainted with, namely, that it was unfavourable to herself, and favourable to Johanna O'Kelly—facts not known to any other girl present, unless Johanna O'Kelly herself happened to be of the number, which was often the case. So far the two secrets are out, to the great satisfaction of all present, the second girl excepted; but she has her revenge in her proud rejection of the advice to contest the hand of a man whom she admits to be worthy, but whose equal, at least, she can find in the *grove* of young men about her.

"And thus the song, the wit, and the fun, go on among the girls, two at a time, until they have all played their part, to their own great pleasure, as well as to the pleasure, or displeasure, of the group of young men who are present—generally at night work—according as they find themselves accepted or rejected by their laughing tormentors."

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
Siubail mé an coill le h-eirge an laé muic,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ban.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
I traversed the wood when day was breaking,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
Ar Seaan ó Cearbuill a cuig tú an péim rin,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ban.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
For John O'Carroll you wandered so early,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
Gad ar a com ir e a treabad na h-Eirean,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ban.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
With gads begirt, let him plough through Erinn,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
A ċoice gan ṁúineaḋ bí ḋo ṗaiṫ ḋo ċéile ann,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
Ar cuma liom, ṗáġ é, ṗaiġ mo ġráḋ féin ḋam,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
Tomáṙ ó Maḋaġáin ġaiḃ ir bí ṙéiġ leir,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mailéó leró, ir ím bó néró,
Ġaḃaim ir ġoirim ir ġo mairiḋ mé mo ċéile,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
Sair na riar n'ar ġaḃaiḋ riḃ ó ċeile,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
Ġaiḃ riar, ġaiḃ aniar, aġur ṗaiġ mo ġraḋ féin ḋam,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mailéó léro, ir ím bó néró,
Ḋomnall ó Flaiṫḃeartaiġ ġaiḃ ir bi ṙéiġ leir,
Mailéó leró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mailéó leró, ir ím bó néró,
Siobán ni Ċeallaiġ ḋo ḃuailṗeaḋ ran m-bél me,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
Mar ṙiú an ṗear, é na leiġ lé é,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mailéó léró, ir ím bó néró,
Ní'l crann annra ċoill na ṗaġainn a leiṫéiḋe,
Mailéó léró, ir ím bó ḃán.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
You mannerless girl, he's your match for a husband,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
I care not,—leave off,—get me my own love,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
Thomas O'Maddigan, take and be pleased with,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
I take and hail, and may I well wear my husband,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
To the east or the west may you never be parted,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
Go westward, go eastward, and find me my own love,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
Donnell O'Flaherty take and be pleased with,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
It's Joan O'Kelly that would strike me in the face,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
If the man is worth it, don't let her take him,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

Mallo lero, and eembo nero,
There is no tree in the wood that I could not find its equal,
Mallo lero, and eembo bawn.

SIN BINN BUBBARO.

A Spinning-wheel Tune.

The following air is another and, in point of melody, a more pleasing specimen of the Irish spinning-wheel tunes; but I regret to add that I am unable to give any notice of the words sung to it, which, however, were, no doubt, of a somewhat similar nature to those given in connexion with the air preceding. The tune was taken down, in the summer of 1839, at the Galway Claddagh, from the singing of Anne Buckley,—of whom I have already spoken,—accompanied, in chorus, by most of the young girls inhabiting that singular locality. It is also, as I subsequently found, a popular spinning-wheel tune in the county of Clare, and is, very probably, such in the other western counties.

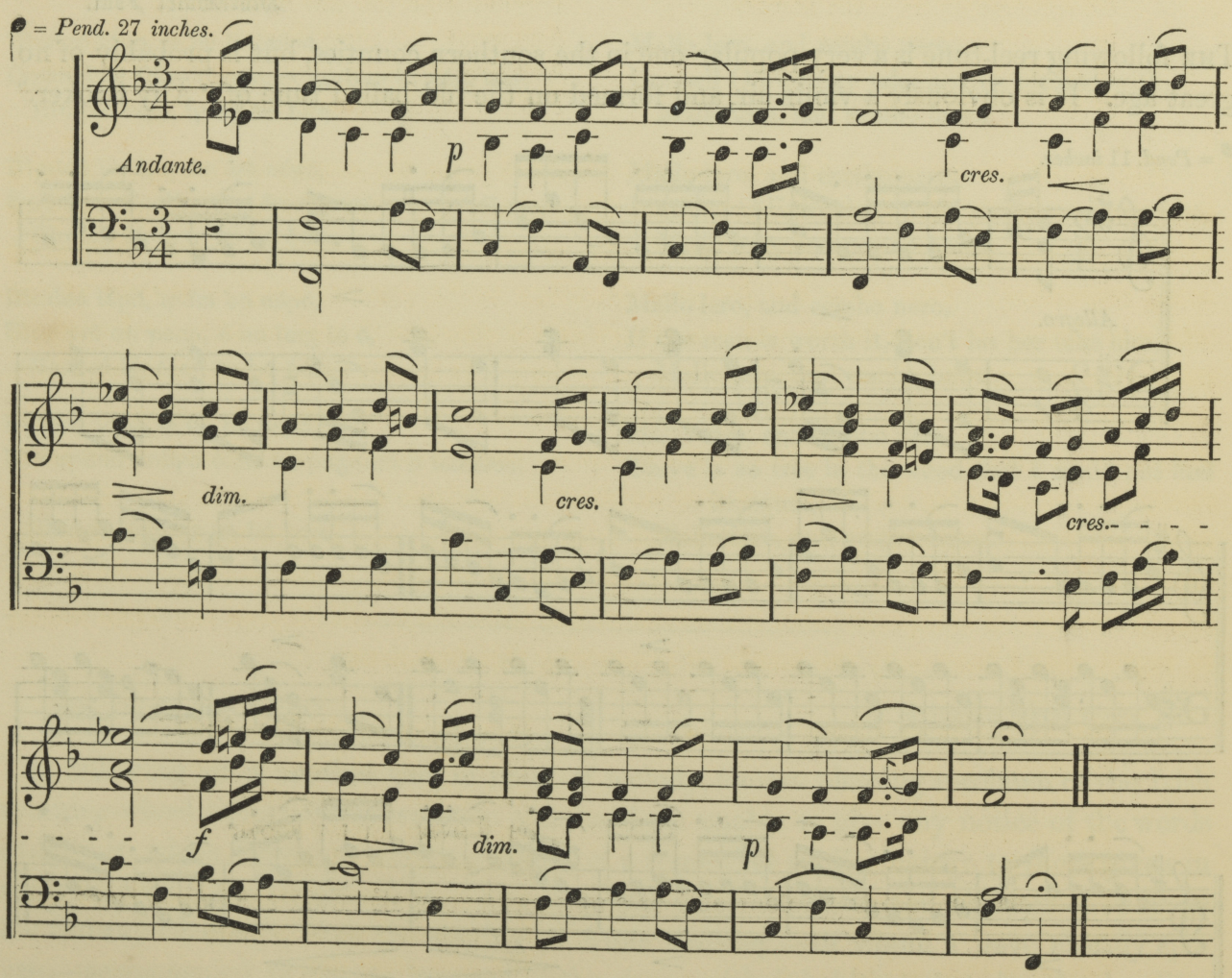
Blackwater Foot.

THE following reel-tune is a very popular one in the southern counties, but is probably of no great age. It is obviously a violin air, and formed on the old ballad tune of "Ally Croker."

NÓRA AN ĊÚIL ÓMRA. Nora of the Amber Hair.

THE following beautiful and, as I believe, very ancient melody, appears to have been a very generally admired one—at least throughout the Munster counties—for, under different names derived from various songs written to it, I have obtained sets of it from several southern localities: and as such sets of a traditionally preserved melody, however similar in rhythm and general structure, almost necessarily present a diversity in their cadences and phrases, I have deemed it desirable to select from amongst them two settings in which such diversities are most strikingly exhibited. Of these two settings, that which immediately follows, and which I am disposed to consider the better, as well as the simpler one, has been copied from a manuscript book of Irish tunes, written in 1785 by Mr. Patrick O'Neill, a respectable farmer on the Bessborough estate, and of which book, as well as of several others of the same kind, I was allowed the use for the present work, through the kindness of Mr. William R. Blackett, of Ballyne, in the county of Kilkenny.

I should observe that the name given to this set of the melody in the O'Neill MS. was *Pearla an chuil omra*, or "The Pearl of the amber Hair;" but as I have found the air to be more generally known as *Nora an chuil omra*, I have thought it best to adopt it.



Of the old love-song which has given its prevailing name to this melody, three stanzas, with metrical translations by the late Mr. Edward Lawson, have been printed by Mr. Har-

diman in his "Irish Minstrelsy," and these have been again printed in the "Irish Popular Songs," &c., by the late Edward Walsh. But, as Mr. Curry assures me, of these stanzas, the first and second only properly belong to the old song—the third being a fragment of a different one; and even in the former there are some corruptions which are injurious to their character. The true reading of these stanzas, according to Mr. Curry, should be as follows:—

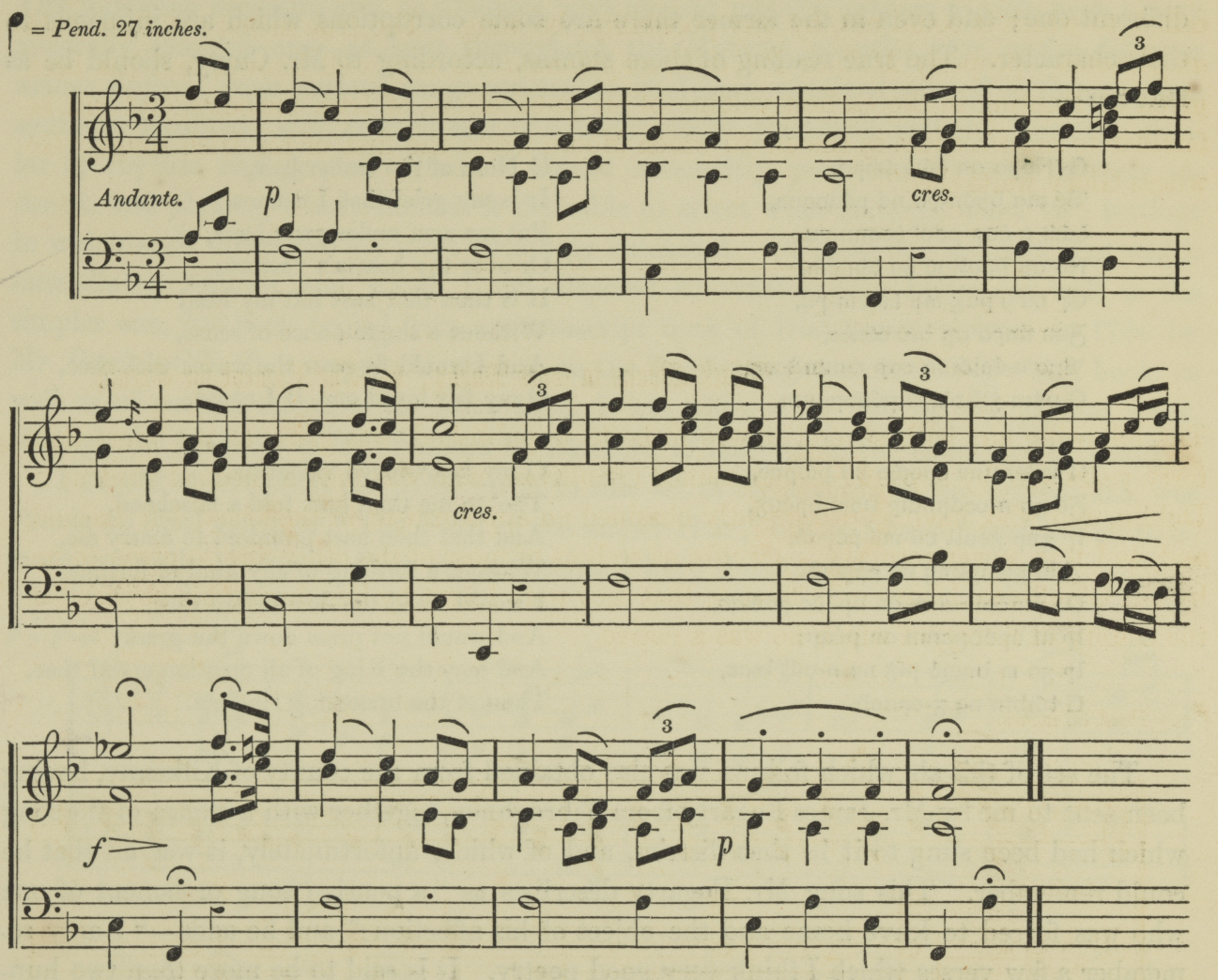
A 'Nóra an dúil ómra,	O Nora of the amber hair,
'Sé ma brón-ra ná féadaim,	It is my grief that I cannot
Lámh a dur fád' dheann-ra,	Put my arm under your head,
Nó ar brollach do léintin,	Or over thy bosom's vesture;
Ar tú d'fág mo dheann-ra,	It is thou that hast left my head
Gan únra ar bith céille,	Without a single ounce of sense,
'Sgo n-éalóinn tar tuinn leat,	And I would fly over the waves with thee,
A rúin gil d'a b-féadfainn.	O my fair loved one, if I could.
A valentine chroidhe na páirte,	O my heart-loved valentine,
Gé go n-deárnair liom bréag,	Tho' to me thou hast told a falsehood,
Ir gur geall tú mé fhóraḋ,	And that thou hast promised to marry me,
Gan feóirling do rpréiḋ,	Without a farthing of any kind of fortune,
Do ṁúḃalfainn an brúcht rómhat,	I would tread the dew before thee,
Ir ní brúḃfainn an féar;	And would not press down the grass;
Ir go m-buaiḋ rígh na n-dúl leat,	And may the King of all creation speed thee,
A lúibín na g-craoḃ.	Thou of the branching ringlets.

The set of this air which follows was also obtained from the county of Kilkenny, having been sent to me by Mr. James Fogarty from Tibroghney, together with a stanza of the song which had been sung to it in that district, and of which, unfortunately, it was all that he could remember. This song Mr. Fogarty describes as "a pensive song or lament of one who was forced to leave home and the object of his affection:" and he adds—"I only remember a few verses which I think very good poetry. It is said to be more than two hundred and fifty years old; but the age of the air is beyond any reach of tradition." The verses above alluded to, and which form a stanza, have been, as I have found, more accurately remembered by Mr. Curry, whose recollection of them I gladly insert as a specimen of the older and now rarely to be recovered Irish love-song: and I have no doubt that the superior harmony of the language, and adaptation of rhythm to the melody, which this stanza exhibits as compared with the words of the later song, will dispose the Irish reader to regret that I have only the means of preserving this fragment.

Náċ aoiḃinn do na h-éiníne	How happy for the little birds
D'eirgeann go h-árd,	That rise up on high,
Ir ċúirlingeann le ċéile	And alight then together
Ar aon ċraoiḃ amáin;	On the one single branch:
Ní mar rin do ḋéinim	It is not so that I do
Ir mo ċéad míle grádh,	And my hundred thousand times loved one,
Acht ar fada ó na ċéile,	But it is far from each other
Ḃíor ár n-éirge gach lá.	We arise every day.

Between the set of the air already given and that which follows, the musical reader will hardly fail to perceive an important difference, namely, the omission in the latter of the

interval of the fourth of the diatonic scale, while in the former it appears as an emphatic note, and—together with the more frequent recurrence of the flat seventh—adds considerably to the Irish character of the air.



Besides the fragments above given of Irish love-songs to this air, there has been also a song written to it by another Munster poet, which has been preserved in its entirety. It is the production of a poet of the last century, named Joseph Roberts, and is called *Reidh chnoc mna Sighe*, or "The Benshee's smooth Hill;" but as it has been very correctly printed, with a harmonious metrical translation by the late James Clarence Mangan, in the "Poets and Poetry of Munster,"—a very interesting little work edited and published by John O'Daly, of Anglesea-street, Dublin,—it will not be necessary that I should insert in this work more than a stanza of it as a specimen, with, however, a literal prose translation.

Ar fada mé ag gluaiseacht
  Ar dtaipirg mo ghrádh,
Ar fuaid ghleannta dubha uaigneach,
  Am fuagadh le fán;
A tuaipirg ní b-fuaruir,
  Gé gur dtaistaigear a lán,
O Caiseal go Tuadhmumhain,
  Is go bruach geal na Máigh.

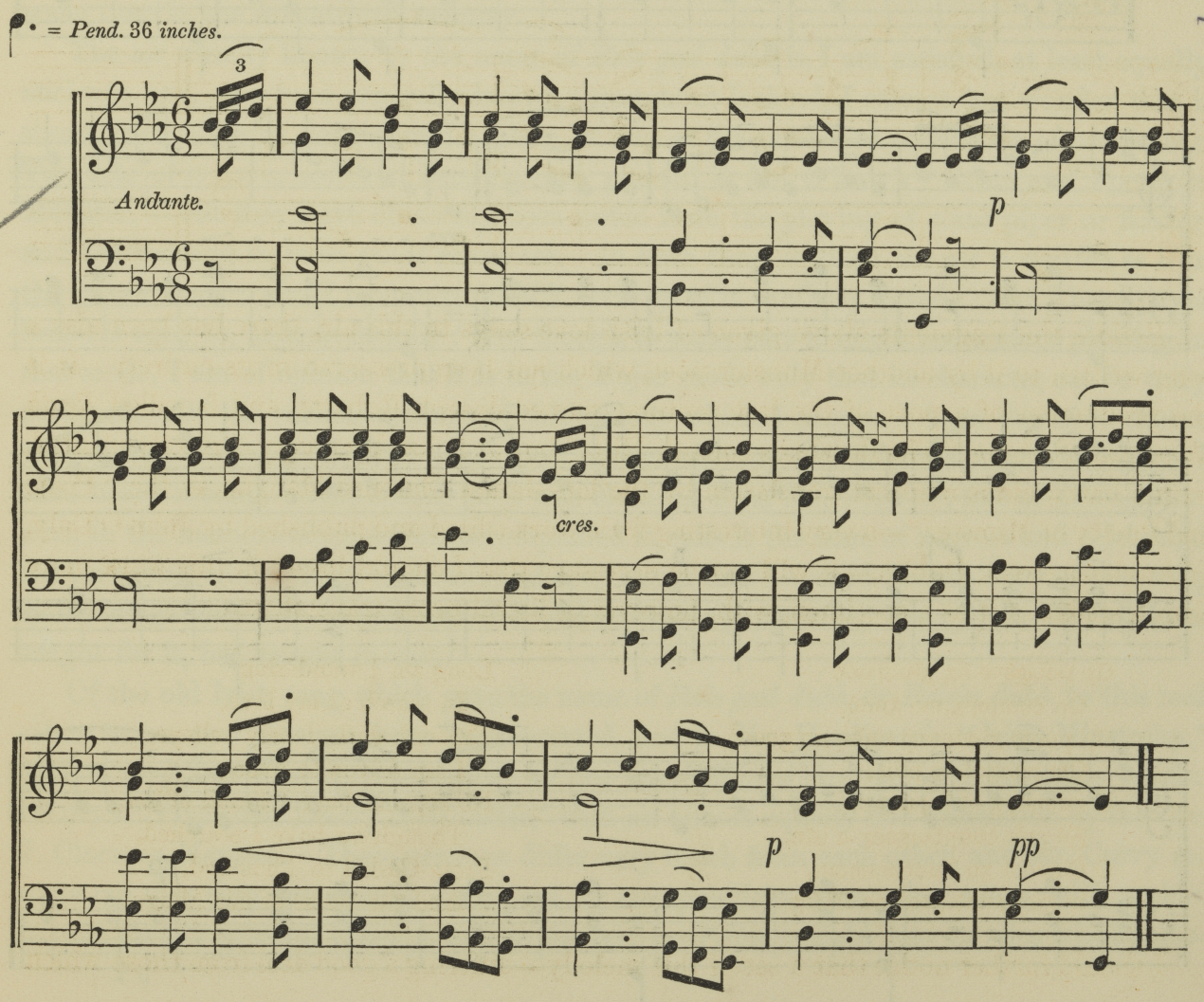
Long am I wandering
  In search of my love,
Through dark, lonely valleys
  I am driven to roam;
No account have I found of her,
  Though far have I searched,
From Cashel to Thomond,
  And the banks of fair Maige.

I should further notice that a set of this melody—differing a good deal from those which

I have selected for publication—will also be found in Mr. O'Daly's volume, and immediately following the words of Roberts's song written to it; but, by some strange mistake, it is given as the air *Bean dubh an ghleanna*, and in connexion with the words of the old song so called, to which it could not, by any possibility, be sung. The true melody of *Bean dubh an ghleanna*—properly *Moll*, or *Poll dubh an ghleanna*—is very well known, and has been given by Bunting in the earliest volume of his publications of Irish melodies, and will be familiar to most readers as the air to which Moore wrote the first of his Irish songs, "Go where Glory waits thee."

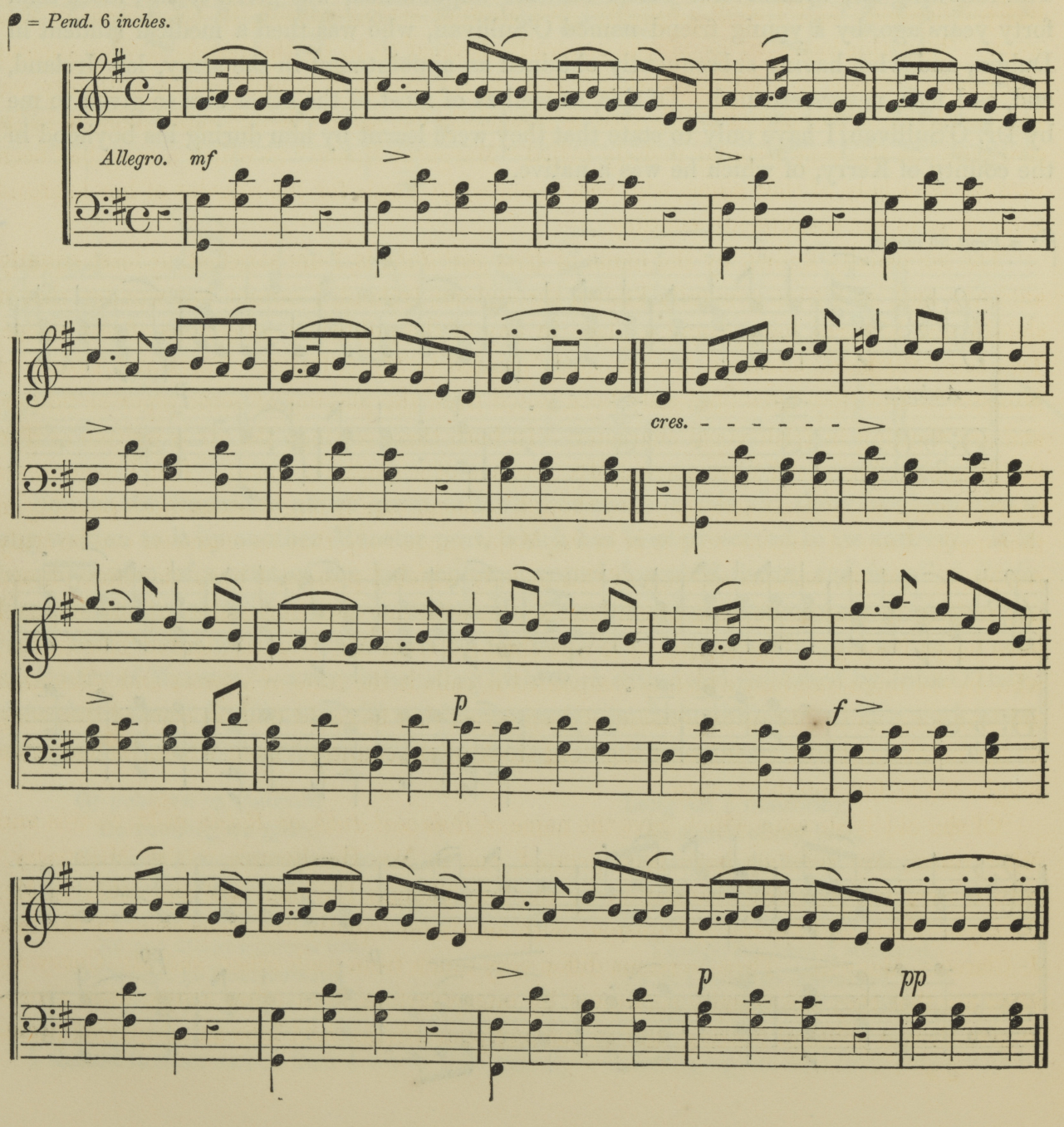
Black Cloaks to cover Bobby; or, The Lament for Gerald.

The following air, with several others hitherto unpublished, was given to me, more than forty years ago, by a young friend named O'Sullivan, who was then a medical student in Dublin, and who, having subsequently obtained an appointment in the army, left Ireland, and, as I fear, never returned. Of this, as well as of most of the other airs so given to me by Dr. O'Sullivan, I have only to state that they were learnt by him during his boyhood in the county of Kerry, of which he was a native.



The Hunt.

The following dance-tune,—which is, or rather was, a very popular one in Munster, and for which I am indebted to Mr. Patrick Joyce,—belongs to the class of dance-tunes commonly known by the term "set dances." Such tunes may have a general character in common with those of any of the other classes of dance-tunes, as the double jig, reel, or hornpipe, but are usually distinguished by some inequality in the length of their parts, or some other irregularity of structure, which necessarily requires a particular dance to be appropriated to each of them, and which is never danced to any other tune. Thus, as will be seen in the present tune,—which has essentially the hornpipe character,—while the first part presents the usual number of eight measures, the second has the unusual number of twelve. And hence the dance for such a tune was called a "set" for it, or "the set" of it. Set dances—as Mr. Joyce informs me—were generally, but not always, danced by one person.



ROIS GEAL DUB. The fair-skinned, black-haired Rose.

In the entire range of Irish melodies, there is, perhaps, scarcely one of more widely-spread popularity amongst the Irish peasantry than the air called *Rois geal dubh*, and sometimes *Roisin dubh*, the first signifying the "Fair, or white-skinned, black-haired Rose," and the second the "Black-haired little Rose." But though the air, as I conceive, is one of great beauty, it probably owes at least as much of its celebrity to the old love-song associated with it, as to the excellence of the tune itself; for I find this song—in the province of Connaught more particularly—as often, if not oftener, united to a different and, as I think, an inferior air. I should observe, however, that this different air is usually known as the *Roisin dubh*, while on the other hand the air now presented to the reader is as usually known as the *Rois geal dubh*. And it appears to me that such adaptations of the same words to different melodies affords a strong evidence that the tunes are of an antiquity anterior to the words. Of the air commonly known as the *Roisin dubh*, two settings have been given by Bunting in his last publication; and I shall probably give another setting myself, in the course of this work. That this latter air is, as it is generally deemed to be by the people, a very ancient one, I see no reason to doubt; and that it is so, to the extent of a considerable antiquity, we have evidence in the fact that this tune is essentially the same (though more ancient in its structure) as the very popular melody called "Margaret Roche," to which a song had been written on a lady of that name, who was executed in Ennis for the murder of her husband some time in the seventeenth century.

The air usually known by the name of *Rois geal dubh* is, I am satisfied, at least equally ancient; and, as a tune generally known throughout Ireland, I cannot but wonder that it should not hitherto have found a place in any of the published collections of our music. Two sets of it have, however, been recently printed in Mr. O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster,"—but they have obviously been noted from the playing of some piper or fiddler, and are wanting in Irish vocal character. In both these settings the air is written as if in the Minor mode; and I have several MS. settings of it similarly noted. But I have never heard it sung so, at least strictly; and though to some ears it might seem more pleasing in that mode, I am of opinion that it is in the Major mode only that its character can be truly rendered. Of the various settings of this melody which I possess, I have therefore chosen one written in that mode, and which best agrees with my own impression of the air, as I have heard it sung. This setting of it was obtained from Mr. Fogarty, late of Tibroghney, who, in the memorandum which accompanied it, calls it the tune of a sweet and celebrated old love-song, and adds an expression of deep regret that he could find no copy of that song in his neighbourhood, or amongst the "old stock of the country," from whom he had often sought for it, but sought in vain.

Of the old Irish song which gave the name of *Rois geal dubh*, or *Roisin dubh*, to this and other tunes, two versions have been printed, one in Mr. Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," with a very free metrical translation by the late Thomas Furlong, and the other in Mr. O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," with an almost equally free translation by the late J. Clarence Mangan. These versions differ very much from each other, and Mr. Curry assures me that they are equally corrupted by interpolations from other songs, with a view to give them a political bearing, and to convert poor *Roisin dubh* into an allegorical perso-

nification of unhappy Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. Heaven knows we have political lyrics enough—both allegorical and palpable—without adding to their number the older genuine love-songs of the country, of which we have too few remaining; and that this old song has been so tampered with will be perfectly obvious, on a perusal of the following genuine fragmentary verses, with which I have been favoured by Mr. Curry:—

1.

Atá lúnḋuḃ ar na tṗiuḋa,
  Aguṗ ceó ar na cnuic;
Atá ṗṗaoċ ar na ṗléiḃṫe,
  Ir ní h-ionguaḋ ṗin;
Do ċaorgḃuinn an tṗéan muiṗ
  Le ṗlaorg an uiġ,
Dá ḃ-ṗéaḋaiṁ ḃeiṫ ṗéiḋ leaṫ,
  A Róiṗ ġeal ḋuḃ.

2.

A ġṗáḋ ġeal, ná bíoḋ cár oṗṫ
  Tṗé 'naṗ eiṗiġ ḋuit;
'Táiḋ bṗáiṫṗe ḋuinn taṗ ṗáile,
  'Gur a ḃ-tṗiall taṗ muiṗ;
Beiḋ do ṗárḋún ó Pápa,
  Na Róṁa aguinn,
Ir céaḋ pláinte a ḃ-ṗíon Spáineaċ
  Dom Róiṗ ġeal ḋuḃ.

3.

Do ṗúḃalṗainn an Múṁain leaṫ,
  Ir baṗṗ gaċ cnuic,
Maṗ ṗúil 'rgo ḃ-paġainn púṅ uaiṫ,
  Ir cáiṗḋeaṗ ṗuilṫ;
A ḋṗaoḃ ḋúṁṗa, a ḋúḃaiṗṫ liom
  Go paiḃ gṗáḋ agaṫ ḋam,
'Ar tú plúṗ na m-ban múinṫe,
  Mo Roiṗ ġeal ḋuḃ.

1.

There's black grief on the plains,
  And a mist on the hills;
There is fury on the mountains,
  And that is no wonder;
I would empty out the wild ocean
  With the shell of an egg,
If I could but be at peace with thee,
  My Rois geal dubh.

2.

O my loved one, be not gloomy
  For what has happened to thee;
We have friends beyond the sea,
  And they're returning o'er the tide;
Thy pardon from the Pope
  Of Rome we shall have,
And a hundred healths in Spanish wine
  To my Rois geal dubh.

3.

I would travel all Munster with thee,
  And the top of each hill,
In the hope to gain thy favour,
  And a happy share in thy love;
O sweet branch, who hast told me
  That thou hadst love for me,
Thou art the flower of accomplished women,
  My Rois geal dubh.

That the above stanzas are a portion—if not the whole—of a genuine love-song, written upon some real incident which occurred to persons of respectable station, there can, I think, be little doubt; and it is to be regretted that all knowledge of the occasion of its being written, and the period of its composition, are now, it is to be feared, irrecoverably lost.

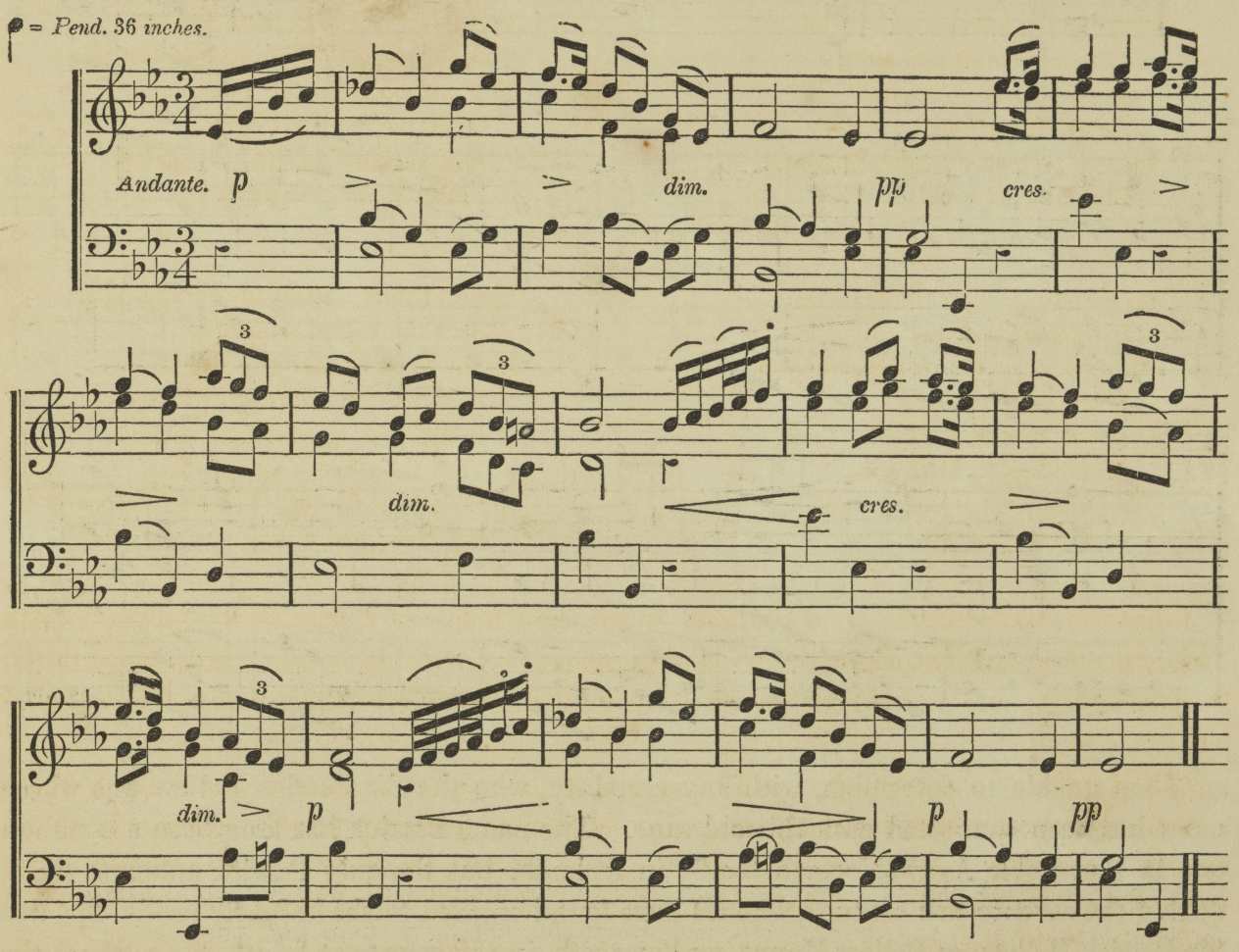
As Mr. Curry observes—"It will be seen that the subject of these verses is love, but a love the course of which evidently ran with more than ordinary unsmoothness. It would appear—indeed it does appear—that the love was mutual, but that it was indulged under some difficulties caused either by consanguinity or religion. The parties must have been within the forbidden degrees of relationship, or the woman restrained by particular vows. Cases of both kinds are to be found in our history, and have been, for a long time at least, dependent on a Papal dispensation for their final issue. And the allusion to this fact here is so clear that it requires no argument to prove it."

As usual with most of our finer melodies, this one of *Rois geal dubh* has, as it appears, been adapted to many other songs, as well in English as in Irish, besides that older one

from which it has derived its best known name; but of these songs I have only obtained a copy of one, which has been commonly sung in the Munster counties. It is a peasant love-song, in English, and would hardly be worthy of notice but for its first stanza, which is clearly the work of a different hand from that of the writer of the rest. This stanza, however, as will be seen below, is but a different, and probably less correct version of the well-known English nursery song on the cuckoo, published by Chambers, in his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," and by Halliwell, in his "Nursery Rhymes of England."

The cuckoo's a fine bird,
She sings as she flies;
She brings us new tidings,
And tells us no lies.
She sucks pretty flowers
To make her voice clear;
And the more she sings "Cuckoo!"
Sweet summer draws near.

English Version.—"The cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.
He sucks little birds' eggs
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings 'Cuckoo!'
The summer is near.'

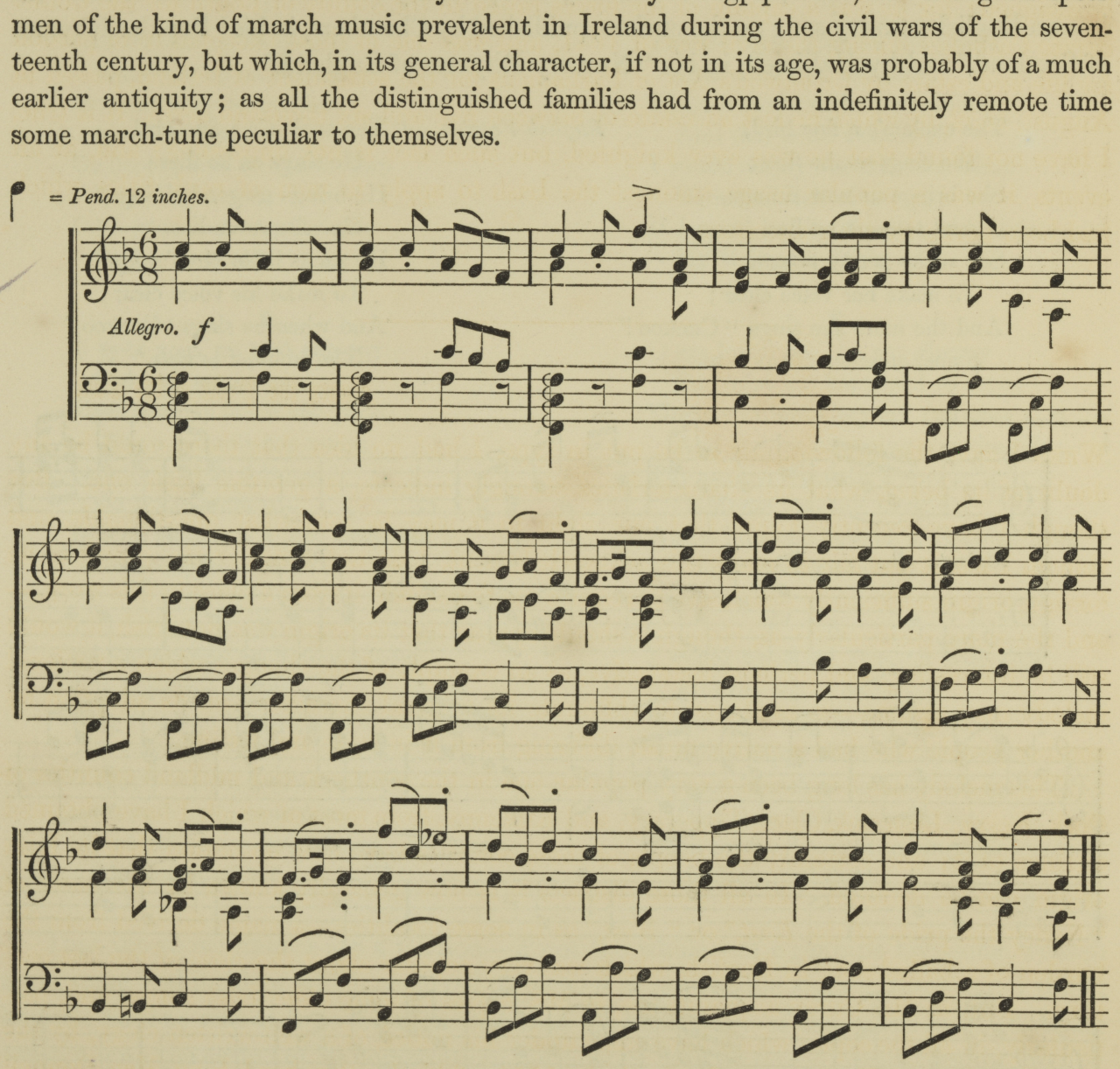


I have found that the above old melody is also now known in the counties of Kerry, Clare, and Limerick, by the name "Ó óig-fhir ghroidhe chórais," or "O brave, generous young man," a name derived, as Mr. Curry informs me, from a popular song, written about the year 1806, by Mary Harman, of Ardfert, a beautiful and intelligent girl of a respectable but reduced family. In this song she assigns her reasons for refusing to elope with a lover and expresses, in pleasing language, her horror of any immoral or disreputable conduct.

*

Sir Patrick Bellew's March.

I FOUND the following old march tune, many years since, in a MS. music book, written about the middle of the last century. It is obviously a bagpipe tune, and is a good specimen of the kind of march music prevalent in Ireland during the civil wars of the seventeenth century, but which, in its general character, if not in its age, was probably of a much earlier antiquity; as all the distinguished families had from an indefinitely remote time some march-tune peculiar to themselves.



I am unable to determine, with any certainty, who the *Sir* Patrick Bellew was whose name has been connected with this old tune. The name Patrick has long been a common one in that noble Anglo-Norman family in Ireland; but the only Patrick amongst them, during the seventeenth century, whom I have found entitled to the knightly prefix, Sir, was Sir Patrick Bellew, of Bellew Mount, or Barmeath, in the county of Louth, from whom the present Patrick Lord Bellew descends. This Sir Patrick was the son of Sir John Bellew, knight, of Willystown, in the same county, who was the son of Patrick Bellew, of Lisrane and Willystown, who, again, was the son of John, *second* son of *Sir* John, of Bellewstown, the ancestor of the Lords Bellew now extinct. Sir Patrick, who was an adherent of King James the Second, was advanced, through the interest of the Earl of Tirconnell, to the rank of a baronet in April, 1687. But he does not appear to have taken part, or served in any

military capacity, in the war which so soon after followed his elevation, and his estates were not confiscated,—so that it is very unlikely that his was the name connected with this tune. Looking earlier, however, into the history of the family, we find a Patrick, who was the grandson of Sir John Bellew of Bellewstown, by his *third* son, Richard, of Verdanstown; and to this Patrick I think the name of the march may, with the largest amount of probability, be assigned; for he was a captain of the forces raised in the county of Louth for the Confederate Catholics during the civil war of 1641, and was one of those excepted from pardon for life and estate by Cromwell's Act of Parliament for the settlement of Ireland, passed in August, 1652, by which he lost an estate of between five and six thousand acres. It is true, I have not found that he was ever knighted, but such fact is not impossible; and, at all events, it was a popular usage amongst the Irish to apply to men of rank titles which had been borne by their ancestors.

Nancy the Pride of the East.

When I gave the following air to be put in type, I had no idea that there could be any doubt of its being, what its characteristics strongly indicate, a genuine Irish one. But though I have recently found that our right to it may be somewhat questionable, and though I feel it but fair to make this acknowledgment, I do not consider the proofs of its foreign origin sufficiently conclusive to require me to exclude it from a place in this work,—and the more particularly as, though it should appear that its origin was not Irish, it would still be interesting, and perhaps instructive, as an example of the changes which a national melody may assume—so as almost to obliterate its original character—on its adoption by another people who had a native music differing from it in style and feeling.

This melody has long been a very popular one in the southern and midland counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Clare, Tipperary, and Kilkenny, from most of which I have obtained settings of it; and certainly the people of those counties have now no notion that its Irish origin can be doubted. In all those districts it is now generally known by the name of "Nancy the pride of the *East*," or "*West*," as in some localities—a name derived from the burden of a ballad song in English, which was very popular about the close of the last century. But, as Mr. Curry acquaints me, in MS. copies of some older Irish songs, and, particularly, in all the copies which have come under his notice, of a well-written elegy, by the Irish poet John O'Toomey, on the death, in 1754, of his brother bard John Mac Donnell *Claragh*, he cannot remember one in which it is not set down as to be sung to the *fonn Albanach*, or Scottish tune, called "The Banks of the Tweed;" and, as it is to the air here published that he has heard all those older songs sung, he supposes that this tune must be the *fonn Albanach* just spoken of, and, therefore, not Irish.

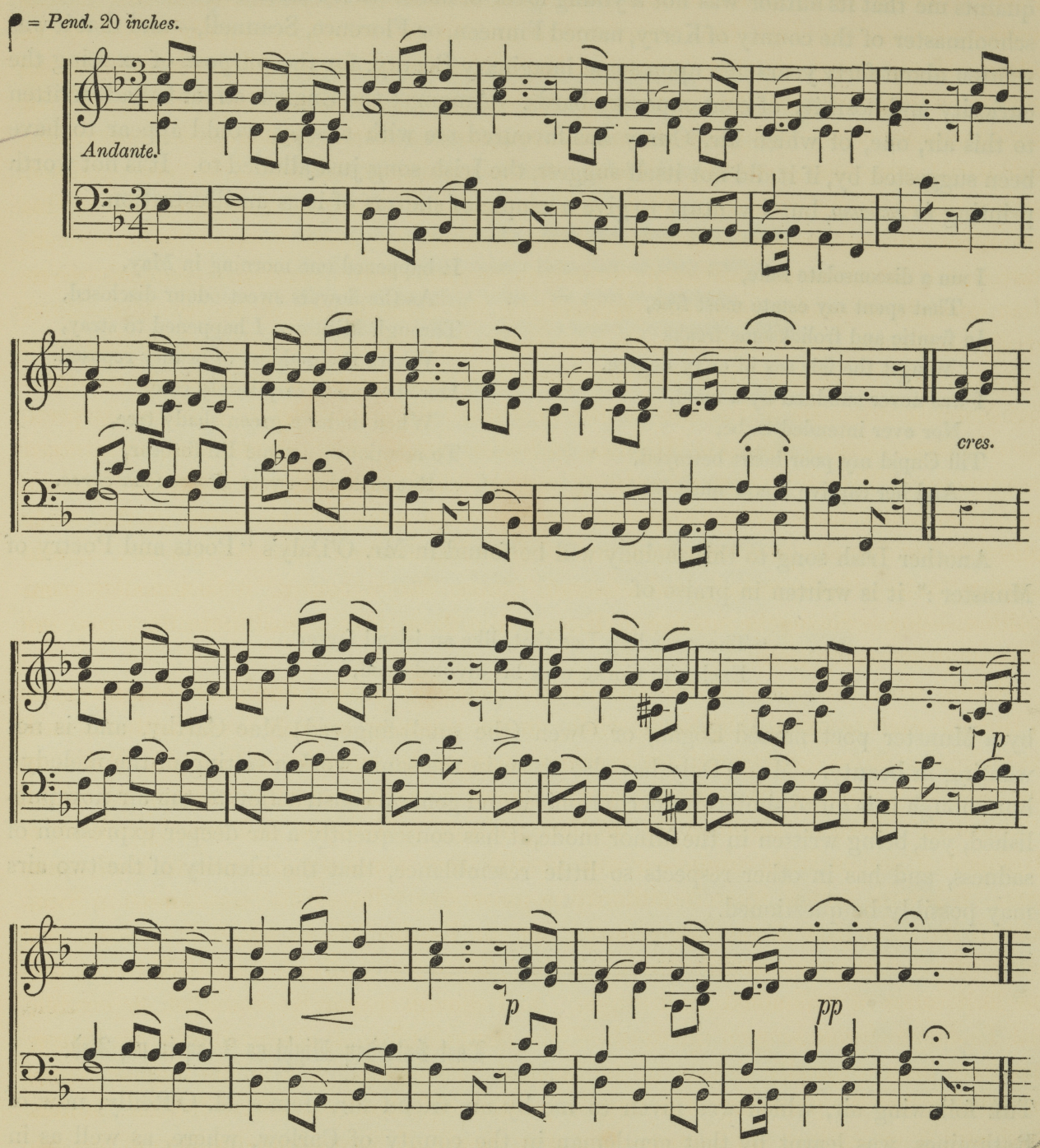
The fact thus made known to me by Mr. Curry, necessarily led me, at once, to such an investigation of authorities as appeared likely to throw light upon the question; and I soon ascertained that there was a tune named "The Banks of the Tweed," which, as far as I know, first appeared in "Johnson's Musical Museum," Edinb. 1787. But on a comparison of this air with our "Nancy the pride of the East," I found they had nothing whatsoever in common; and further, that we had the high authority of Robert Burns that the tune given by

Johnson was not Scottish, but the "attempt of an English composer to imitate the Scottish manner."—*Vide* Burns' Works, Eighth Edition, vol. v. London, 1814. A comparison, however, of our air with the old and beautiful Scottish melody called "Tweedside," led to a very different result, as the two airs were found to be so perfectly similar, in their general construction and rhythm, that verses written for the one would be equally suited to the other. It was found also that, in the first bar of the second strain, there is a similarity of melody in both airs; but this is the only melodic agreement which they exhibit, and the candid musical reader will judge for himself how far this perfect similarity in construction, and partial agreement in melody, will authorize the conclusion that our air is a corruption of, or founded on, the Scottish one. Without, however, being conscious of any prejudice to bias my judgment, and actuated solely by a desire to elicit the truth, I cannot hesitate to declare that I do not see any sufficient grounds to warrant such a conclusion; and, moreover, I am strongly of opinion that such similarity in the construction of the two airs—if not wholly accidental—would rather make it probable that "Nancy the pride of the East" was the parent of "Tweedside," than that the Scottish air was the parent of it; for the construction found in these airs is the same as that to which I have adverted in p. 53, as one peculiar to a large class of Irish and Highland melodies; and I may now add that, on a recent examination of Woods' "Songs of Scotland," so ably edited by Mr. George Farquhar Graham, and which is the latest collection published of Scottish music, I have found, in the whole collection, but five airs so constructed, and of these Mr. Graham acknowledges one, "Leezie Lindsay," to be a Gaelic melody, and a second, "Queen Mary's Lament," to be a modern composition,—thus reducing the number to three, and of these three I shall hereafter prove one to be unquestionably Irish.

Seeing, then, that tunes of this construction constitute a very numerous class common to Ireland and the Gaelic Highlands, while, on the contrary, scarcely a well-authenticated example of an air so constructed can be found amongst the melodies of England, Wales, or the Scottish Lowlands, the inference would appear to be unavoidable that the air called "Tweedside," however modified by modern musical refinement, had most probably a Highland, if not an Irish, origin—or was derived from a melody common to both countries. It is true, indeed, there is authority to prove that "Tweedside" was known in Scotland in the early part of the last century; but the Leyden MS. in which it appears, and which proves this, proves nothing more; as that MS. is not confined to Scottish tunes, and has in it tunes of undoubted Irish origin. And though it may be conceded, as possible, that Toomey's elegiac song on the death of Mac Donnell *Claragh*, adverted to by Mr. Curry, may have been originally written to the Scottish "Tweedside," it is in the highest degree improbable that the peasantry of so large a portion of Ireland could have become familiarized with it, or—if such did happen—that they should all have adopted a form of the melody which retains scarcely a vestige of the features of that beautiful air.

Amongst the various settings of our Irish melody, which I have obtained from various parts of Ireland, there is a more than usual agreement. The most graceful, however, of those settings is that here presented to the reader, and which was communicated to me by Mr. Fogarty, of Tibroghney, in the county of Kilkenny. In the memorandum which accompanied it, he describes the air as "a very ancient love-song, the words of which are most beautiful," and as being also "mixed with patriotism or politics—complaining that he [the lover] will fly to France or Spain, and never return." He adds—"There was, or is, an

English translation of this song to the air, and called 'Nancy the pride of the East.'" I regret that I have been unable to procure a copy either of the original Irish song or of the translation of it to which Mr. Fogarty alludes.



Many other songs, as well in English as in Irish, appear to have been adapted to this air by the Munster poets, and, as usual, such songs have given names to it, known in proportion to their popularity. Of these songs, the most celebrated is the Irish one called *Ar Erinn ni 'neósainn cé hi*, or, "For Ireland I would not tell who she is." This song has been printed, with a metrical translation, in the "Irish Popular Songs," by the late Mr. Edward Walsh; and, in reference to it, he makes the following statement, in a note:—"The author of this beautiful love-song is unknown, but it would seem that he was a native of the county Kerry, as this is the most popular song in that part of Munster. Tradition attributes it to

a young man who fell violently in love with the affianced bride of his own brother." Tradition, however, is often found to be a cloak for fanciful inventions; and Mr. Curry, who has long known this song, and the general opinion of the peasantry as to its origin, acquaints me that its author was not a young lover of his brother's affianced bride, but an old schoolmaster of the county of Kerry, named Finneen, or Florence, Scannell,—and that it was written about forty years ago upon some imaginary Beauty, for the purpose of exciting the curiosity and hostility of contemporary bards. Amongst the English street-ballads written to this air, one, of which Mr. Curry has favoured me with a copy, would appear to have been suggested by, if it did not itself suggest, the Irish song just alluded to. It is not worth printing *in extenso*, but I venture to give a couple of stanzas of it as an illustration.

I am a disconsolate rake,
That spent my estate most free,
In frantic and frolicksome freaks
'Mongst the fair sex of ev'ry degree.
I was never subdued by a maid,
Nor ever intended to be,
Till Cupid my poor heart betrayed,
And her captive I now must be.

It happened one morning in May,
As the flowers sweet odour disclosed,
Through Milltown I happened to stray,
Where the goddess of beauty reposed.
Her shape was exquisitely rare,
When under a green shady tree,
To mention her name I'll forbear,
But style her sweet *Storeen ma chree*.

Another Irish song to this melody will be found in Mr. O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster:" it is written in praise of

"The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood,"

by a Munster poet named Eogan, or Owen (the small-fingered) Mac Carthy, and is not wanting in beauty. Mr. O'Daly has also given in the same work a setting of the melody; but, though it is quite similar in its rhythmical and general construction to the air now published, yet, being written in the Minor mode, it has consequently a far deeper expression of sadness, and has in other respects so little resemblance, that the identity of the two airs may possibly be questioned.

Last Saturday Night as I lay in my Bed.

The following air, which was given to me by my friend Mr. James M. O'Reilly, now of Rathmines, was learnt by that gentleman in the county of Carlow, where, as well as in some of the adjacent counties, it was commonly sung to a street-ballad, the first line of which I have adopted as a name for the air, having been unable to ascertain its true one.

The words of this ballad, though rude, are less objectionable than usual in songs of its class; and as a historical memorial of one of the latest of the agrarian combinations which for so long a period disturbed so many parts of Ireland, its preservation may, perhaps, be desirable,—and the more particularly as it indicates the objects for which such combination was formed, and points out the localities in which it was most active. The association to which I allude was that known by the appellation of Carders,—a name derived, as Mr. Crof-

ton Croker informs us, "from their inhuman practice of inflicting punishment on the naked back with the wool card;" and their objects appear to have been confined to "the punishment of informers, or those who took or let lands at a high rent." Such, at least, are the objects named by themselves in the following song:—

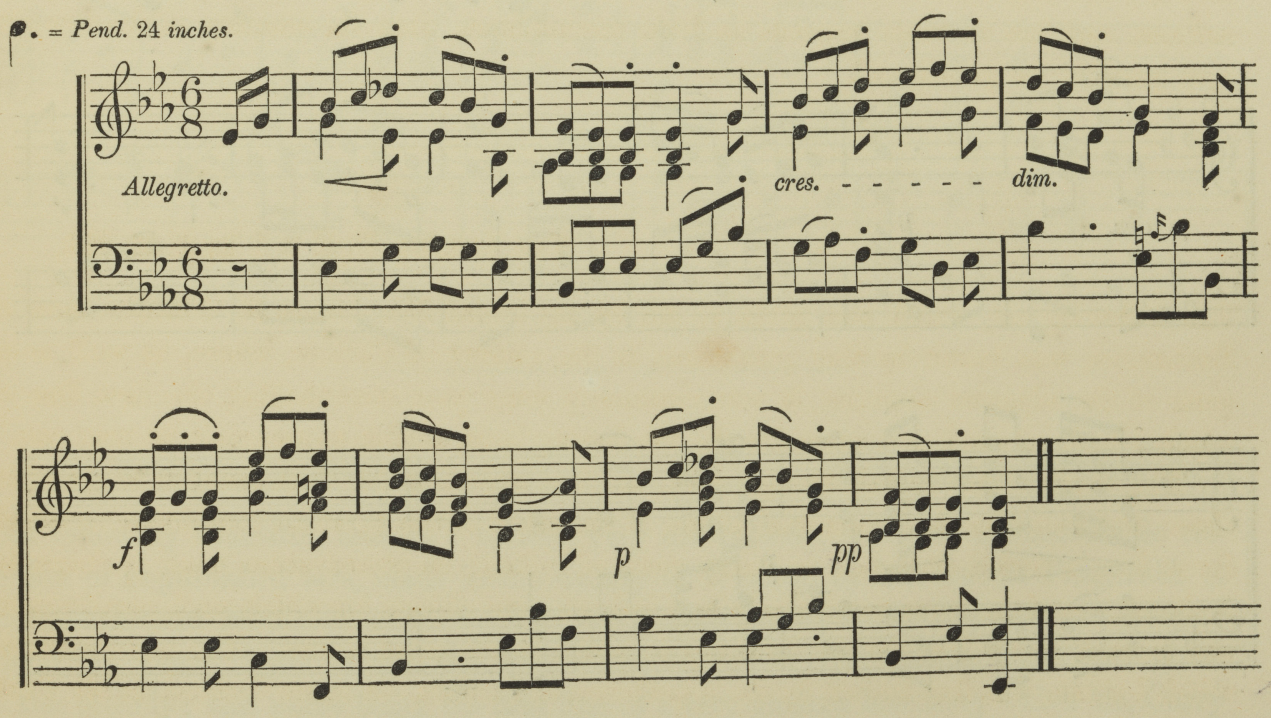
Last Saturday night as I lay in my bed,
The neighbours came to me, and this 'twas they said:
Are you Captain Lusty?—I answered them—no!
Are you Captain Carder?—Indeed I am so.

Get up Captain Carder, and look thro' your glass,
And see all your merry men just as they pass;
The clothing they wear, 'tis rare to be seen,
With their Liberty jackets bound over with green.

Success to Moll Hayden, and long may she reign,
For instead of cold water, she gave us pure cream,
To put strength in our bodies, and speed in our feet,
And make us be able *to whale the black sheep.*

Here's luck to Kilkenny, and sweet Ballyroan,—
As for Timahoe town, we may call it our own;
In Timahoe town we may march up and down,
And at Billy Dunne's corner we'll make them lie down.

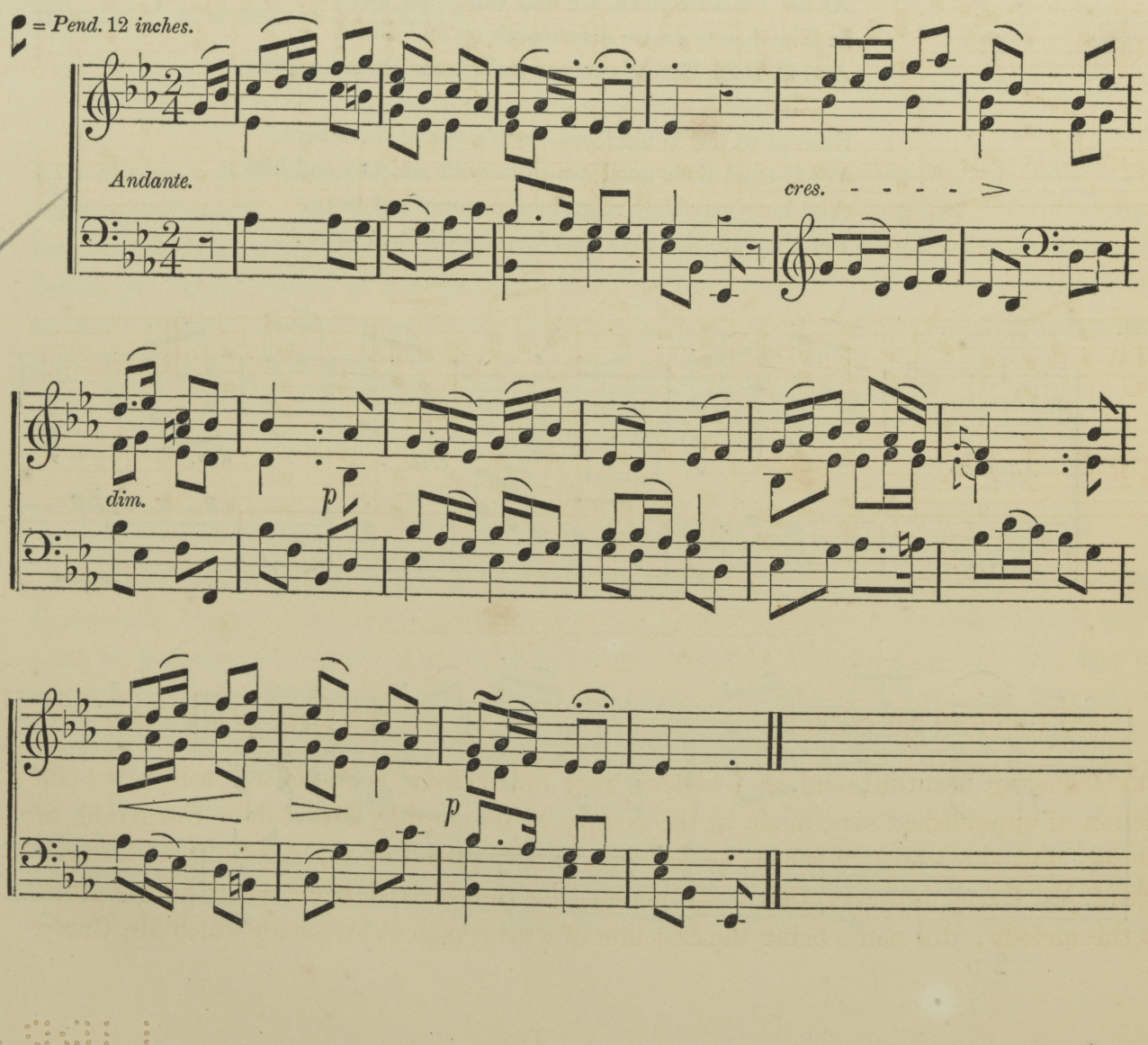
Success to the Whitefeet—there's few of them here;
We'll toast their good health in both whiskey and beer;
And long may they reign over country and town,
For they are the boys that *keep land-jobbers down!*



David Foy; or, Remember the Pease-straw.

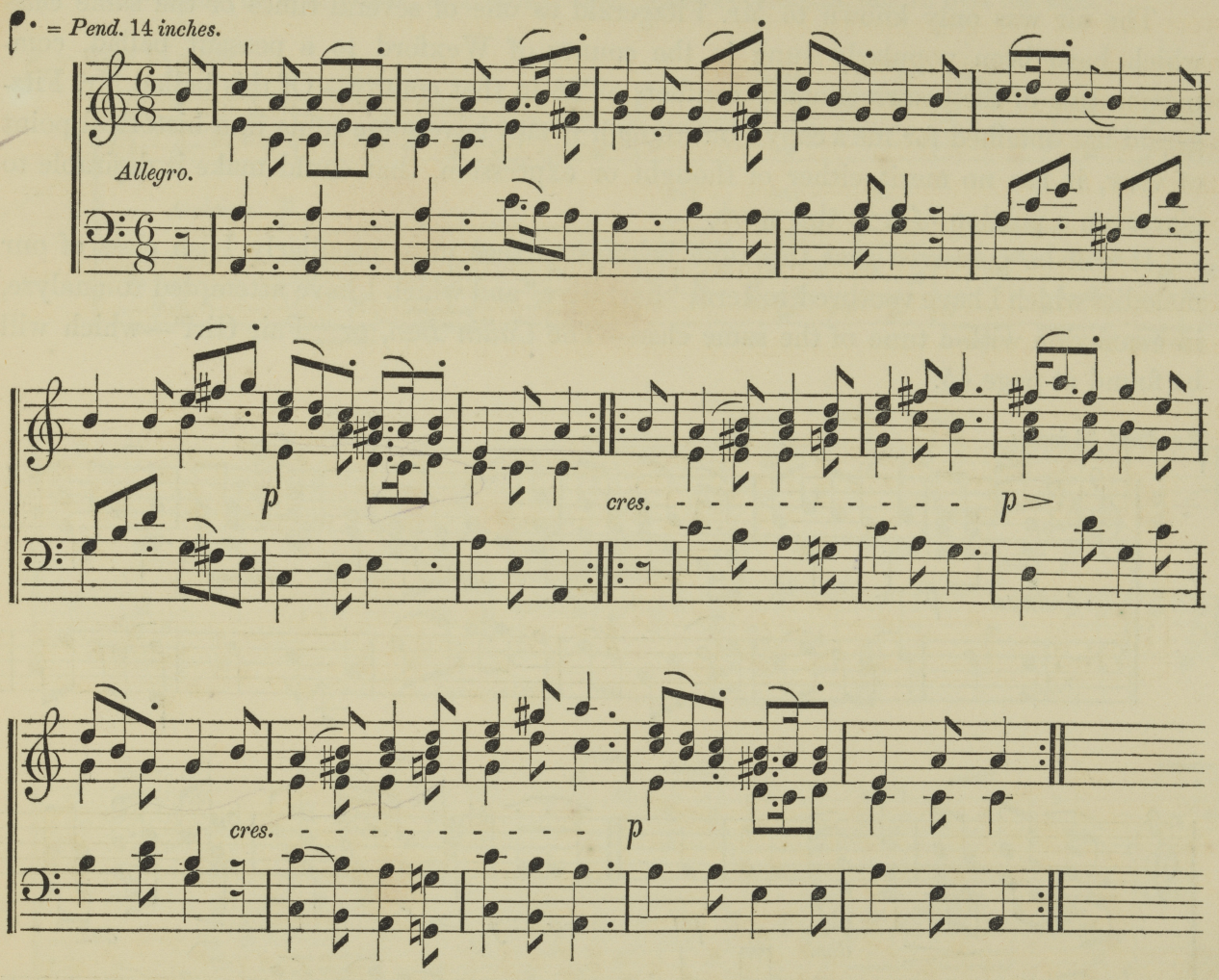
During the palmy days of the Dublin street ballad-singers,—when their calling was not only a lawful or permitted, but even a somewhat respectable and lucrative one,—the following air was, for a considerable time, one that might be heard warbled, daily and nightly, in every thickly inhabited and very Irish part of the city. I allude to a period, looking backwards at least forty years, when I first heard this and many other airs which became fixed in my memory,—little thinking, at the time, that the task should ever devolve on me of thus endeavouring to rescue them from oblivion. In subsequent years, however, I found that the melodies periodically employed to give circulation to the new ballads of the day, were those of which the merits had been long tested in the service; and that, under various names, they had usually travelled from the provinces to the metropolis, to do duty for a while, and then be forgotten. And so it has been with this air, which was sung to a street-ballad called "David Foy," or, "Remember the Pease-straw," and of which I have been unable to find a copy in Dublin; but the melody is still a well-known one, at least in some of the Connaught counties, from which, most probably, it originally emanated.

It will be seen that in this air there is a departure from the ordinary construction observable in melodies of its class,—namely, that of its four sections, the third one is not, as usual, a repetition, however modified, of the second, or preceding one.



The Gubby, O.

The following melody appears to have been a very popular dance-tune during the greater part, if not the whole, of the last century; but, as its plaintive sentiment would suggest, it is most probably formed from some vocal air of an earlier age in slower time, and it is still used by the Pipers as an Andante theme for variations. A setting of the air, as a dance-tune, has been already printed in O'Farrell's "Pocket Companion for the Irish or Union Pipes;" but that now given—which has been copied from one in the old MS. book of dance-tunes already often referred to—is, I think, a better as well as an older one.



Dá d-téidin go cóbac. If I should go to a Clown.

The following beautiful, and, as I believe, very old melody, is one of a considerable collection of unpublished airs, made in the county of Wexford by Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, of Enniscorthy, the whole of which he has very kindly placed at my disposal. It is to my friend, Mr. Curry, however, that I am indebted for the old Irish name which I have given to this melody; this name being the first line of a very ancient love-song which Mr. Curry

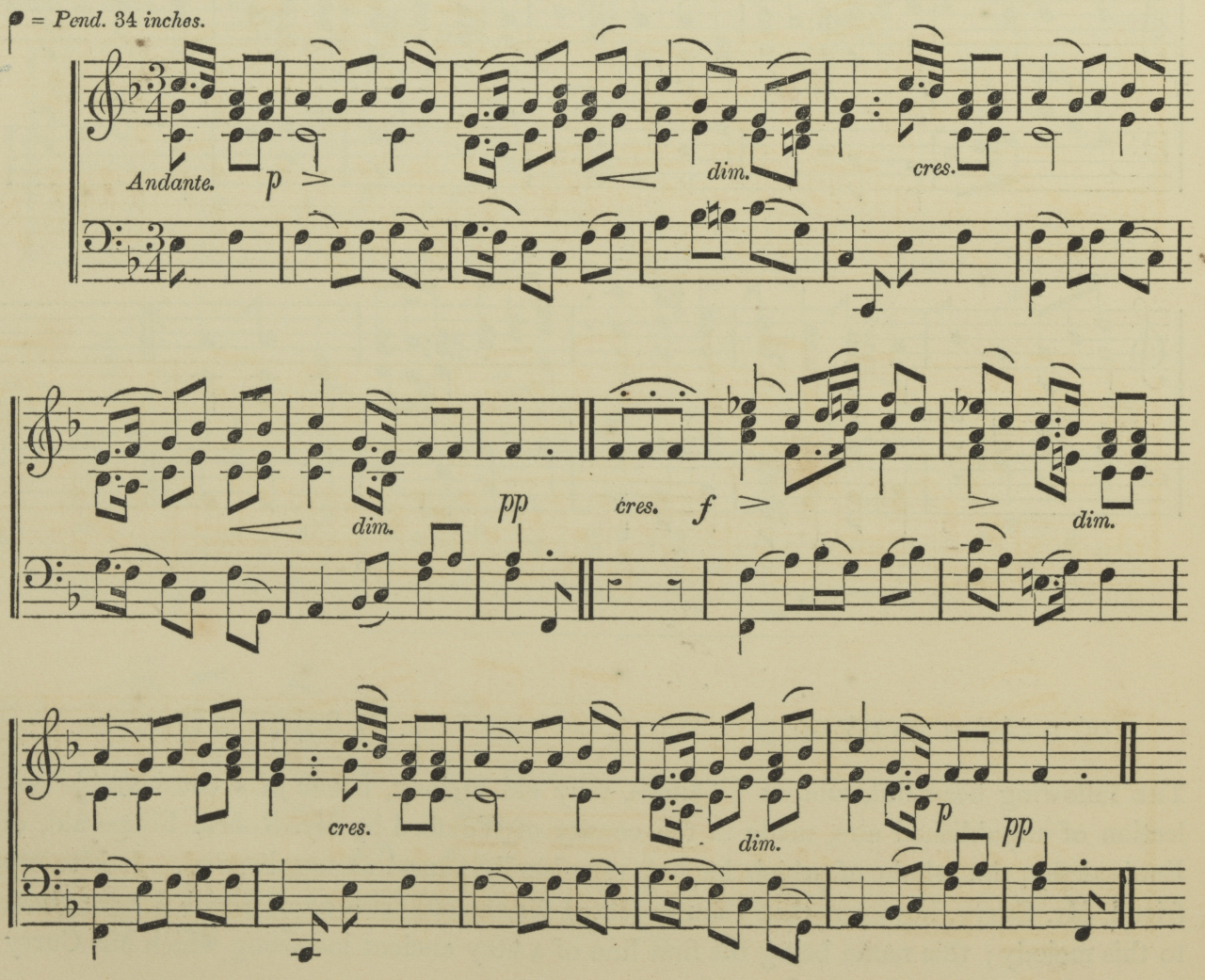
had always heard sung to it in the county of Clare, but of which, unfortunately, he cannot now remember perfectly more than the following half stanza :—

Dá d-téidin go cóbach,
A m-beid bruigear bó 'ge
Is cailín óg dear
Le tabairt amach ;
Dob' eagla mór liom
Gur diúltaoidh géibinn ;
Mar nach eól dóib
Ma finnfear ceart.

If I should go to a clown,
Who had a herd of cows
And a pretty young girl
To give away ;
It is much I fear
That 'tis a refusal I'd get ;
Because they know not
My right descent.

The air was only known to Mr. Fitzgerald as one of several tunes of the same class which have been popularly sung in the county of Wexford to a peasant ballad, commemorative of the insurrectionary conflicts of '98 in that county. Of this ballad Mr. Fitzgerald has obtained for me a copy ; but though it may have some value in a historical point of view, it has no merit, either of thought or expression, that could make it desirable to give even a portion of it in this work.

It will be perceived that this tune belongs to that most peculiarly Irish class of our melodies which I have ventured to term "narrative," and which I have attempted to analyze, in connexion with a tune of the same class—The *Cailin Ban*, or "Fair Girl"—which will be found at page 45.



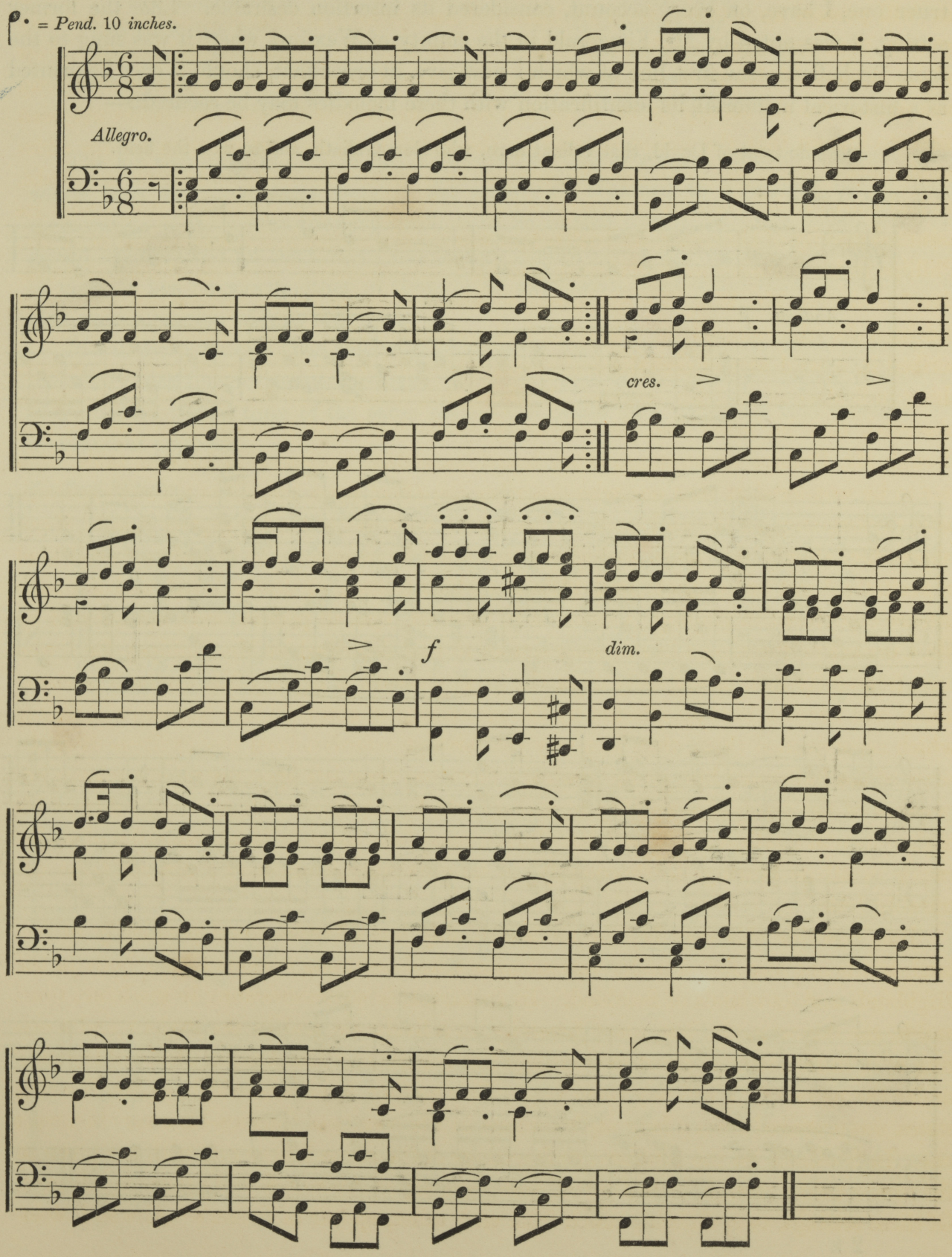
Dá D-téiðin go cóbaċ. If I should go to a Clown.

The musical reader will at once perceive that the following is but a varied setting of the preceding air; but, as in its points of difference it is so truly Irish, and, as a whole, is so parallel in beauty to the other that it may be doubted which form of the melody is the truer one, I have, on every account, considered its insertion desirable. Like the former setting, it was noted by Mr. Fitzgerald in the county of Wexford, where it was sung to the same '98 ballad,—the first line of which I now give, in order that, should it ever be printed as a historical memorial, its identification with these melodies may be secured :—

"Some treat of David, that valiant hero, who slew Goliath, and so won the field."

The Old Woman lamenting her Purse.

The following Munster dance-tune was obtained from Mr. James Fogarty. It does not appear to me to be a tune of much antiquity, but it is strongly marked with Irish character, and, like many airs of its class, it is defective in the fourth of the scale.



The Monks of the Screw.

As the melody of the charter song of that singular social union of wit and talent which existed in Dublin, from the year 1779 to the close of the year 1785, and was called "The Monks of the Order of St. Patrick," but commonly known as "The Monks of the Screw," the following air will possess an interest, from its historical associations, independent of, and probably greater, than any which might be derived from its intrinsic originality and beauty. Few of the readers of this work will require to be informed that this well-known charter song was written for the society by its *Prior*, the late John Philpot Curran; but it has not been hitherto known that the music selected by the gifted poet, as a fit medium for his serio-comic verses, was a gay Irish melody, arrayed in a mock solemnity, and which, no doubt, he had learnt in his own loved county of Cork. It would appear, indeed, that, under its assumed gravity of character, its Irish origin was never suspected; for it is spoken of by Mr. Phillips in his amusing work, "Curran and his Contemporaries," as a "droll kind of recitative;" and even Mr. Wm. Henry Curran, to whose kindness I have to acknowledge myself indebted for the notation of this tune, had no notion that it was other than, as he described it, a wild sort of ecclesiastical chant, which did not strike him as having in it anything indicative of an Irish melody. With regard, however, to Mr. Curran, it should be observed, that he never had the advantage of having heard it sung by his father: and though Mr. Phillips, as he states, often heard its author "repeat it at his own table," it is not to be wondered at that one who describes the effect upon himself of Curran's enthusiastic performance on the violoncello to have been such as "to render gravity painful, if not impossible," should have failed to discover that what he considered to be only a "droll kind of recitative" was one of those Irish melodies which Curran so dearly loved, and felt such intense enjoyment in playing. Certain it is, however, that all persons were not affected by Mr. Curran's performances in a manner similar to that described by Mr. Phillips; for I, who have frequently had, in my early days, the great pleasure of hearing Mr. Curran's performances, was never otherwise affected by the indications of absorbed and impassioned feeling which accompanied them, than in a way the farthest removed from any excitement of the sense of the ludicrous; but, on the contrary, there has been left upon my mind a solemn impression of the depth of sensibility to melody which, combined with so many other of his higher mental qualities, rendered Mr. Curran one of the most brilliant examples of a character in all its bearings so thoroughly, so unmistakably, and—may I not add?—so admirably Irish.

But, however this may be, the air is not only one of wide-spread popularity in Ireland, but is one also found under various names, and assuming various forms, both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. In Ireland, it is sometimes sung in moderate time, and in the minor mode, but, more generally, as a lively air, and in the major; and a setting of it, in the latter, is given in Bunting's last volume of "The Ancient Music of Ireland," under the name of "I will pay them yet." This setting, however—which, as Mr. Bunting states, was procured from a lady at Oranmore, in the county of Galway—is a very incorrect one. In Scotland, on the contrary, such settings of the air as I have met with are given in the minor mode, though, as in Ireland, some are set as Andantes, and others as Allegros. Of these settings, two, differing much from each other, appear in Fraser's "Airs and Melo-

dies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland and the Isles:" Edinburgh, 1816. They are both given as slow airs: one is called *Ioman nan gamhna*, or "Driving the Steers;" and the other *Gur mis 'tha gu craitach o' n' uiruidh*, or "What pain I've endured since last year;" and, like most of the tunes in that work, they are very incorrect or corrupted settings. In Johnson's "Scots' Musical Museum," Edinburgh, 1787, the tune is given as a lively one, and is called "Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny," which is the burden of an old Lowland song; and hence it would appear that the air had passed from the Highlands into the Lowland plains, at a time not very recent. This setting of the tune, though more in accordance with the Irish versions than those given by Captain Fraser, is still but an indifferent one: it is, however, of interest, from its being, obviously, the parent of the beautiful melody bearing a similar name, subsequently published by Mr. George Thomson in his "Select Collection of Scottish Airs," and which, as Mr. Thomson states, Mr. Shield, the celebrated English composer—in whose Appendix to his Introduction to Harmony it first appeared—appreciated so highly as to think it sufficient to enhance the value of the most voluminous collection.

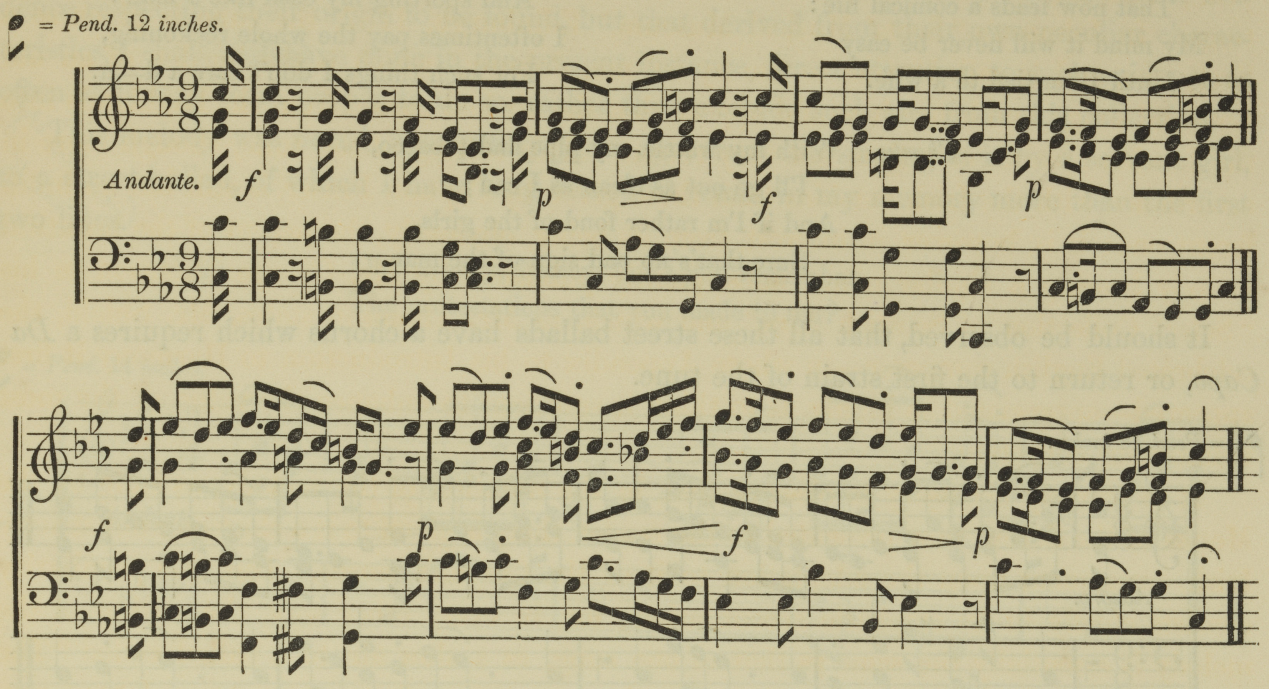
It is scarcely necessary to observe that, in the notation of the melody, as sung by the Monks of the Screw, now presented to the reader, there is given to it a character not strictly Irish, consequent upon the adaptation to it of Mr. Curran's words. But this peculiarity consists chiefly in its emphatic accentuation; for, in every other way, the setting of the melody is essentially the same as that of one sung, as a slow air, to a ballad called "The Cove of Cork," and of which I made a notation more than forty years ago. I have not, therefore, deemed it necessary to give any second setting of it in slow time and in the minor mode; but I have thought it desirable to add a setting, as a lively air, in the major mode, in which form it is now more generally sung and played in Ireland. This setting, which was sung to a ballad called "The Groves of Blackpool," was also noted about the same time as that to which I have already alluded.

As the words of the charter song have been already published by Mr. W. H. Curran, in his excellent Life of his father, a stanza of it, as a specimen of its rhythmical adaptation to the melody, will be sufficient in this place:—

When Saint Patrick our order created,
And called us "The Monks of the Screw,"
Good rules he revealed to our Abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.
But first he replenished his fountain
With liquor the best in the sky;
And he swore, on the word of his saintship,
That fountain should never run dry.

I find it difficult to close this notice without observing that it has afforded me a no ordinary pleasure to have had it in my power, by the publication of this air, to add even one ray of light to the history of that remarkable phase of society which existed in Dublin towards the close of the last century,—a phase of society which is so interesting, from the varied talents and public virtues which it exhibited, and to which—as it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a parallel at any earlier period of our history—there is, perhaps, but little probability that a similar one will ever be seen again. The *words* of this song enabled us to bring before the mind that striking feature which characterized this state of society, namely, the indulgence of a playful and exuberant mirthfulness by men distinguished for their graver intellectual qualities:—we could imagine them attired in their

grotesque costumes, chanting, with ludicrous gravity, the burlesque verses furnished by their primest wit and humorist; but, to enable us to realize the scene more vividly, the actual musical *sounds* by which these verses were made audible were still wanting—and these are now supplied.



The Groves of Blackpool.

As I have stated in the preceding notice, the following different setting of the air just given is that now usually sung and played in Ireland, particularly in the county of Cork, where it is generally known by the name of "The Groves of Blackpool,"—a locality formerly so called, and which now, divested of its trees, forms an extensive suburb on the northern side of Cork city. The name thus given to the tune, if not derived from some older song, owes its origin to a ballad called "The Groves of Blackpool," or "De Groves of de Pool," by the late Richard Alfred Milliken, the well-known author of the burlesque words called "The Groves of Blarney," and which, as Mr. Crofton Croker acquaints us, "was intended to depict the return, or, as he humorously calls it, the 'advance back again,' of the 'gallant Cork City Militia,' after the rebellion of 1798, and their reception in 'de groves' which had sheltered the infancy of 'dose Irish heroes.'" As the whole of this song has been printed by Mr. Croker in his amusing volume, "The Popular Songs of Ireland," I do not deem it necessary to give any portion of it in this work. Indeed, with all due respect to the memory of "honest Dick Milliken," I confess that I feel but little admiration for the productions of that class of writers of whom he was one of the most distinguished, and who, following in the wake of Lord Wharton, the author of "Lilliburlero bullen-a-la"—but without the excuse of a political object, which that English nobleman had in view—have endeavoured to gain celebrity by attempts, usually stupid enough, to turn their countrymen into ridicule; thus giving some sad truth to the old saying, that if one Irishman is to be roasted, another will always be found ready to turn the spit. It is greatly to the honour of England and Scotland that they have produced, and would tolerate, no such class of writers.

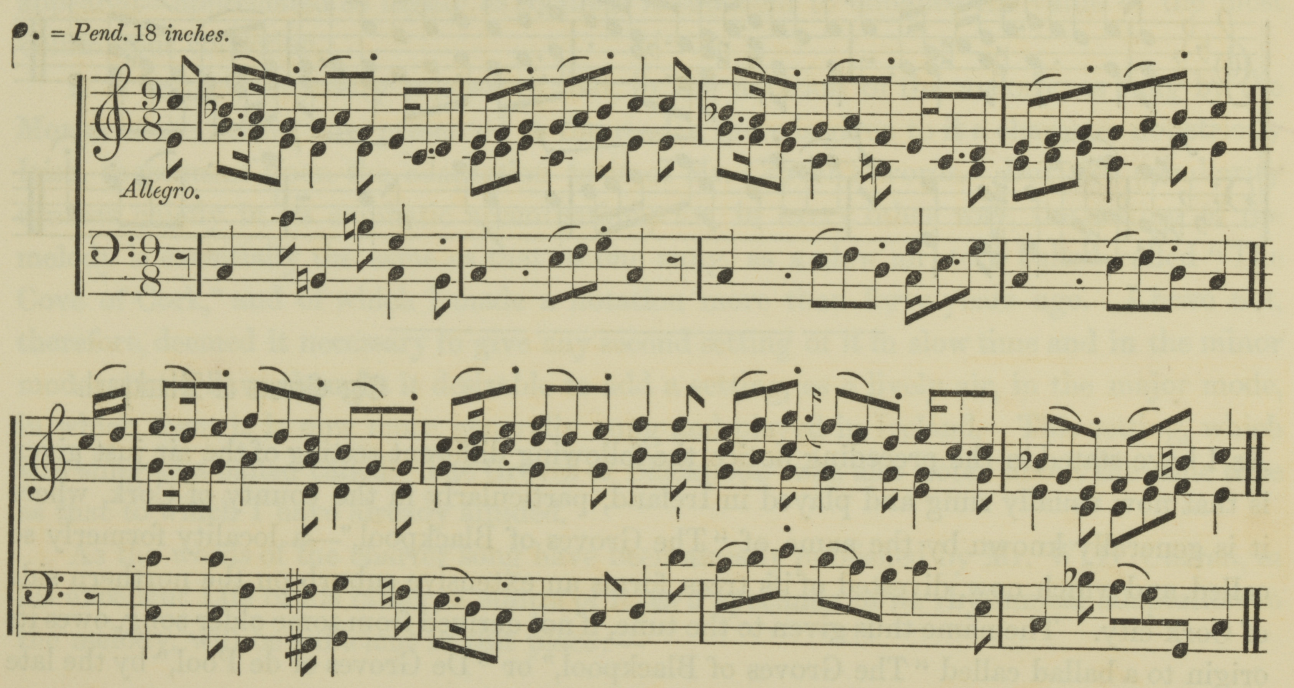
There have been, as I understand, many other street ballads adapted to this air, but I have only met with one of them, and of this a stanza will be a sufficient specimen.

I am a rakish young fellow,
That now leads a comical life:
My mind it will never be easy
Until I am tied to a wife.

Those seven long years I am courting,
And sporting my cash like a man:
I oftentimes pay the whole reckoning,
For such things I don't care a d—n.

Chorus. With my wattle, my pipe and tobacco,
I'll go out as clean as I can;
And if I'm rather fond of the girls,
Sure that's no bad sign of the man.

It should be observed, that all these street ballads have a chorus which requires a *Da Capo*, or return to the first strain of the tune.



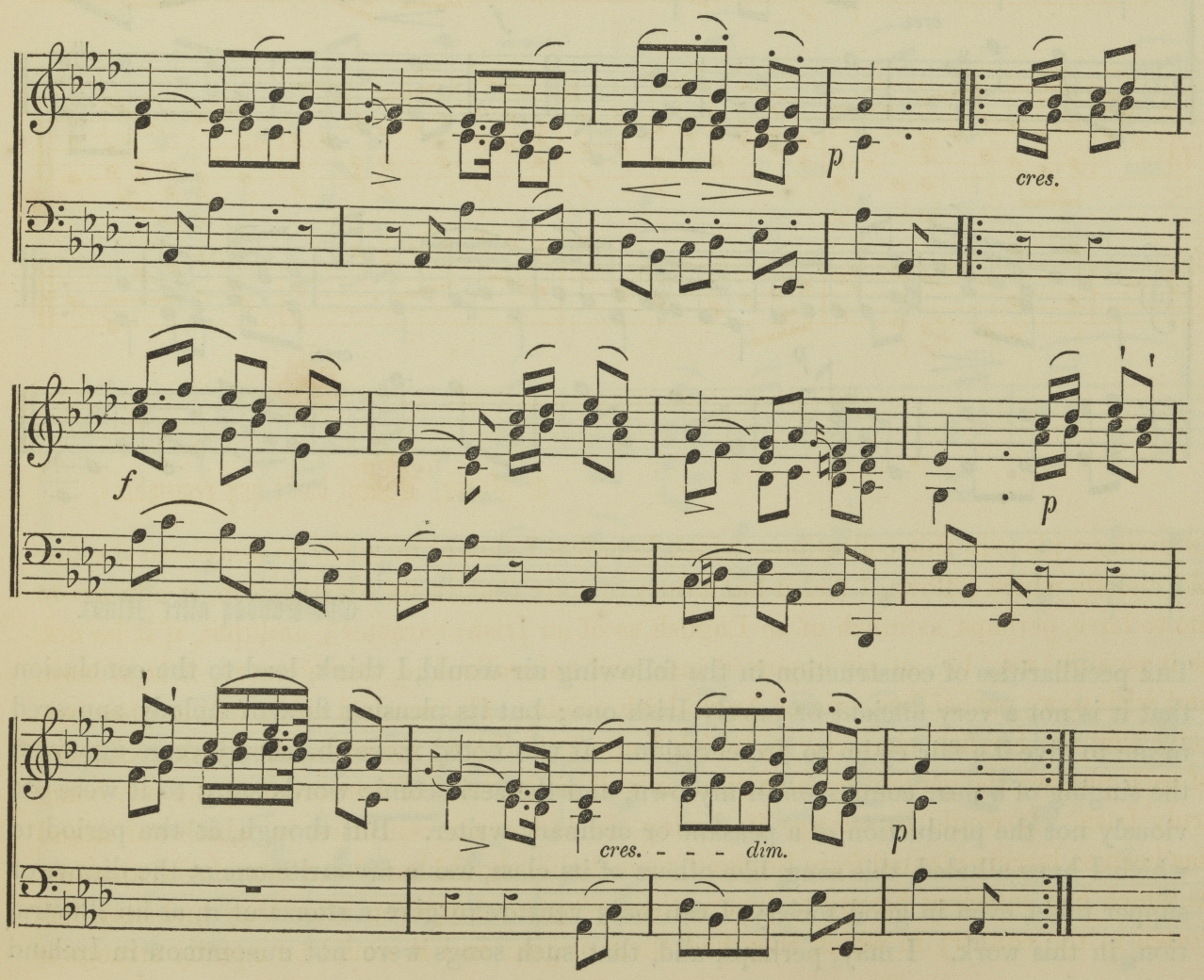
O Nancy, Nancy, don't you remember?

In giving a place in this collection—which I confess I should be sorry to deny—to the fine old melody which follows, I feel it but a duty to state that, in its construction, it appears to me to have, perhaps, as much of an English as of an Irish character; and that, if it be not, as it possibly may be, an air imported into, and naturalized in, our country, it is at least, and with more probability, one of Anglo-Irish origin. The musical critic will at once perceive that the English character to which I allude is chiefly found in the closing cadence of each phrase; the general construction, as well as the tone of sentiment of the air, being truly Irish. It would be strange if, during the last seven centuries, in which our island has been so largely planted from England, no melodies should have been introduced amongst us which had sufficient beauty to insure their perpetuation, even after they had been forgotten in the country in which they had their origin: and it would be equally strange if

the incorporation of the two races did not give birth to a class of melody indicative of the mixed character so produced, and to which the term Anglo-Irish might with propriety be applied. That there are airs of both classes, and particularly of the latter, still remaining in Ireland, I cannot entertain a doubt; and as there is now, unfortunately, no other evidence respecting their origin to be found, but that derived from their own peculiar characteristics, I shall, as I have done in the present instance, direct attention to such evidence as often as it may seem proper to do so, rather than exclude such airs from this collection.

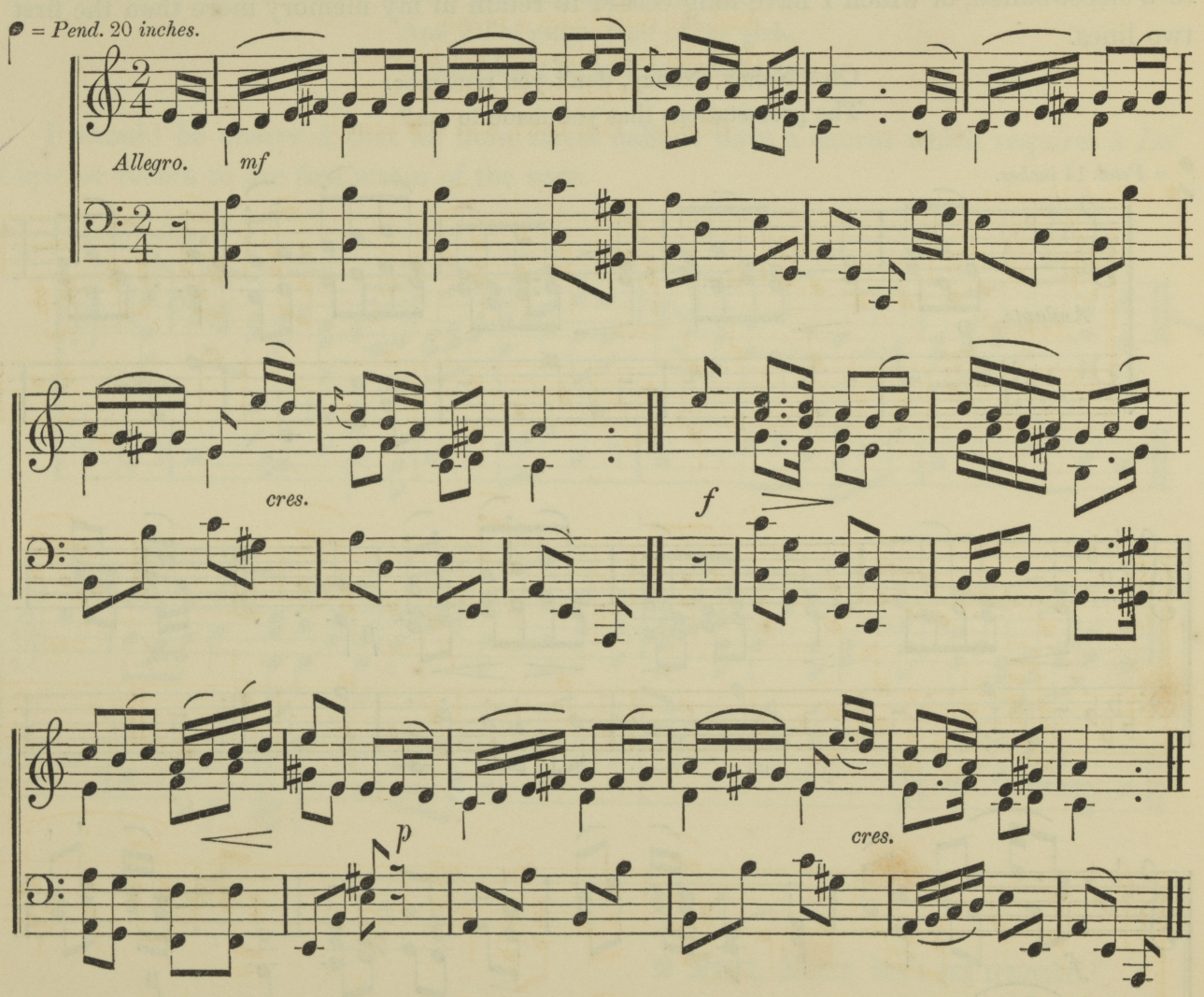
This melody was noted, nearly fifty years ago, from the singing of it by a servant girl, to a street-ballad, of which I have long ceased to retain in my memory more than the first two lines.

Oh! Nancy, Nancy, don't you remember
The protestations that you made to me?



Name unascertained.

If I ever heard the name of the following air, I regret that I have long since forgotten it. It is one of a large number of tunes which I noted from the singing of the Dublin street ballad-singers more than forty years ago; and though the tune is not very Irish in its character, nor probably very old, its spirit and flow of melody appeared to me to entitle it to a place in this collection.

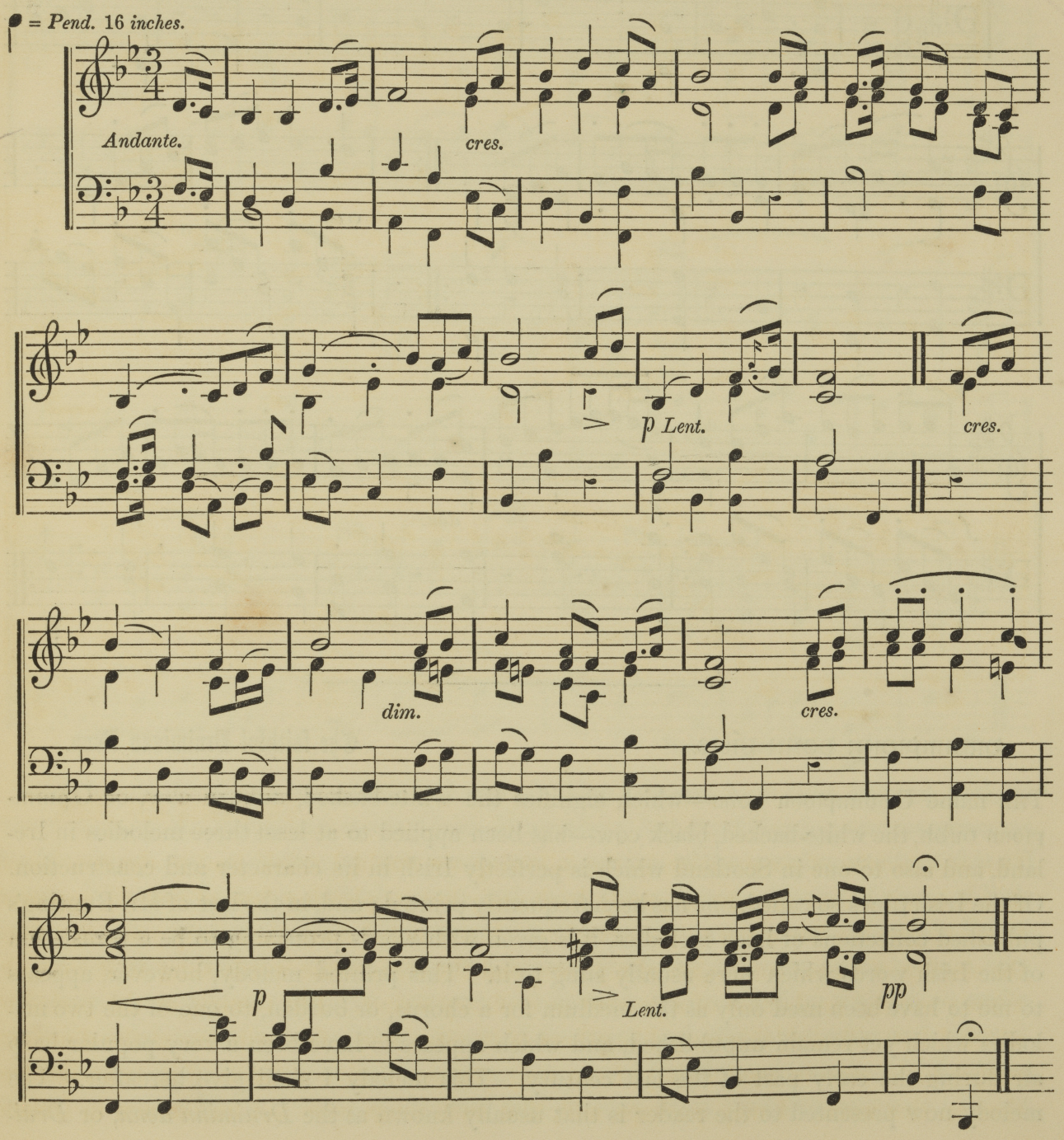


One Sunday after Mass.

The peculiarities of construction in the following air would, I think, lead to the conclusion that it is not a very ancient or purely Irish one; but its pleasing flow of melody appeared to me to give it a fair claim to preservation. It was noted more than forty years ago from the singing of a near connexion of my own, and the serio-comic words sung to it were obviously not the production of a peasant or ordinary writer. But though, at the period to which I have alluded, this song, like others of its class, was a favourite one at the dinner or supper table, even in good society, I can only venture to give a stanza of it, as an illustration, in this work. I may, perhaps, add, that such songs were not uncommon in Ireland

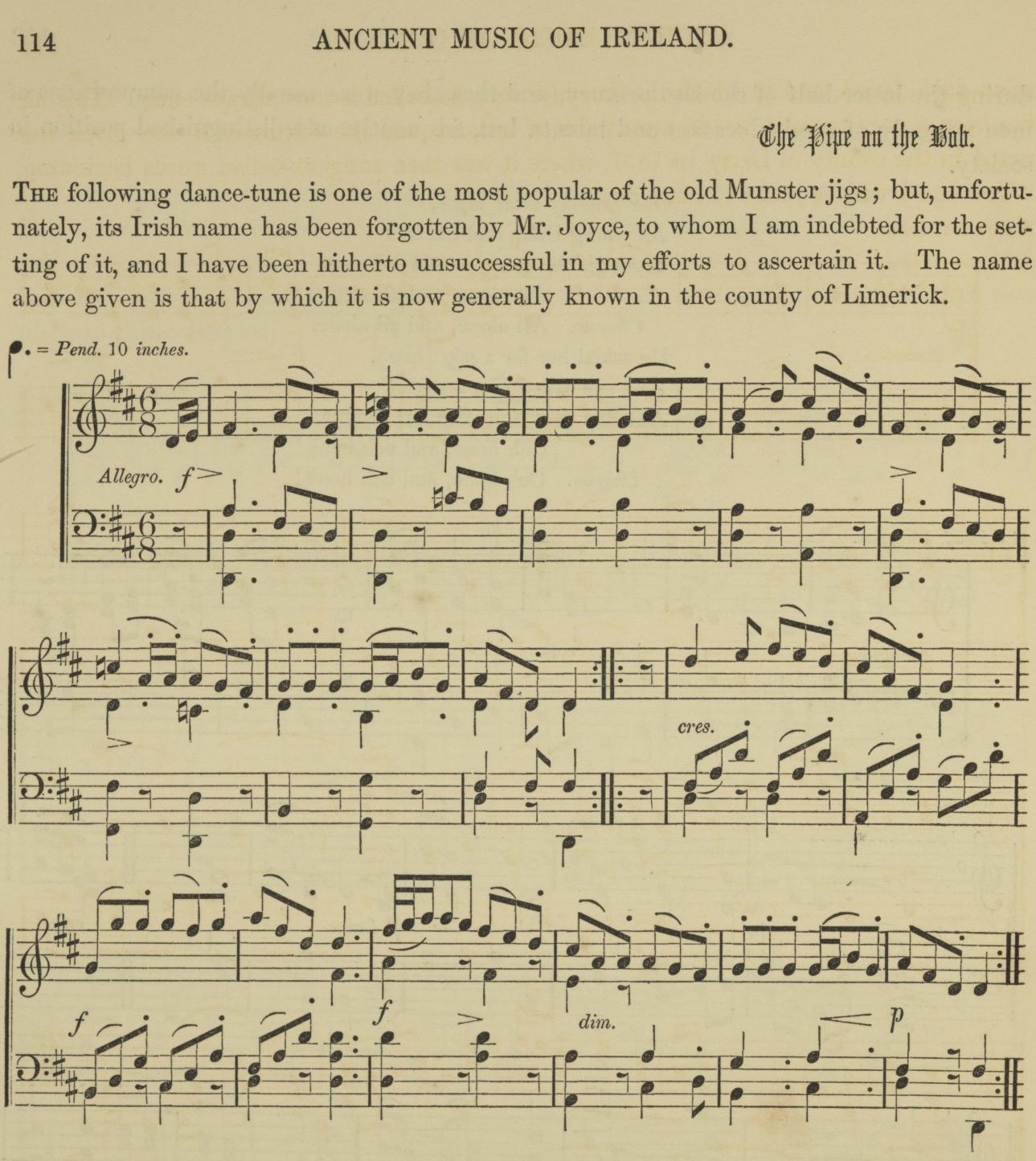
during the latter half of the last century, and that they were usually the compositions of men not only of good education and talents, but, frequently, of a distinguished position in society.

One Sunday after Mass,
As young Colin and his lass
Through the green woods did pass,
All alone, and all alone:
Chorus. All alone, and all alone.
He asked her for a *póg* [kiss],
And she called him a rogue,
And she beat him with her brogue,
Och hone, and och hone!
Chorus. Och hone, and och hone!



The Pipe on the Bob.

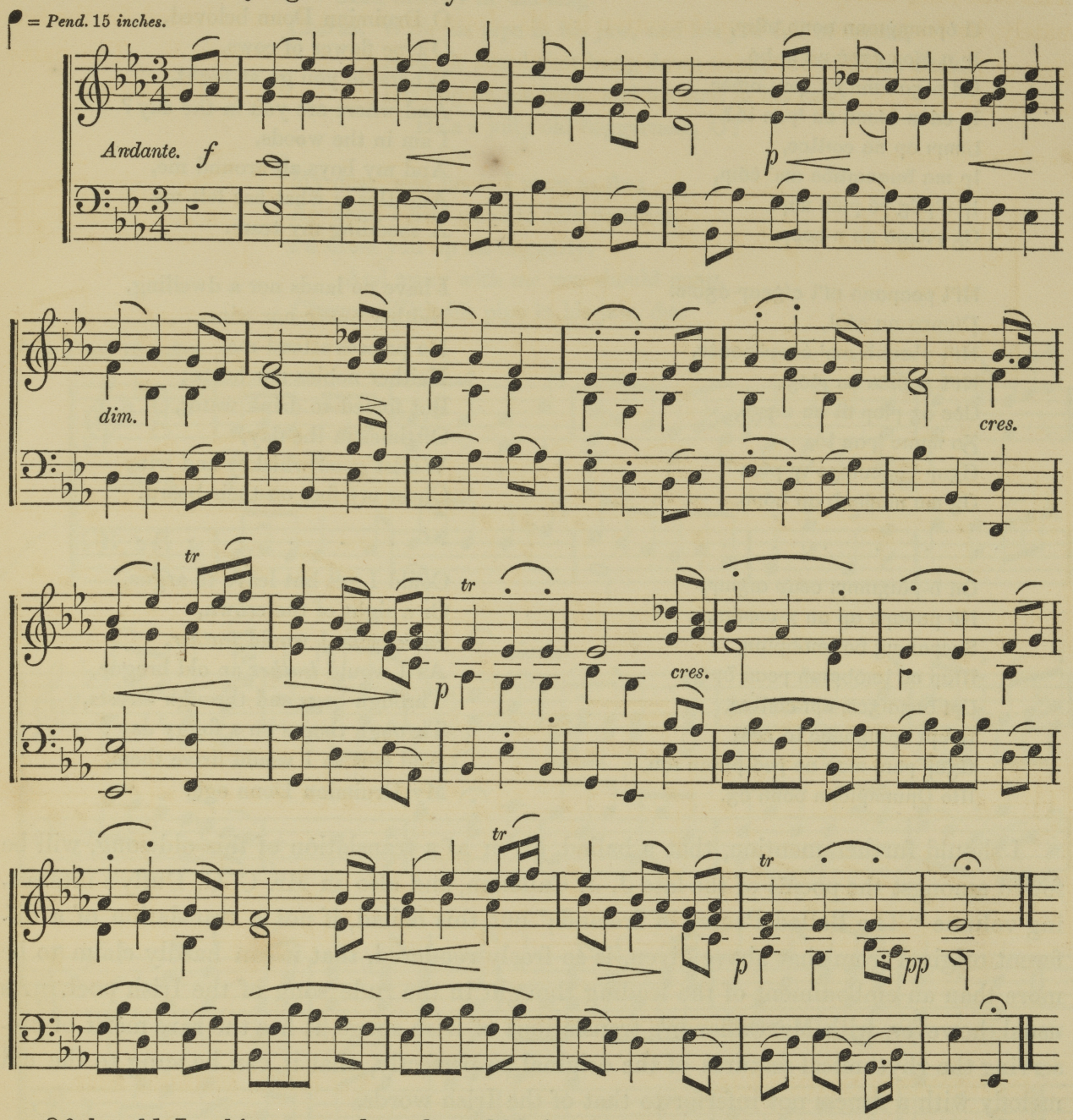
The following dance-tune is one of the most popular of the old Munster jigs; but, unfortunately, its Irish name has been forgotten by Mr. Joyce, to whom I am indebted for the setting of it, and I have been hitherto unsuccessful in my efforts to ascertain it. The name above given is that by which it is now generally known in the county of Limerick.



Druimfionn donn dílis. The faithful Druimionn Donn.

The name Druimfionn donn—which signifies the white-backed, auburn cow, or Druimfionn dubh, the white-backed, black cow—has been applied to at least three melodies in Ireland, and also to one in Scotland which is perfectly Irish in its character and construction. Of the Irish tunes so called, one has been frequently printed; and, in the last of Mr. Bunting's published collections of Irish melodies, it is given with words professing to be a translation of the Irish words which were usually sung to it. This printed melody, however, appears to me to have been used only as the medium for a chorus, or burden, to one of the two melodies which yet remain unpublished, and which appears to have been a very popular harp air during the early part of the last century. This melody I shall give hereafter. The melody now presented to the reader is that usually known as the *Druiminn donn*, or *Drui-*

minn dubh deelish, and to which the Jacobite song so called is now always sung. This air has been a very popular one in most parts of Ireland, and the setting of it now given was noted in the county of Derry in 1837, where it was then sung to ballad words beginning, "You and I will be judged in one day."



Of the old Jacobite song adapted to this air, three stanzas have been printed, without translation, by Mr. Hardiman in his "Irish Minstrelsy;" but the following stanzas, given me by Mr. Curry, are, according to that gentleman, a portion of the genuine words of this old song. They are, however, of little merit, and, except in a historical point of view, of little interest. The strange allegorical impersonation of Ireland,—or, as some think, of the Prince James Charles Edward,—in the form of a brown or black-sided cow, seems to be a very unnecessary, as well as grotesque, attempt to conceal a political feeling which is so undisguisedly exhibited in the concluding stanza of the song; and, like many other such allegorical impersonations in the Irish Jacobite songs—such as "Kathleen ni Oulaghan," "Kathleen Triall," "Graine Waile," "The Blackbird," &c.—it was, most probably, suggested by the

Flat + Sharp 4th

name of some older song which had been applied to this ancient air, and by which it was, at the time, most popularly known; for I cannot entertain a doubt that the melodies to which those Jacobite songs were written, are of an antiquity long anterior to those troubled times.

A ḃruimṁionn ḃonn ḃíliṙ,	O Druiminn Donn beloved,
Is a ṁíor sgoċ na m-bó,	O true flower of cows,
Cá n-gabann tú 'san oiḋċe,	Where do you go at night,
Is cá m-bíonn tu 'san ló?	And where are you in the day?
Bímṙi ar na coillṫe,	I am in the woods,
Is ma ḃuacailiḃe am' ḋóiṙ,	And my boys all around me,
Is ḃ'fágsa sé siúḋ miṙi	And this is what has left me
Ag silead na n-deór.	A shedding my tears.
Ní'l feaṙann ní'l tíġear agam,	I have no lands nor a dwelling,
Fíonta na céol,	Neither music nor wine,
Ní'l flaiṫiḃ am' ḋaoiṁḋeaḋt,	No princes attend me,
Ní'l saoiṫe na slóġ;	Neither nobles nor hosts;
Aċt ag síor ól an uiṙge,	But forced to drink water,
Go minic 'san ló,	Ofttimes in the day,
Agus beaṫuiṙge is fíon	Whilst good whiskey and wine
Ag mo naiṁḋiḃ ar bóṙḋ.	Cheer my foes on their board.
. . . . .	. . . . .
Dá ḃ-faigsinnsi ceaḋ aiġniṙ,	Could I get but leave to argue,
Nó saḋarc ar an g-coṙóin,	Or a sight of the crown,
Sacsanaiġ ḋo leiḋḃsinn,	Sassenachs I would *leather*,
Mar ḋo leiḋḃsinn sean ḃróg,	As I would *leather* an old brogue,
Tṙí ḃogaiġṫe, tṙí ḋoillṫe,	Through bogs and through forests,
Is tṙí ḋraiġneaċ lá ceó;	Through thorns on a foggy day;
Agus siúḋ mar ḋo ṫeólsuinn iaḋ,	And it is so I would drive them,
Mo Ḋruimṁionn ḃonn óg.	My Druiminn Donn oge.

I should further mention, that a ballad, given as a translation of this old song, will be found amongst the poems of the late J. J. Callanan, and also in Mr. C. G. Duffy's interesting volume "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland;" but this ballad, if not a translation of a different original from that above given, is so freely rendered, that it can hardly claim to be more than an embodiment of the leading thought in the rude song of the Irish poet. As usual, however, with Mr. Callanan's translations of Irish songs, it has the rare merit of preserving the rhythmical features of the original so perfectly, that it can be sung to the old melody with a fitness not inferior to that of the Irish words.

It was an old Beggarman, weary and wet.

I am indebted to my accomplished young friend, the poet, William Allingham, now Comptroller of Customs at New Ross, for the very characteristic air which follows, together with the annexed fragment of the old words now sung to it. They were learnt by that gentleman in the county of Donegal, and it is, most probably, to that locality that both the tune, and the Scoto-English words adapted to it, owe their origin.

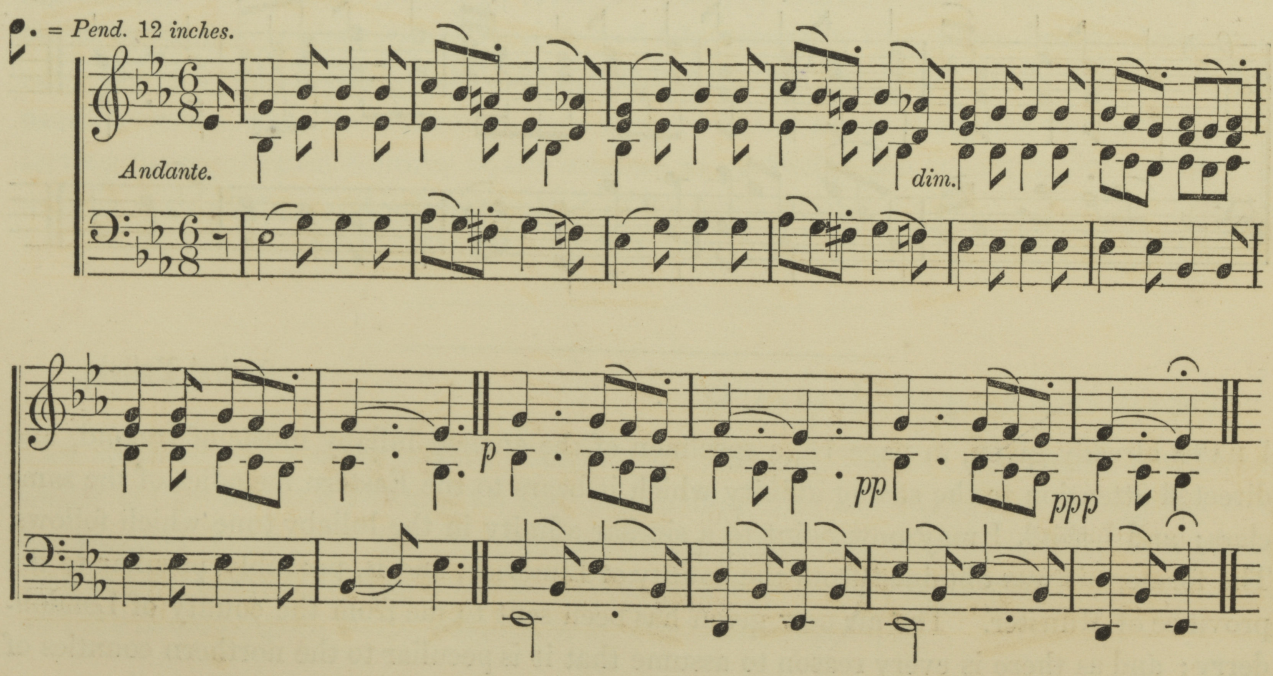
It was an old beggarman, weary and wet,
And down by the fireside he sat;
He threw down his bags and his oaken staff,
And merrily he did sing.
Chorus. With his pipe in his jaw, and his jaw full of smoke,
And his beard that hung down to the breast of his cloak,
His bag on his back, and his staff in his hand,
He's a jolly old beggarman, O!

My dear, said he, if I were as free
As when I first came to this countrie,
I'd dress you up all beggarly,
And away with me you should gang.
Chorus. With his pipe in his jaw, &c.

Ancient Lullaby.

I HAVE already given, in page 73, a specimen of the ancient lullaby music of Ireland, and directed attention to the strong affinity which it bears to the Eastern melodies of the same class; and I think I may now point to a similar affinity in the lullaby tune which follows. The former air was obtained from the county of Limerick, and is, probably, peculiar to the province of Munster. The air now given has been sent to me from the county of Londonderry; and as there is every reason to assume that it is peculiar to the northern counties of

Ireland, it may not be uninteresting to find such traits of Eastern character pervading airs obtained from such widely separated localities: and I have little doubt that a similar affinity will be generally found in the numerous airs of this kind which I have obtained from various parts of Ireland, and which shall, from time to time, appear in this work. The great number of airs of this class still preserved in Ireland is, indeed, a curious fact, and cannot but be regarded as an evidence, if any evidence were required, of the universal love for melody for which the Irish people were so remarkable,—a love which gave birth not only to this numerous class of lullaby melodies, but to other classes applicable to all possible purposes with which the employment of melody was compatible. How far Continental countries may be able to produce similar evidences of such a universal use of melody, it is beyond my purpose, as well as my ability, to inquire; but I may remark that, except among the Scoto-Hibernian race of the Highlands, I have found no evidence to prove the existence of such pervading uses of melody in any other portion of the British islands. And—reverting to the particular class of melodies now under consideration—even amongst the Highland airs published, I can only recollect to have met with two of such airs,—one in Fraser's, and the other in M'Donald's collection; and neither of these appear to me at all comparable with any of the Irish, either for beauty of melody, or fitness to the object for which they were intended. Of English, or Lowland Scottish, lullabies, I cannot remember to have seen a single example; and among the carefully collected published tunes of Wales I have found but one,—"*The* lullaby song which the Welsh nurses sing to compose their children to sleep." This melody, as far as it goes, has certainly a soothing tone, not unsuited to its purpose; but composed, as it is, like the well-known air by Rousseau, on only three consecutive notes of the scale, and forming a strain of only four bars, it is, as a melody, still less comparable than the Highland lullabies with any—even the least beautiful—of the Irish. It may, no doubt, be objected that numerous airs of this class may possibly exist both in Scotland and England, though they have been as yet unsought for with a view to publication; and against such objection I have no desire to contend; for, even in Ireland, where such melodies are abundant, one only, as far as I can recollect, has been hitherto published. In the collections of Bunting there is not an air of this class to be found.

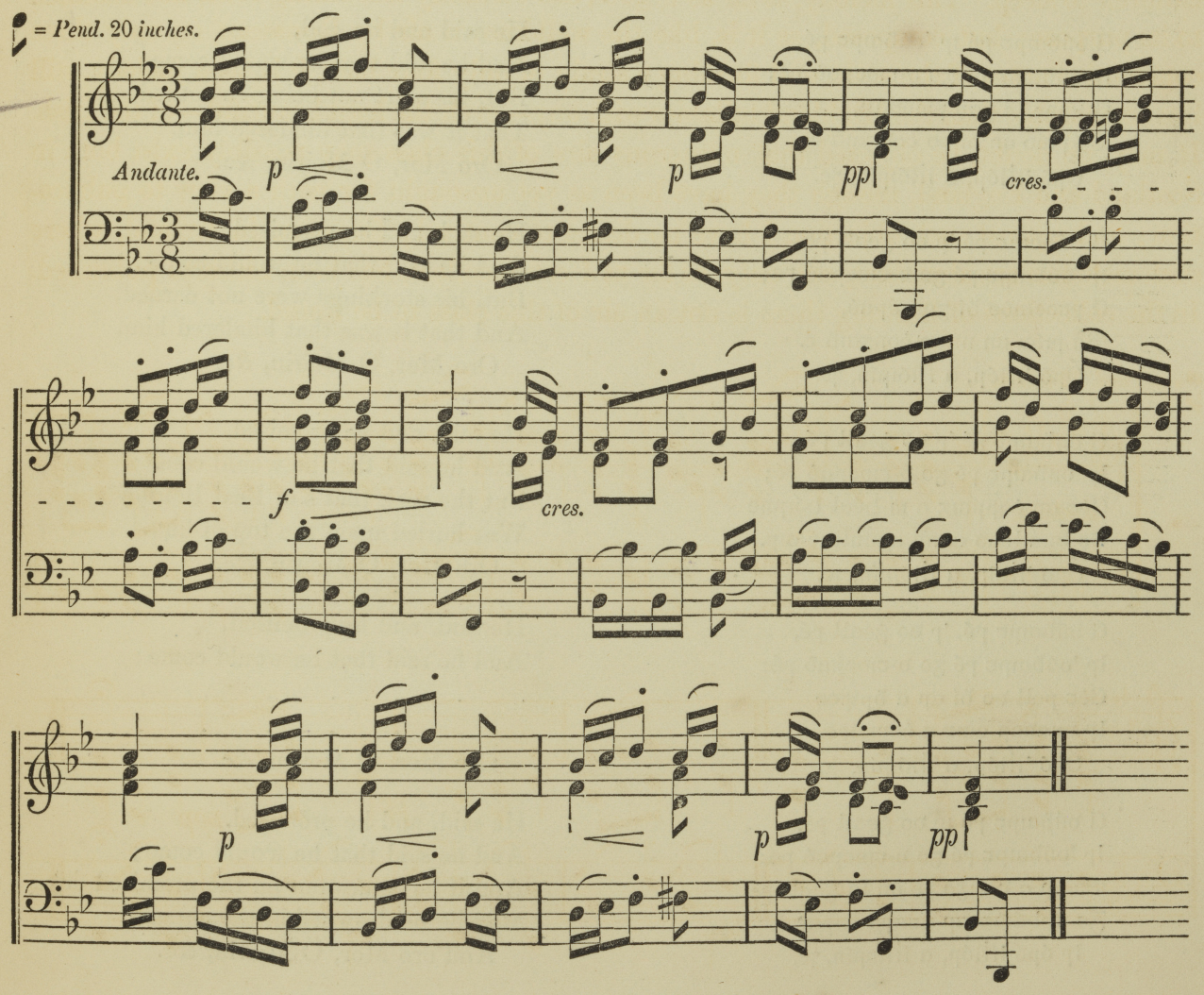


With respect to the general characteristics of this class of Irish tunes, I should remark that they are all either in common or in *six-eight* time, and never in triple time, properly so called. They are, occasionally, composed of a single strain, but more usually of two; and, in all instances, the melody, however tender and soothing in its expression, is never dull or heavy, but is marked by that rapid flow which is so distinguishing a feature in Irish music.

I have only to add, that I am indebted for this air to Miss Jane Ross, of Newtown-limavady, in the county of Londonderry.

Coola Shore; or, When I rise in the Morning with my Heart full of Woe.

The very characteristic air which follows is, probably, one of northern origin; as I have never heard it sung in either the Munster or Connaught provinces, while I have found it to be a well-known melody, in some, at least, of the counties of Ulster. It was noted about forty years ago from the singing of the late Mr. Joseph Hughes, of the Bank of Ireland, who had learnt it, in his childhood, in his native county of Cavan, where it was then sung to an Anglo-Irish street-ballad, of which three stanzas have been given me by Mr. Curry; but, with the exception of the first line, above given as a name, they are quite worthless.



ÓRÓ MOR A MOIRIŃ. Oro Mor, O Moirin.

Of several settings which I have obtained of the following air, the oldest is one from the O'Neill MS. of 1787, of which I have already more than once made mention. In that MS. the name given to the melody is "Down among the Ditches O," which, as Mr. Curry acquaints me, was given to it from an old street ballad of a gay, but somewhat licentious character. The following older Irish song, which was also sung to this air, is not entirely free from a similar objection; but, as an illustration of the playful satire of an Irish peasant girl—among her female companions—upon a lover who had annoyed her by failing in his appointment, it is not wanting in interest. The words of this old song, which were partly remembered by Mr. Curry, were obtained in a more perfect state from the Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon.

Ar dear an buachail Páidin,
Lá aonaigh nó margadh;
Is ni deire ná lá márta,
Ar daoh a báidin iomramha.
Óró 'Mhór, a Mhóirín,
Óró Mhór, an d-tiocfaidh tú,
Óró Mhór, a Mhóirín,
A dúilín óir, an d-tiocfaidh tú?

Handsome is the boy Paddy,
Upon a fair or market day;
But not handsomer than on a March day,
When gliding in his rowing-boat.
Oro Mor, O Moirin,
Oro Mor now will you come,
Oro Mor, O Moirin,
O, golden-haired one, will you come?

A dúbairt sé is 'dúbairt sé,
Is dúbairt sé go d-tiocfadh sé;
A léine bí gan smúdáil,
'Sa siúd an ní do chongaib é.
Óró 'Mhór, a Mhóirín, &c.

He said and he said,
And he said that he would come;
But, his shirt not being smoothed,
That it was that hindered him.
Oro Mor, O Moirin, &c.

A dúbairt sé 's do gheall sé,
Is 'dúbairt sé go d-tiocfadh se;
A stocaide bí gan úradh,
'Sa siúd an ní do chongaib é.
Óró 'Mhór, a Mhóirín, &c.

He said, and he promised,
And he said that he would come;
But, his stockings were not darned,
And that it was that hindered him.
Oro Mor, O Moirin, &c.

A dubairt sé 's do gheall sé,
Is 'dubairt sé go d-tiocfadh sé;
Acht an charraig a m-Béal Boirne
Do buaileadh annsa mullach air.
Óró 'Mhór, a Mhóirín, &c.

He said, and he promised,
And he said that he would come;
But the rock that's in Beal Boirney
Was hurled upon the top of him.
Oro Mor, O Moirin, &c.

A dúbairt sé, 's do gheall sé,
Is 'dúbairt sé go d-tiocfadh sé;
Acht poll do bí ar a bríste
Is duadar caite a chomaire.
Óró 'Mhór, a Mhóirín, &c.

He said, and he promised,
And he said that he would come;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Oro Mor, O Moirin, &c.

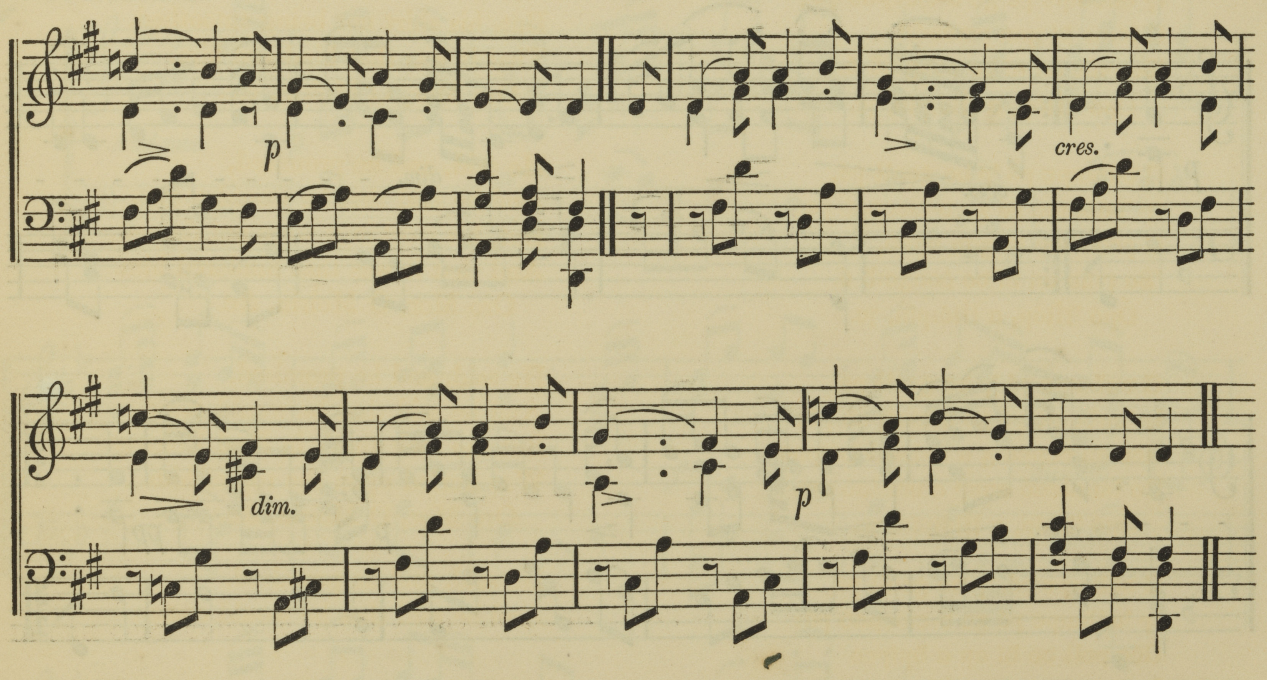
A dúbairt sé is do gheall sé,
Is 'dúbairt sé go d-tiocfadh sé;
'Smar a d-tíghe sé an lá gheall sé,
Go m-báidhfear annsa churach é.
Is óró 'Mhór, a Mhóirín, &c.

He said, and he promised,
And he said that he would come;
And if he comes not on the promised day,
May he be drowned in the curach.
And oro Mor, O Moirin, &c.

On this song Mr. Curry has favoured me with the following remarks :—

"It will be seen from the chorus to these verses that the present song is not the original one. It is addressed by a girl to a *boy*, but the chorus is addressed to a girl, named Mor (Moria), and, by way of endearment, diminished to Moirin (Moreen); and I may remark that this name, Mor, is one of historical fame and noble distinction in Ireland. It is obvious, therefore, that the writer of the present song took the old tune, and, along with it, the incongruous chorus; but this was nothing unusual.—See the *Gra ma chree do chooleen*, &c.

"It is evident, from the sarcastic bitterness of the last three verses, that the girl had suspected that Paddy's breach of promise arose from other causes than those she jocularly pretended to find for it. The language is very good, and the song appears to belong to the borders of the counties of Clare and Galway. Beal Boirney is on the Clare side of the Bay of Galway, which shows that the faithless Paddy belonged to the former county, whilst the disappointed girl must have belonged to the other."

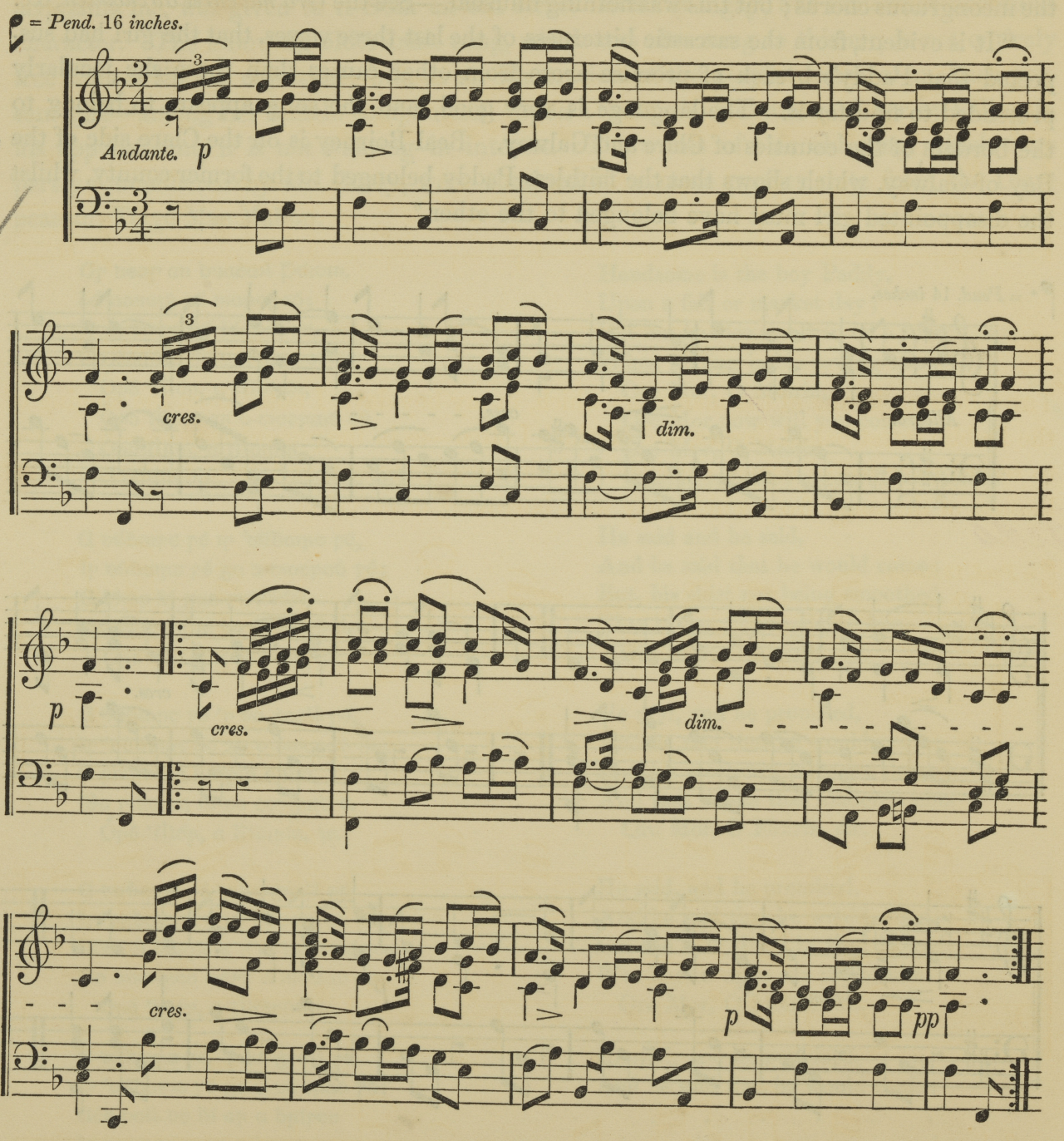


SAOḂ NÍ ḞAELÁIN. Sally Whelan.

The following beautiful and characteristic melody was noted in 1839, at the Maam Hotel, in "The Joyce Country," county of Galway, from the singing of the late Patrick Coneely, the Galway piper, and also from the singing of some of the female peasants of that

romantic district, to which, as it was said, the air properly belonged. Of the words sung to it—an Irish love-song—I neglected then, unfortunately, to make a writing, and I have never since had an opportunity for doing so.

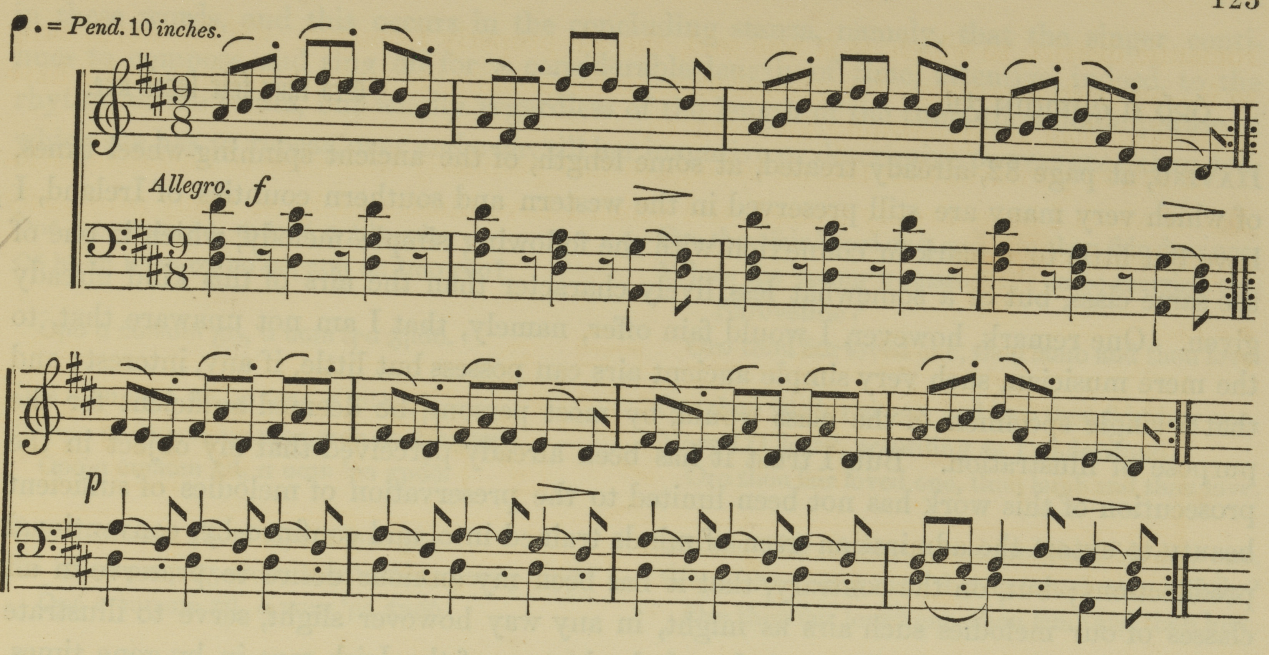
It will be perceived that this air belongs to that peculiarly Irish class of narrative melodies of which I have already treated, and which I have illustrated by so many previously unpublished examples.



---

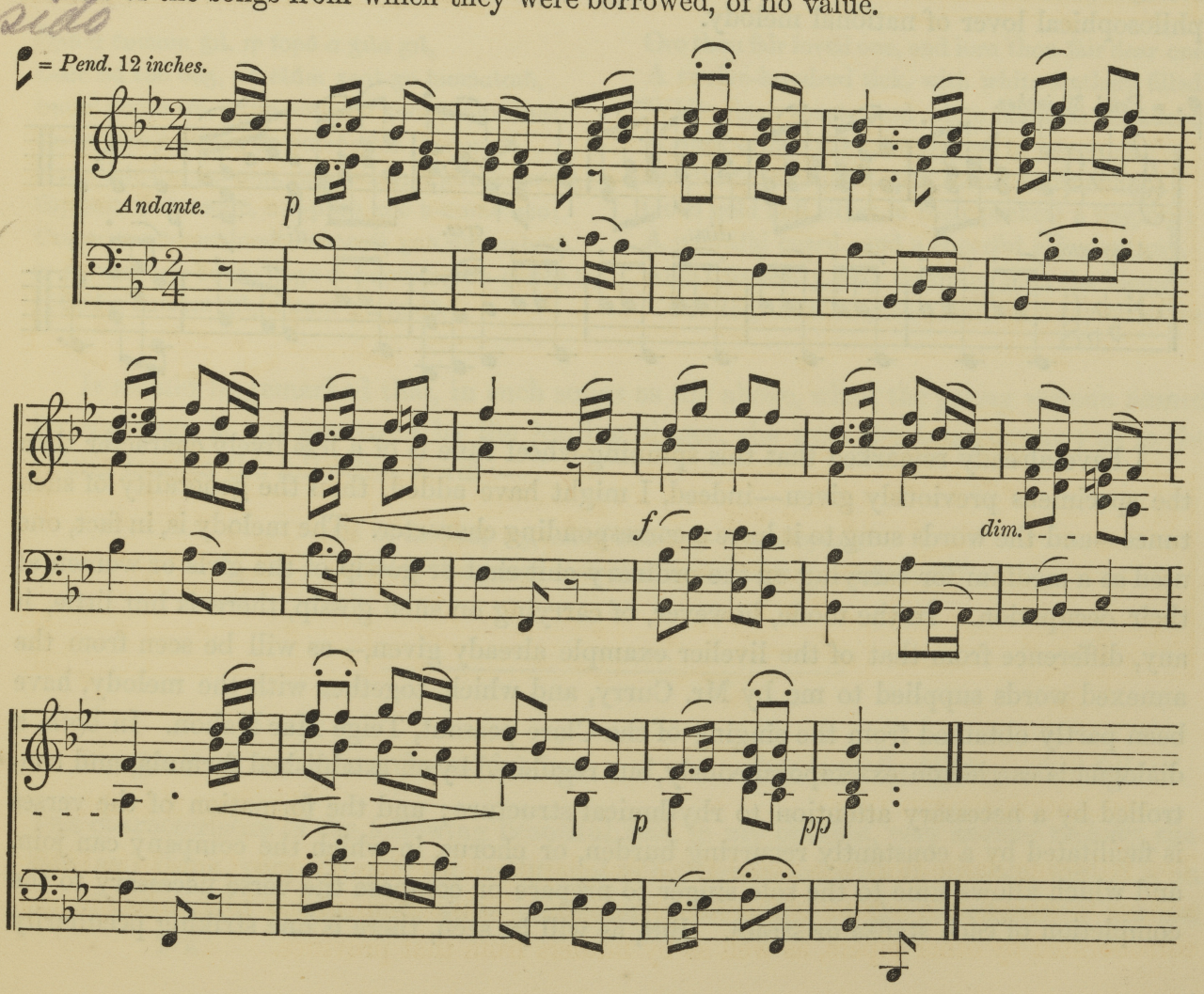
caillleaċa ċũiġiḋ uláḋ. The Rags of Ulster.

The following dance-tune was noted from the playing of the late Patrick Coneely in 1839; and, as he stated, it is a tune of Connaught origin. This statement has been subsequently corroborated by other pipers, as well as by fiddlers from that province.



Name unascertained.

THE following is one of the many airs which, in my boy-days, I noted from the singing of the Dublin street ballad-singers, and of which I often—as in the present instance—neglected to record their ballad names, considering such names as recent, and, from the usual worthlessness of the songs from which they were borrowed, of no value.



ÓRÓ A ĊUMAIN ĠIL. Oro thou fair loved one.

Having, at page 82, already treated, at some length, of the ancient spinning-wheel tunes, of which very many are still preserved in the western and southern counties of Ireland, I have but little to remark in connexion with the following simple melody, which is one of the same class, but of a somewhat less lively character than the airs of this kind already given. One remark, however, I would fain offer, namely, that I am not unaware that, to the mere musician, such very simple ancient airs can possess but little, if any, interest; and that a single specimen of the class would, by most persons, be deemed sufficient for the purpose of illustration. But, I trust it has been already perceived that my object in the prosecution of this work has not been limited to the preservation of melodies of sufficient beauty to extort the admiration even of minds trained into, and confined by, conventional predilections; but, on the contrary, that it has been my anxious desire to preserve in all classes of our melodies such airs as might, in any way however slight, serve to illustrate the peculiar nature of the Irish mind, and the history of the Irish race in by-gone times. And though the finer melodies of my country, from their singular depth of feeling and beauty of construction, must necessarily always possess a higher and more universal interest, yet the simpler, and perhaps more ancient, melodies, designed to lighten the burden of daily labour, and to give joy to life, can never be deemed of little value by the enlightened investigator of the history of the human race, or be felt of little interest by the sensitive and philosophical lover of national melody.

I have already remarked that this spinning-wheel tune is of a less lively character than the specimens previously given—indeed, I might have added, than the generality of such tunes—and the words sung to it have a corresponding character. The melody is, in fact, one used as a medium for carrying on the ordinary chit-chat or gossip of the girls or women at their occupation. In the mode, however, of carrying on such gossip, there is but little, if any, difference from that of the livelier example already given,—as will be seen from the annexed words supplied to me by Mr. Curry, and which, together with the melody, have been partly obtained from the singing of the Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon. In both, a dialogue is carried on extemporaneously, but regulated by an established formula, and controlled by a necessary attention to rhythmical structure; and the formation of the verses is facilitated by a constantly recurring burden, or chorus, in which the company can join, and which allows time to the solo singer to prepare or compose the verse necessary to the completion of each stanza or strain. But, as will be seen, there is one striking peculiarity

in these words, and this occurs in the concluding stanza, namely, that the singer continues to compose and sing on for a considerable length of time, attentive, indeed, to the rhythm of the verses, but wholly regardless of the length of the tune, the middle phrase of which she has to repeat, over and over, till her inventive or descriptive powers are exhausted.

Óró a ċumain ġil, ir ſoró a ġile ġil,
Cé hí an bean oġ bo póṙṙar an lnid reo?
  Óró a ċumain ġil, a uain 'ra ġráḋ.

Óró a ċumain ġil, ir ſoró a ġile ġil,
Máire ní Ċléire, bo réir mar bo ċuiġimre.
  Óró a ċumain ġil, a uain 'ra ġráḋ.

Óró a ċumain ġil, ir ſoró a ġile ġil,
Cé hé an ṙear óġ ionar buailead an ronar air?
  Óró a ċumain ġil, a uain 'ra ġráḋ.

Óró a ċumain ġil, ir ſoró a ġile ġil,
Seáan ó Ceinnéidiġ, bo réir mar a ċuiġimri.
  Óró a ċumain ġil, a uain 'ra ġráḋ.

Óró a ċumain ġil, ir ſoró a ġile ġil,
Cad ſ an ċóir róṙda raġaid ar an lanaṁuin?
  Óró a ċumain ġil, a uain 'ra ġráḋ.

Óró a ċumain ġil, ir ſoró a ġile ġil,
Toċt bá céd béġ, ṙá ċlúṁ ġeal go hiomalaiḃ,
Bruiġ ġeala lín, aġur ruím bo ġeal ṙluideana;
Coilci ḋon t-ṙíoḋa, ar baoire 'tá 'Luimneċ;
Coinnleóiriḃe óir ann, arbórdaib a ġliorcarnaiġ;
Airġead ir ór maiṫ, a b-póca ġaċ n-duine aco;
Cuideaċta ṙaoici, na b-timċeall ġan uireasbaiḃ,
Ir ġuiḋimri go buan, ir go m-buaiḋter an cluiċe leó
  Óró a ċumain ġil, a uain 'ra ġráḋ.

Oro thou fair loved one, and ioro thou fair dear one,
Who's the young woman that's to be married this Shrovetide?
  Oro thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro thou fair loved one, and ioro thou fair dear one,
Mary O'Cleary, according as I understand.
  Oro thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro thou fair loved one, and ioro thou fair dear one,
Who's the young man that is struck at so luckily?
  Oro thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro thou fair loved one, and ioro thou fair dear one,
John O'Kennedy, according as I understand.
  Oro thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro thou fair loved one, and ioro thou fair dear one,
What nuptial suit shall be found for the couple?
  Oro thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro thou fair loved one, and ioro thou fair dear one,
A twelve-hundred tick, with white feathers filled;
White linen sheets, and white blankets abundant;
A quilt of fine silk, the dearest in Limerick;
Candlesticks of gold upon tables a glistening;
Good gold and silver in their pockets a jingling;
A plentiful board, and a cheerful gay company,
And I fervently pray that they gain the victory.
  Oro thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

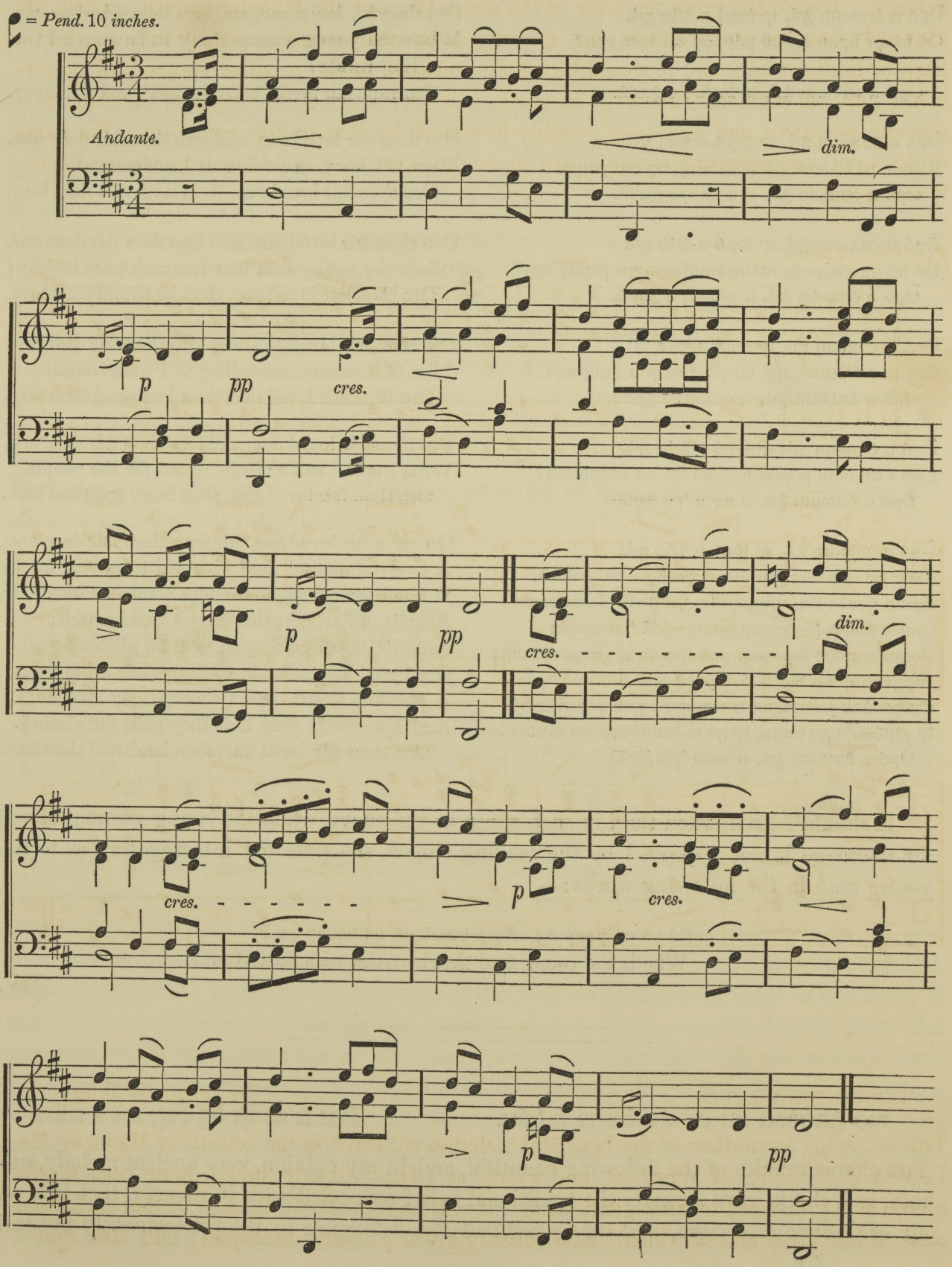
It should be remarked that, in such songs as the above, when the young woman named for marriage is not approved by the leading singer, she puts the interrogatory as to the young man in the following words:—

Cé hé an ṙear óġ, ionar buailead an donor air?
Who is the young man that is struck with misfortune?

MO ĠRÁḊSA AN *JUG* MÓR IS É LÁN. Dear to me the big Jug, and it full.

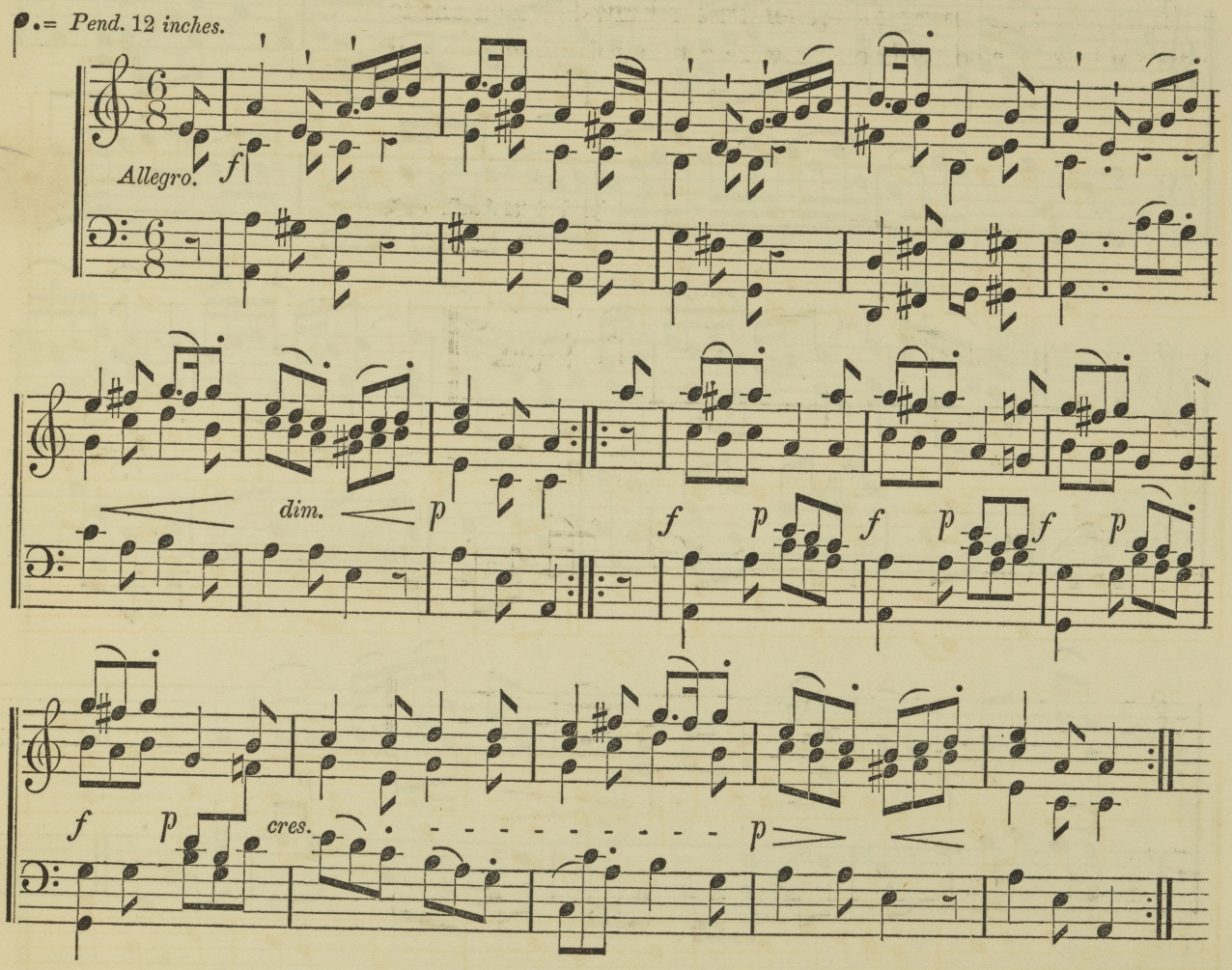
THE characteristics of the following beautiful, and, in my opinion, very ancient melody, sustain, as I think, very strongly the traditional belief connected with it, namely, that it is an air of Connaught origin, and, more particularly, belonging to the pre-eminently musical

county of Mayo. It was noted during the summer of 1839, from the singing of the Galway piper, the late Patrick Coneely, who sang it to Irish words very little expressive of the tender and impassioned sentiment of the melody,—as may be gathered from the line above given, which I have been constrained to preserve as a name for the air.



A Double Jig—Name unascertained.

THE fine old dance-tune which follows was noted, in 1852, from the playing of Patrick Hurst, a fiddler from the county of Leitrim, to which locality, as he assured me, the tune properly belongs. Unlike the great majority of the dance-tunes of the Munster counties, which are obviously bagpipe compositions, this melody, as its characteristics clearly indicate, had a harp or fiddle origin, and it would be wholly unsuited to the peculiar nature and powers of the national wind instrument;—in truth, it is very much in the style of Carolan's best jigs and planxties, and may very possibly be a work by that prolific composer. The name of this tune was unfortunately unknown to, or forgotten by, the fiddler from whose playing it was noted.



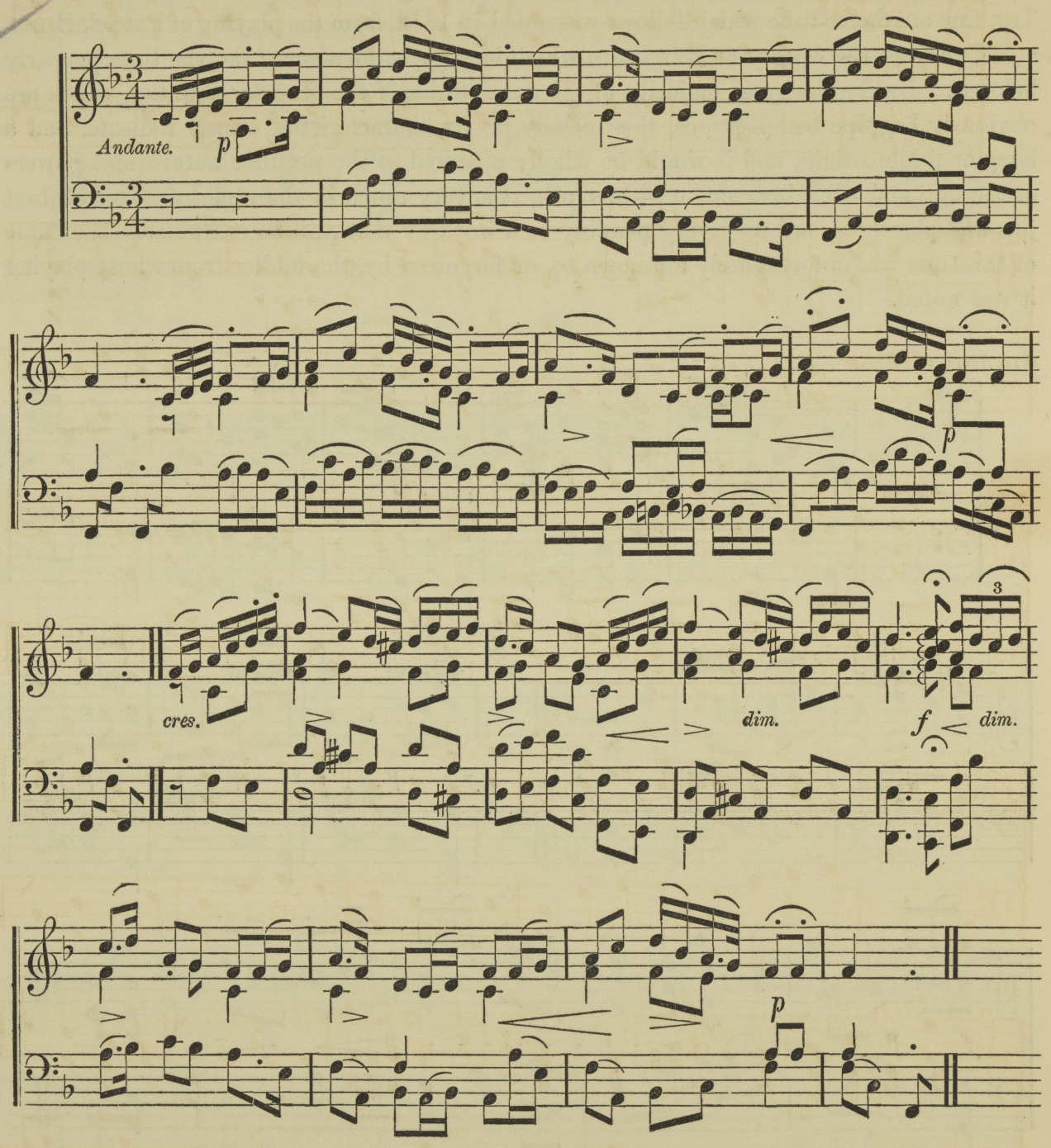
---

preab annsa n-ól.

Spring into the Drink.

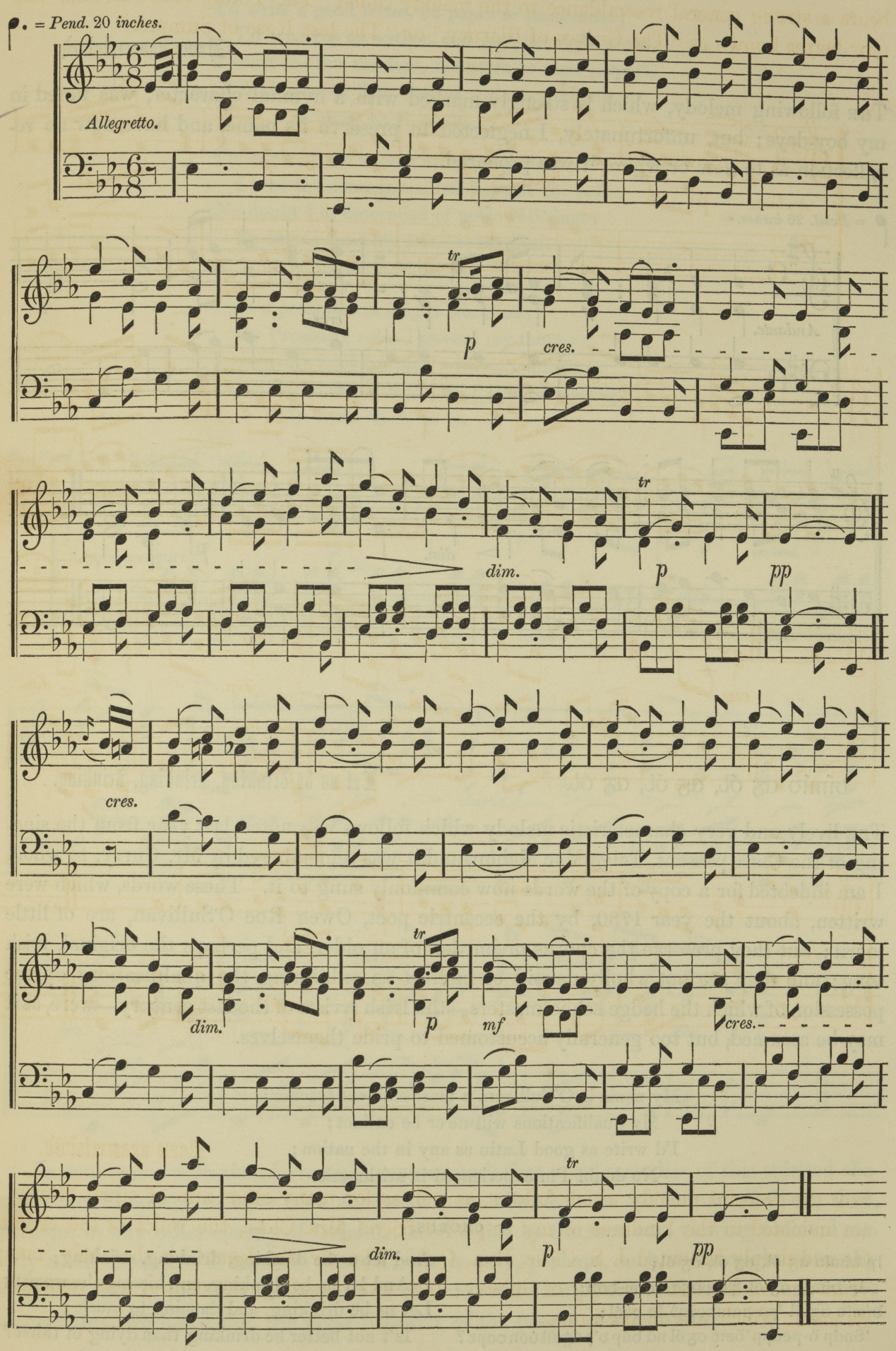
THE following is another of the beautiful melodies collected in the county of Mayo, by Mr. Patrick J. O'Reilly, of Westport, and which, as I have already stated, have been kindly placed at my disposal by that gentleman. It will be seen that it belongs to that numerous class of narrative airs of which I have already given so many examples; and also, that it

bears a strong general resemblance to the melody called "The Young Man's Dream," and now better known as "The Groves of Blarney," or "The last Rose of Summer."



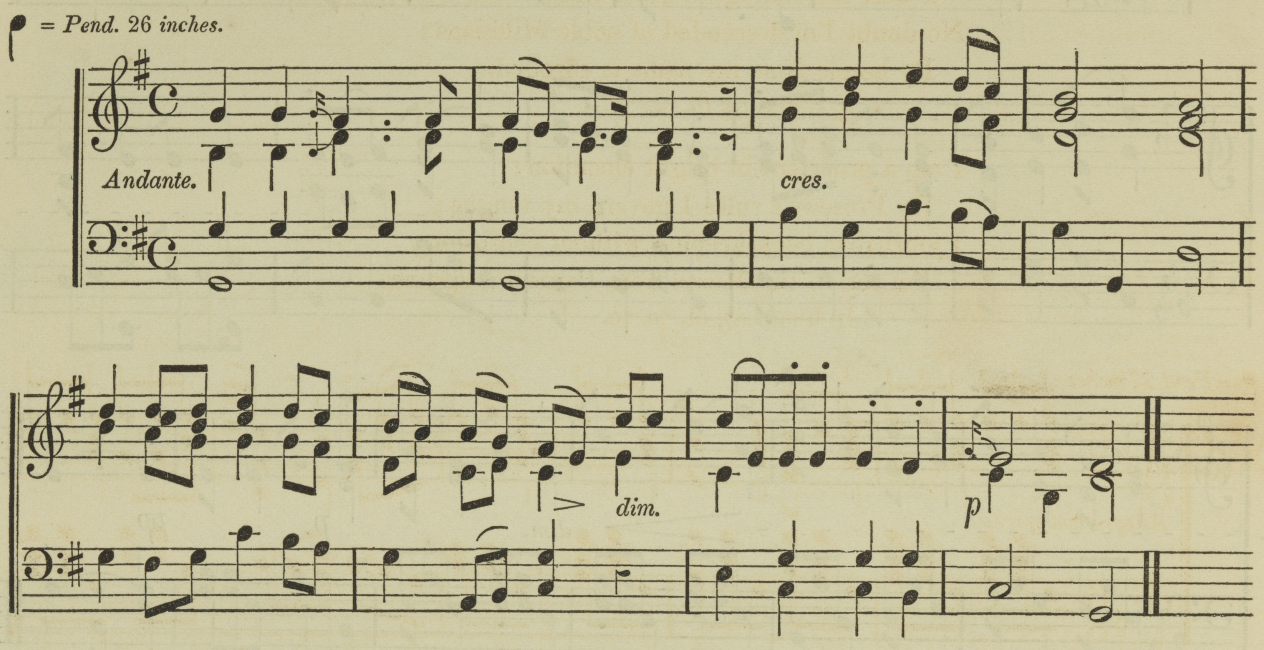
Name unascertained.

For the graceful melody which follows, as well as for many other airs of equal beauty, I am indebted to the kindness of my respected friend Mrs. Close, the relict of the estimable and deeply lamented J. S. Close, Esq., Q.C. The air was learnt by that lady, many years ago, in her native county of Galway; but, unfortunately, she cannot now remember its name, which was an Irish one.


♩. = Pend. 20 inches.
Allegretto.
tr
p
cres.
tr
dim.
p
pp
cres.
dim.
tr
p
mf
cres.
tr
dim.
p
pp

Name unascertained.

THE following melody, which is strongly marked with a hymnal character, was noted in my boy-days; but, unfortunately, I neglected to preserve its name, and have now no recollection as to how or where it was procured.



---

bímíd aᵹ ól, aᵹ ól, aᵹ ól. Let us be drinking, drinking, drinking.

THE lively and very characteristic melody which follows was noted last year from the singing of the Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon, and it was remembered by Mr. Curry, to whom I am indebted for a copy of the words now commonly sung to it. These words, which were written, about the year 1780, by the eccentric poet, Owen Roe O'Sullivan, are of little merit; but they preserve the chorus or burden of an older, and perhaps the original, Irish song; and they are not wholly devoid of interest as exhibiting the qualifications on the possession of which the hedge schoolmasters—the Irish lyrists of the last century—were, as it may be assumed, but too generally accustomed to pride themselves.

My name is O'Sullivan, a most eminent teacher;
My qualifications will ne'er be extinct;
I'd write as good Latin as any in the nation;
No doubt I'm experienced in arithmetic.

CHORUS.

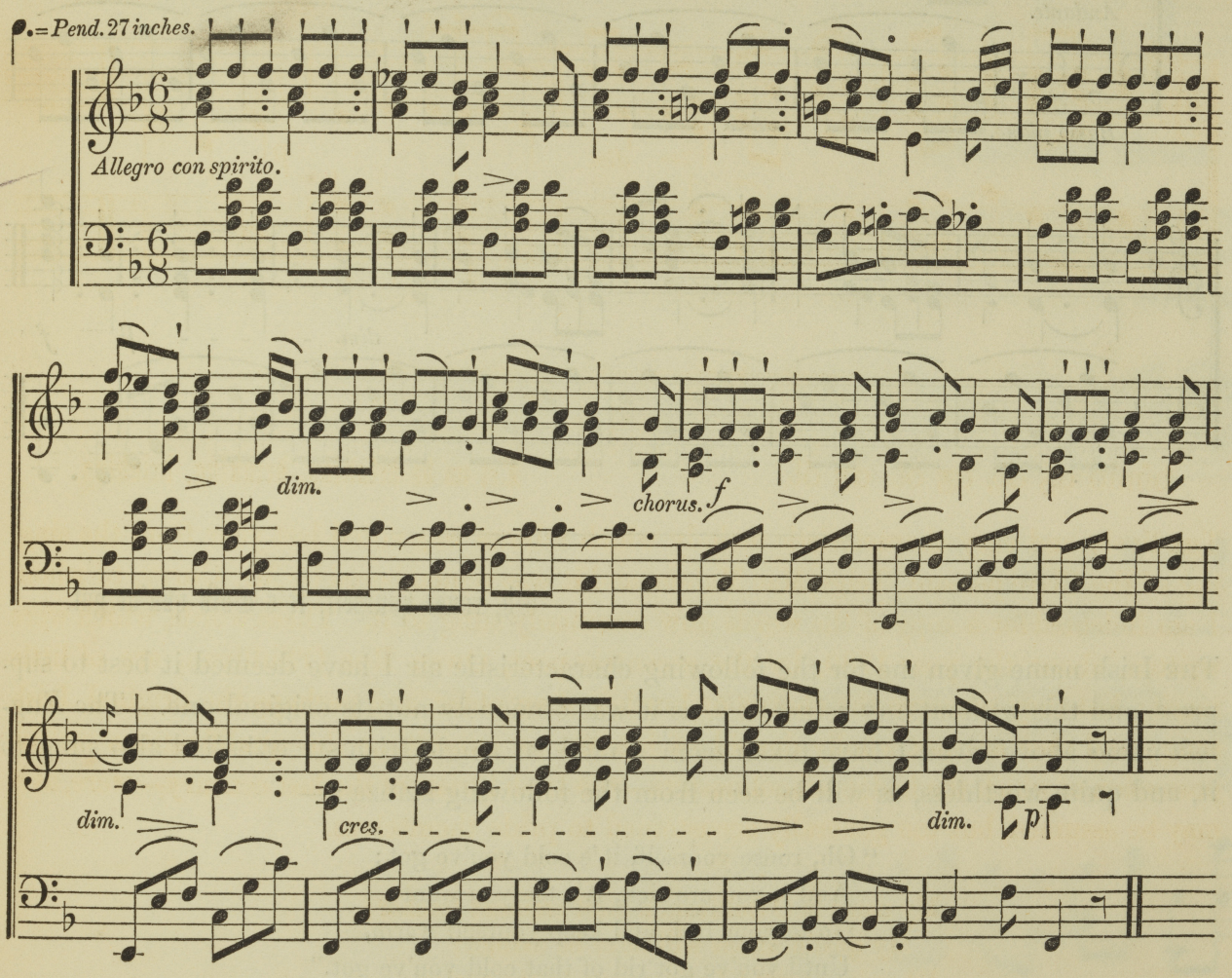
Ir bímíd aᵹ ól, aᵹ ól, aᵹ ól;
Ir bímíd aᵹ ól 'ra póᵹa na m-ban;
Bímíd aᵹ ól 'ra rainnceaḋ le ceól;
'Snár b-fearr 'beiṫ aᵹ ólná bár d'fáᵹail ḋon tart?

And let us be drinking, drinking, drinking;
And let us be drinking, and kissing the women;
Let us be drinking, and dancing to music;
Is't not better be drinking than dying of thirst?

I'd write a good letter, on paper or parchment;
I'd construe an author, and give the right sense;
I court the fair maidens, unknown to their parents,
And gaze on their charms without evidence.
Ir bímíd ag ól, &c. &c.

I'm counted the valiant at congregations;
I beat the courageous, and humble the bold;
No doubt I'm descended of noble Milesians;
By heroic fame my name is enrolled.
Ir bímíd ag ól, &c. &c.

I am a proficient in bright elocution;
By Prosody's rules I govern my tongue;
I journalize book-keeping without confusion;
I'm son to the Muses from Parnassus sprung.
Ir bímíd ag ól, &c. &c.



In connexion with the above air, I may remark that vocal melodies of this spirited character would appear to have been anciently more abundant in the county of Clare, than, perhaps, in any other county of Ireland. And if this be the fact, and viewing national melody as an exponent of national character, it is only, perhaps, such as we might naturally expect to find in the ancient territory of the eminently manly tribe of the Dal Cass, whose descendants still constitute the great majority of the people of that county.

Ploughman's Whistle.

The ploughman's whistle which follows was given me by my valued friend and brother artist, Mr. Thomas Bridgford, R.H.A., a gentleman who combines with his high artistic talents the not unusual concomitant of a fine musical taste. It was learnt in his boyhood from the whistling of one of his father's workmen, at his nursery gardens near Dublin; but, as Mr. Bridgford has no recollection as to what part of Ireland the man came from to the metropolis, I am unable to offer even a conjecture as to the county or province to which the air properly belongs.

Oh, rouse yourself, it's Cold you've got.

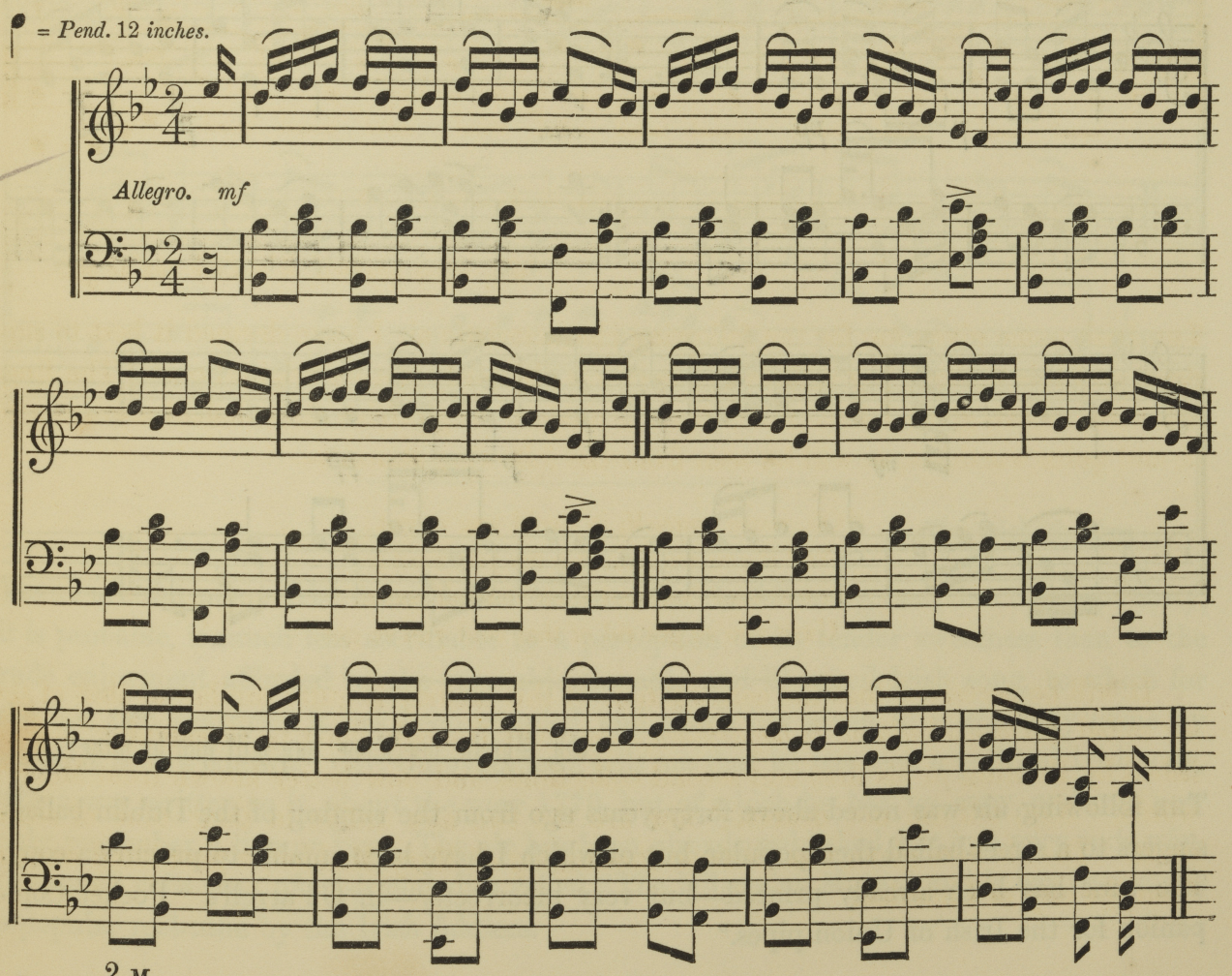
The Irish name given me for the following characteristic air I have deemed it best to suppress, and this without any reluctance, as it was obviously not its original one. The English name above given I have taken from a modern Anglo-Irish street-ballad also sung to it, and quite worthless, as will be seen from the following stanza :—

"Oh, rouse yourself, it's cold you've got;
And if you are sick, it's tea you want;
Go to your bed, and keep yourself warm,
Until you've got rid of that cold you've got."

It will be perceived that the construction of this melody is quite similar to that of the air called *A Dhonnchadh na bi bagarthach*,—or, "Oh, Donogh, don't be threatening,"—published by Bunting in his first and second collections, and now better known from Moore's words, "Nay, tell me not dearest;" nor are the two airs unlike in their tone of sentiment. The air here given was set from the singing of Mary Madden, a poor blind woman from the city of Limerick.

The Strawberry Blossom.

THE following, which has been for a long time one of the most popular of the Irish reel-tunes, is most probably of Munster origin. It is equally a favourite with the pipers as with the fiddlers throughout Ireland; but its peculiar features clearly indicate a violin parentage.

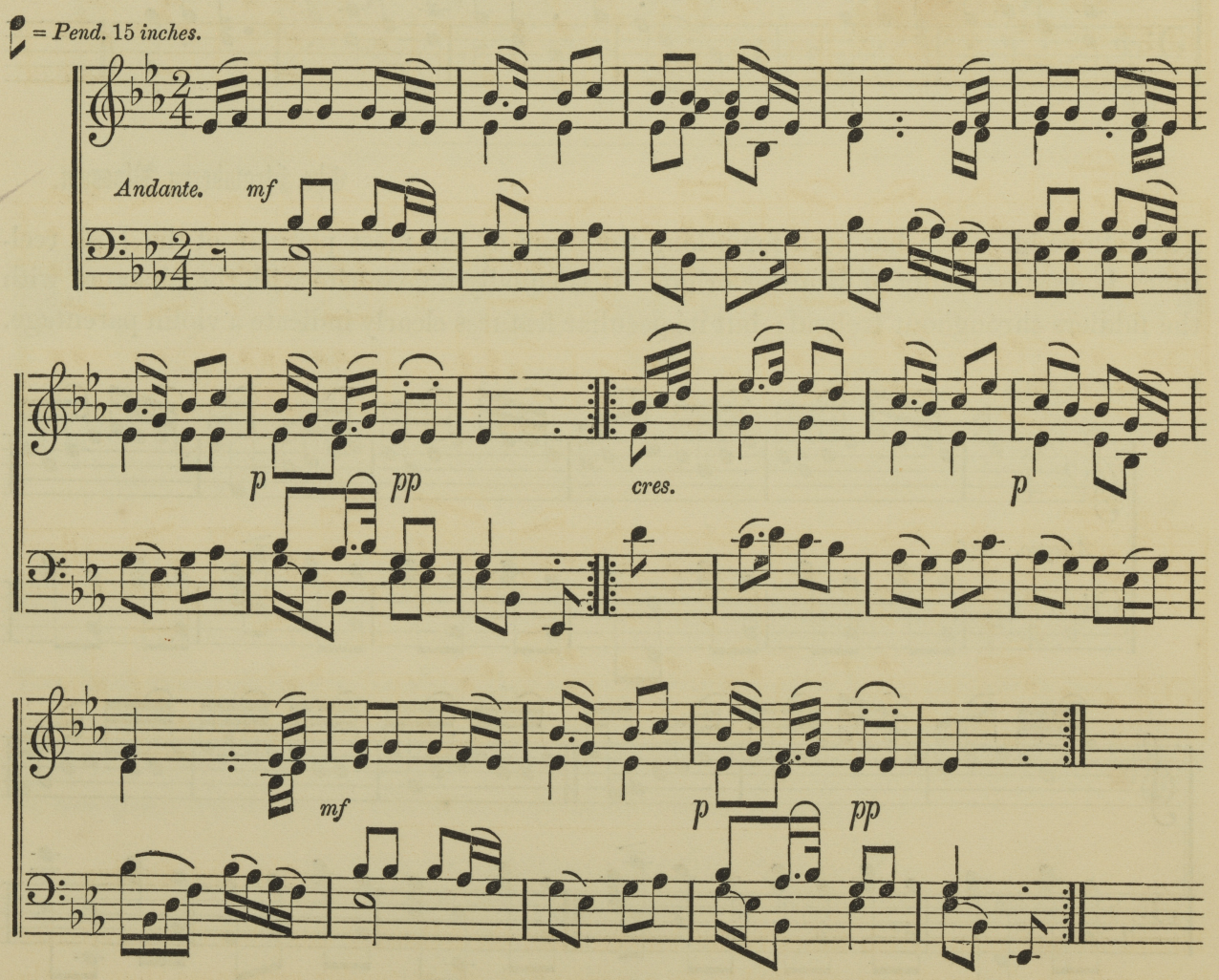


Oh, Johnny, dearest Johnny.

The air which follows was set in the county of Londonderry in the summer of 1837, and is very probably a tune of Ulster origin. It was sung to an Anglo-Irish peasant-ballad, of which I have only preserved the following quatrain:—

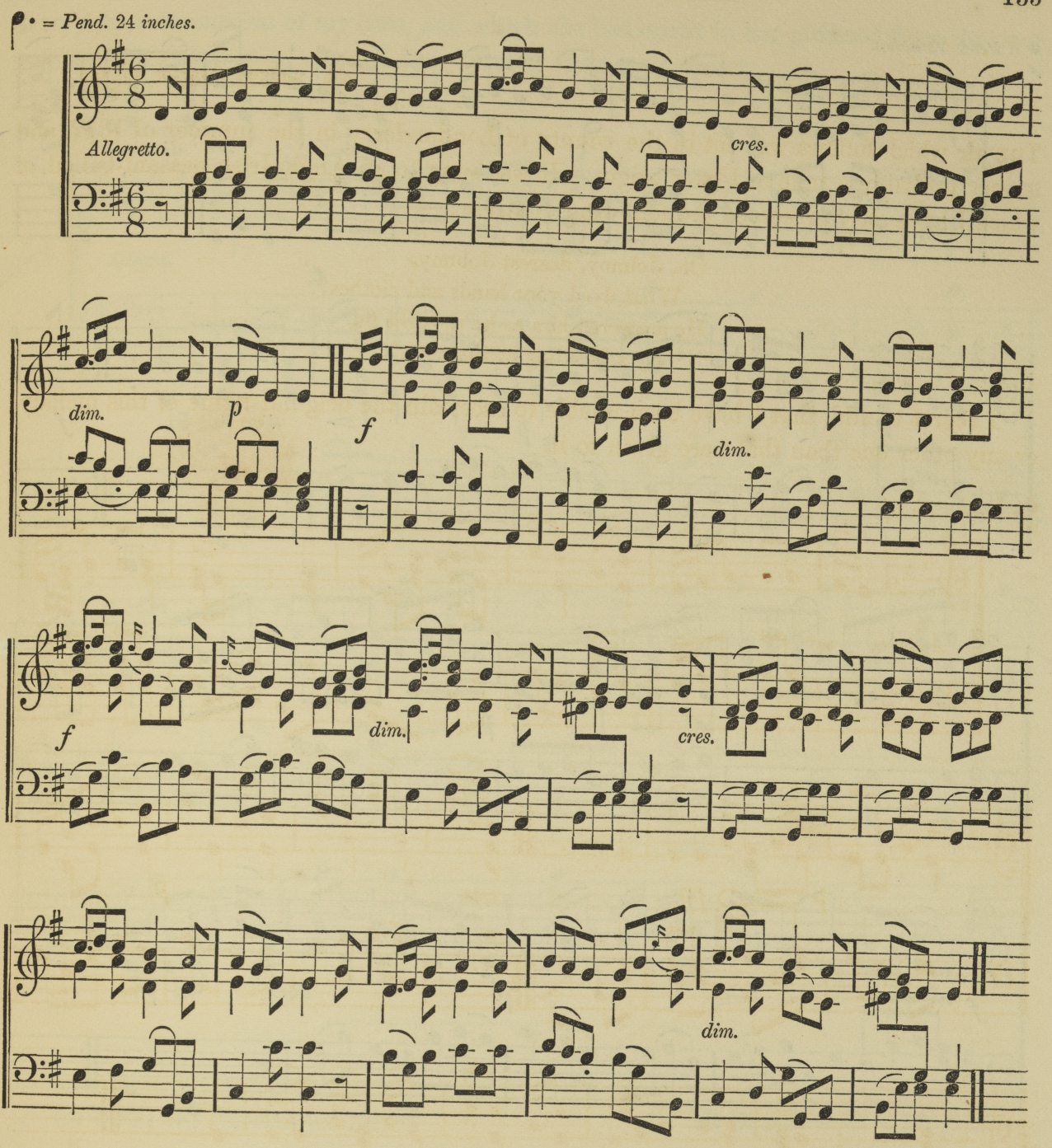
Oh, Johnny, dearest Johnny,
What dyed your hands and clothes?
He answered him as he thought fit,
"By a bleeding at the nose."

I regret to add, that I have been unable to ascertain the original name of this melody, or any other one than that here given to it.



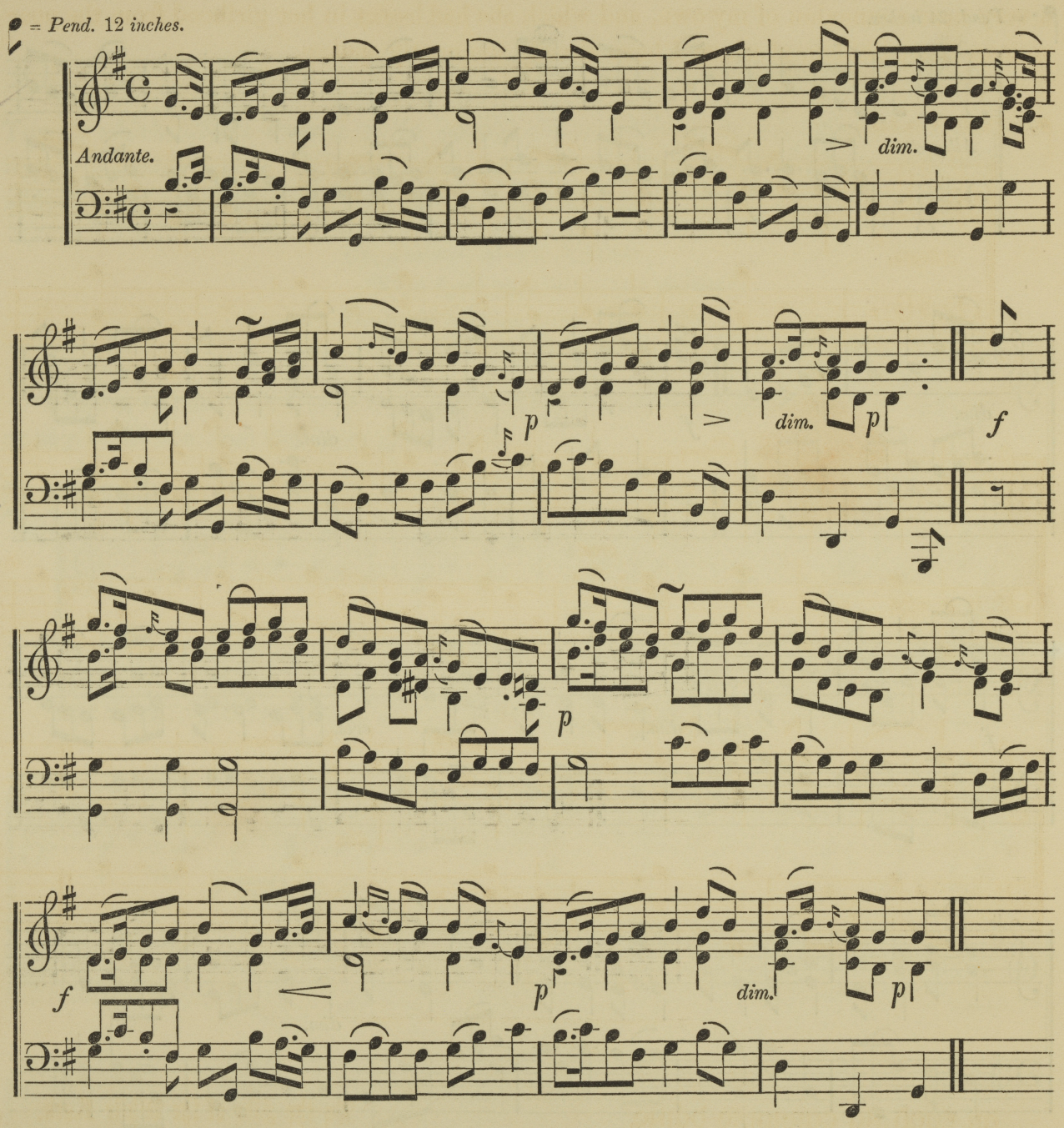
Oh, Sheela, my Love, say will you be mine?

The following air was noted above forty years ago from the singing of the Dublin ballad-singers to a street-ballad then popular, but of which I have been unable to procure a copy. The tune has been already printed—but very incorrectly—in O'Farrell's "Pocket Companion for the Irish or Union pipes."



The Irish Hautboy.

There are not many Irish tunes better known than the following one; but this popularity, it is probable, is much less ascribable to a perception of its tender sweetness than to the rude enjoyment afforded by the very objectionable and ill-suited Irish song, to which for the last two centuries it has been coupled, and which has given to it the only name by which it is now known. Mr. Curry, indeed, tells me that he has seen a political Irish song, which was written to it, about the year 1770, but of which he has no copy, and can now only remember a line or two. The air has been already published, but in a very rude way, in a small collection of Irish melodies called "The Hibernian Muse;" and it has been made a popular reel-tune by the Irish fiddlers.



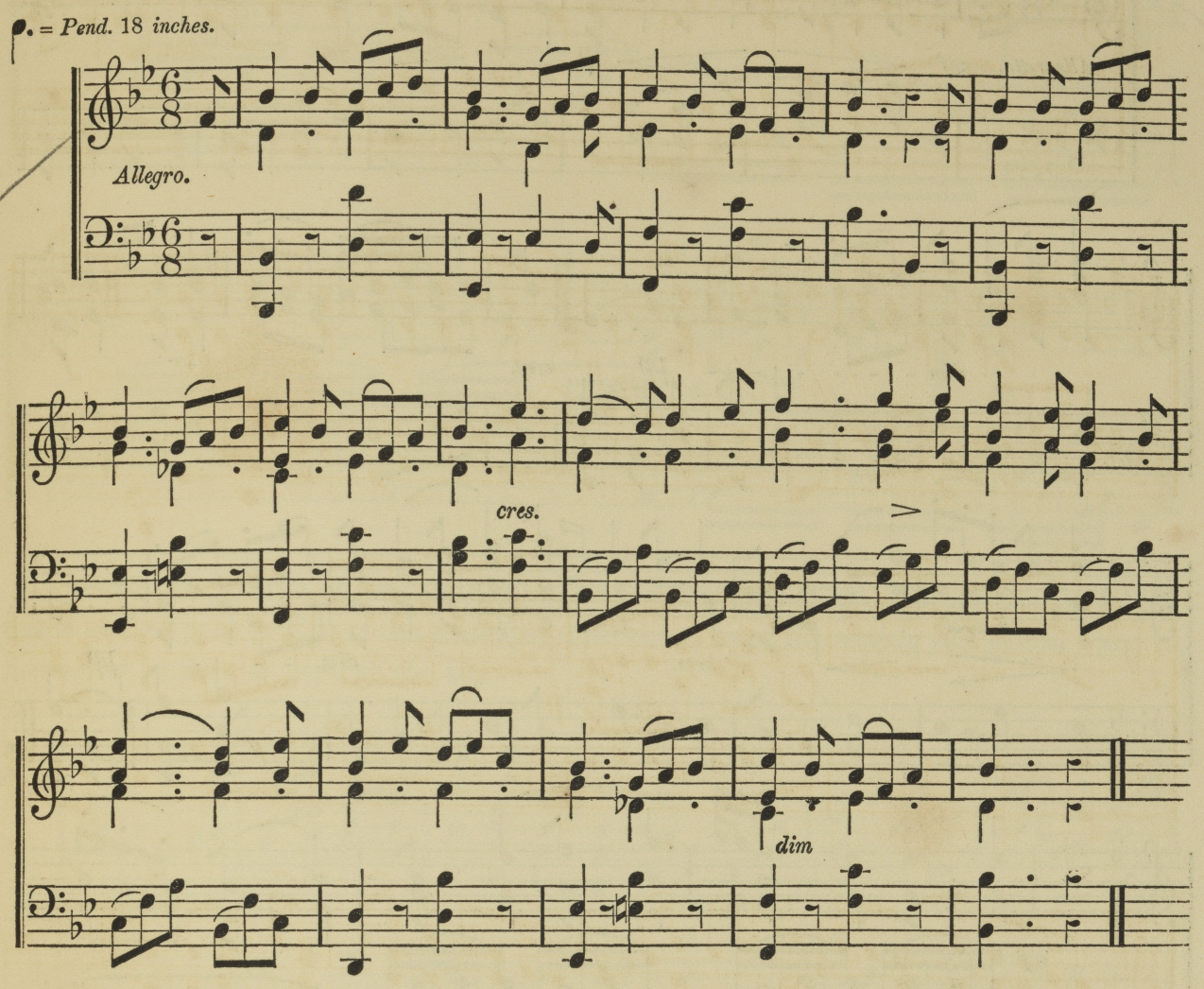
I wish the French would take them.

THOUGH the following pleasing air has a somewhat modern and English character, it has an antiquity in Ireland of, at least, more than a century, and has been associated with street-ballad words of unquestionably Irish origin, as their first quatrain will be sufficient to show.

"I wish the French would take them
That sent my love away,
And send their boats a sinking
To the bottom of the *say*" [sea].

This melody is one of the many airs noted long ago from the singing of an old lady

a very near connexion of my own, and which she had learnt in her girlhood from the poor woman Betty Skillen, of whom I have already frequently spoken.



AR ĊAOḂ NA CARRAIGE BÁINE. By the Side of the White Rock.

THE beautiful melody which follows was set about forty years ago from the whistling of the late Mr. Joseph Hughes, of whom I have already had occasion to make frequent mention as the source from which I have derived many of the fine airs in this collection. Like most of the tunes so obtained, this had been learnt by Mr. Hughes in his native county of Cavan; but, as I have subsequently found, it is not an unknown melody in Connaught: and, in the valuable collection of unpublished Irish tunes of my friend, Mr. J. E. Pigot, I have met with a setting of this air, made in that province in the year 1846 or 1847, by the late Mr. William Forde, of Cork. This setting, however, though, in its general features, essentially the same air as my own, differs from it a good deal in some of its cadences; and, as it is equally strongly marked with genuine Irish expression, I shall also give it a place here, not only as a version deserving of preservation, but as an interesting example of the mutations to which Irish melody has been so often subjected.

♩ = *Pend.* 12 *inches.*

Allegretto. *mf* *p*

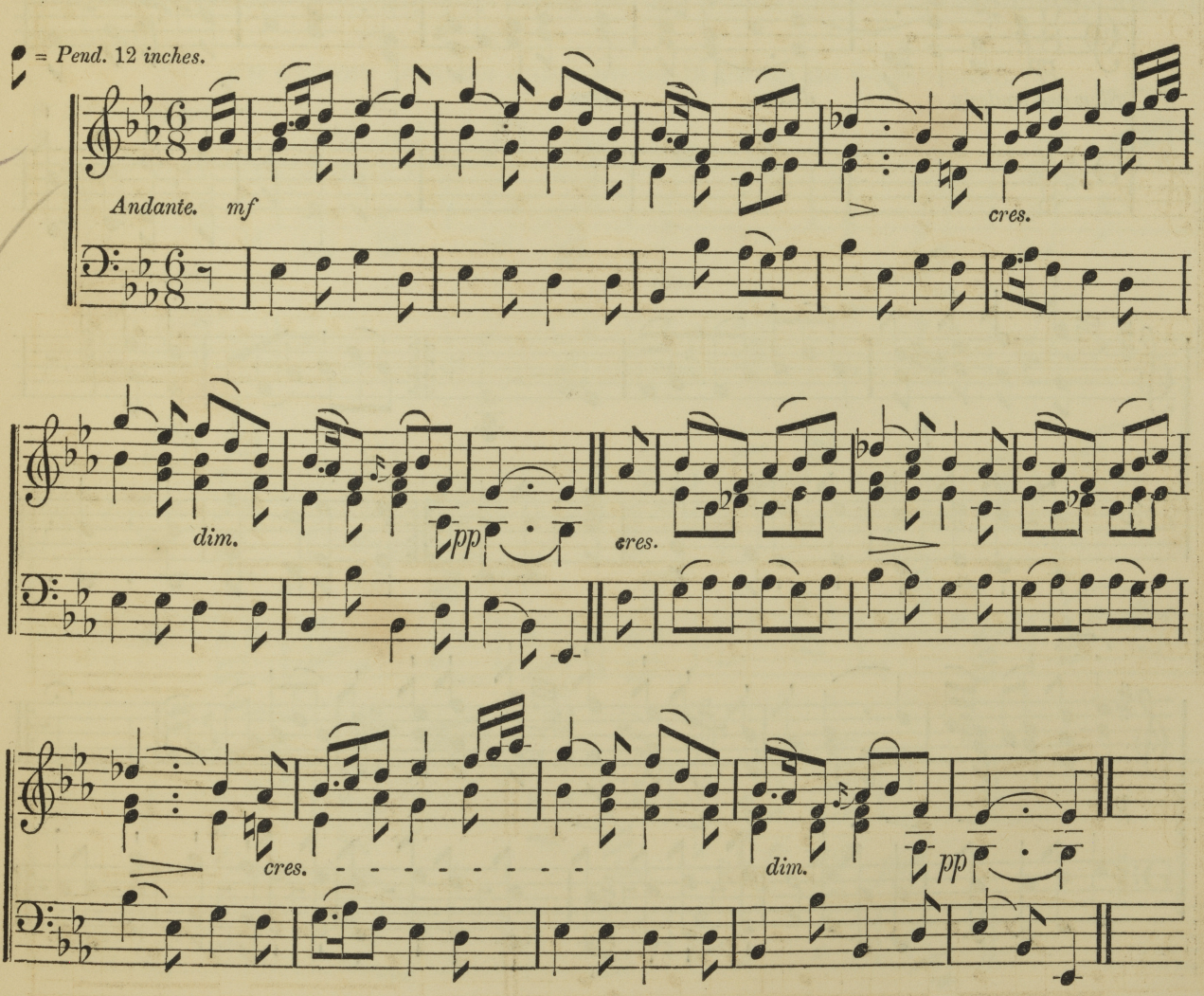
dim. *pp* *cres.*

cres. *dim.* *pp*

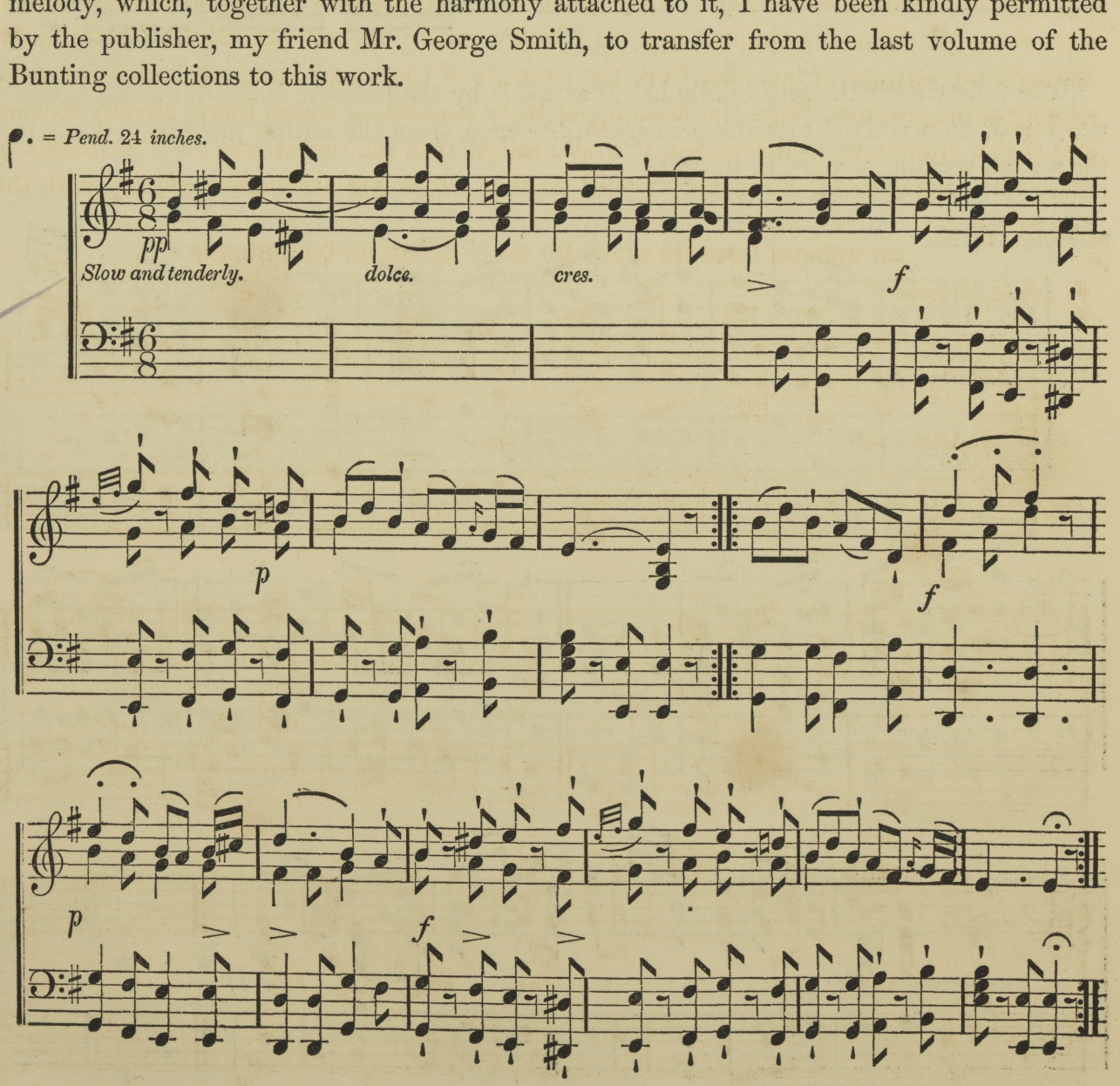
mf

p *pp* *cres.*

The following is the setting alluded to as made by the late Mr. William Forde; and in this it will be perceived that the principal differences, from the setting just given, occur in the second section, or part, of the air.



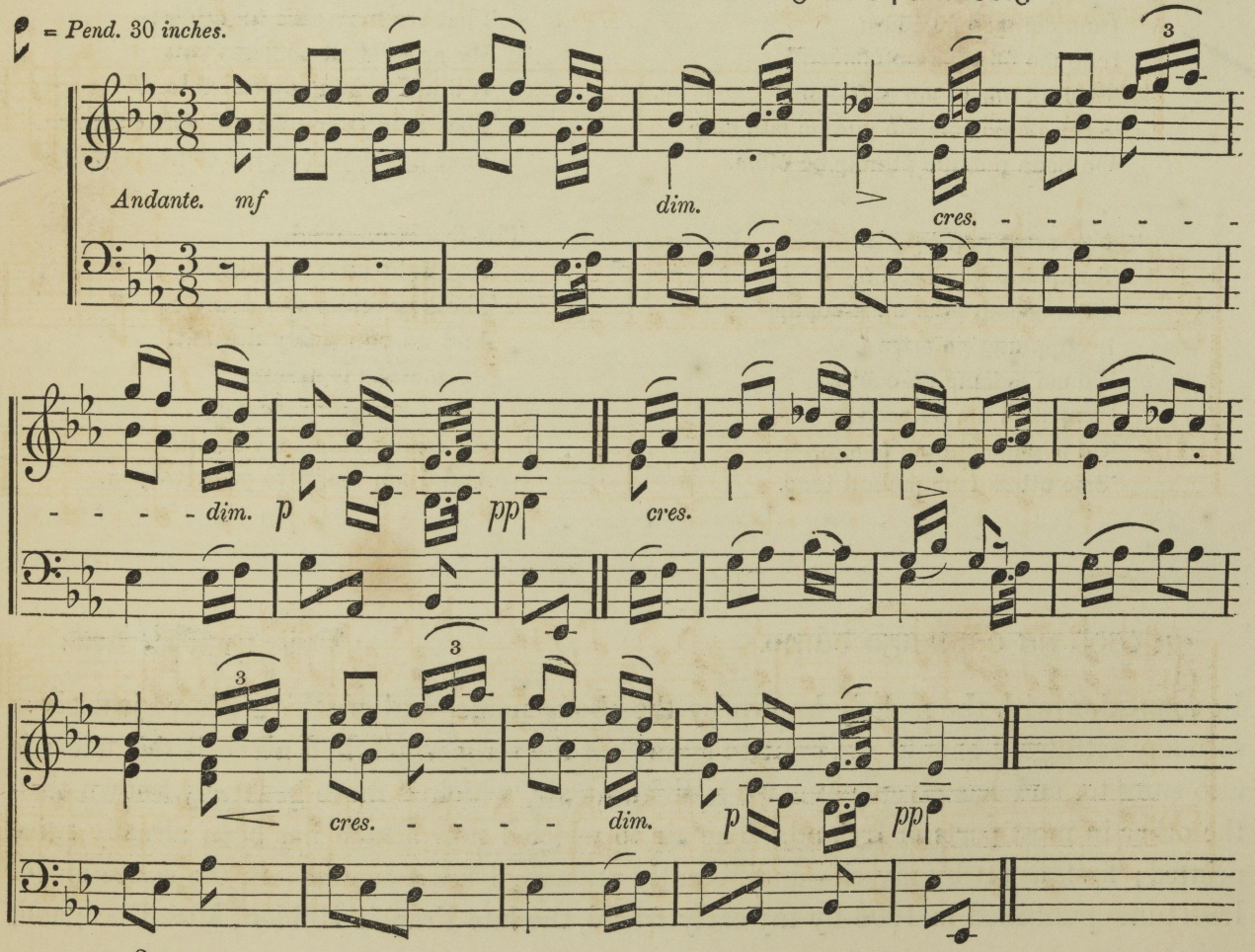
In connexion with the two settings of this beautiful air, now for the first time printed, it should be observed that another setting of this tune, under the same name, has been published by Bunting, in his last collection; but it is so different in its notation and general character, that, perhaps, none but an analytical musician would be likely to perceive any affinity between them. And here I might be tempted to discuss the singularly untenable theory so dogmatically put forward by Bunting in his Preface to the last of his publications, namely, that "a strain of music, once impressed on the popular ear, never varies." But as this assertion has been already very ably combated by Mr. George Farquhar Graham, both in his Introductions to "The Songs of Scotland," and to "The Songs of Ireland,"—and as its untruthfulness, as regards the melodies of Ireland, has been abundantly shown in the progress of this work, by the different versions which I have so often deemed it desirable to give of the same tunes, I do not feel it necessary to take any further notice of a proposition so obviously fallacious; nor should I have deemed it worthy of even this passing allusion, had it emanated from a less distinguished authority. But, as a further and very striking example of the unsoundness of Mr. Bunting's theory, I shall here insert his setting of this melody, which, together with the harmony attached to it, I have been kindly permitted by the publisher, my friend Mr. George Smith, to transfer from the last volume of the Bunting collections to this work.



Mr. Bunting tells us, in his Index to the names of his tunes, that the setting of this air, as now given, was noted from a blind man at Westport, in 1802; and, assuming that the notation is a correct one, the remarkable dissimilitude in the character of the melody from that of the two previous settings must necessarily surprise the musical reader; the expression in Mr. Bunting's version being abrupt and spirited, while, in the other versions, it is flowing and tender, such as we might expect to find in a melody which had been adapted to an impassioned love-song: and it is further remarkable that, though Mr. Bunting marks the air as to be played "slow and tenderly," yet his determination of the time, by the pendulum mark of twenty-four inches to the dotted crotchet, is utterly inconsistent with his previous instruction. And hence it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Horncastle—who, in his work called "The Music of Ireland," "London, 1844," has copied this air from Bunting's collection—had words written to it of a spirited character, called "The Fisherman's Song and Chorus," and marked the air as to be sung "lively, but not too fast."

Of the three dissimilar settings of this melody, now given, it may therefore be asked, which should be considered as the most ancient and genuine; and this is a question which I should not venture to answer. Very probably, however, they are all but varied derivatives from the following simpler, and, as I believe, more ancient air, which I have found amongst my settings of melodies from the counties of Clare and Limerick, noted from the singing of the peasants, Teige Mac Mahon and Mary Madden, of whom I have already spoken: and if this opinion be well founded, it would follow that the oldest and most authentic of these three versions of the melody would be that which has the closest affinity with the parent air.

AN CUMAIN LEAT AN OIDCE ÚD DO BÍ TÚ AG AN B-FUINNEÓIG.



The song which has given a popular name to this melody has been committed to writing for me by Mr. Curry; and as it is not a composition of recent date, nor wanting in interest as the love-song of a peasant girl, it has appeared to me to be not unworthy of preservation, in connexion with the air to which it had been adapted.

An cuṁain leaṫ an oiḋċe úḋ
Do ḃí tú aġ an ḃ-fuinneóiġ,
Ġan hata ġan laiṁne
Ḋoḋ' ḋíon, ġan caróġ;
Do ḟín mé mo láṁ ċúġat,
'Sḋo ruġ tú uirre barróġ,
Ir ḃ'ḟan mé aḋ' ċóṁluaḋar
Nó ġur laḃair an ḟuireóġ?

Do you remember that night
That you were at the window,
With neither hat, nor gloves,
Nor coat to shelter you;
I reached out my hand to you,
And you ardently grasped it,
And I remained to converse with you
Until the lark began to sing?

An ċuṁain leaṫ an oiḋċe úḋ
Do ḃí tú aġur mire
Aġ bun an ċroinn ċaoiṫċinn,
'San oiḋċe aġ cur ċuirne;
Do ċeann ar mo ċíoċaiḃ,
'S do ḟíob ġeal ḋá reimm?
'Sbeaġ ḋo ḟaoilear 'noiḋċe úḋ
Ġo rġaoilḟeaḋ ár ġ-cumann.

Do you remember that night
That you and I were
At the foot of the rowan-tree,
And the night drifting snow;
Your head on my breast,
And your pipe sweetly playing?
I little thought that night
Our ties of love would ever loosen.

A ċumainn mo ċroiḋe 'rtiġ,
Tar oiḋċe ġar éiġin,
'Nuair luiġḟiḋ mo ṁuinntir,
Ċum cainnte re ċéile;
Ḃiaḋ mo ḋá láṁ aḋ ċímċeall
'Smé aġ innsin mo rġéil ḋuit
'Sġur bé do ḋóṁṫáḋ ruairc mín tair
Ḋo ḃean raḋarc ḟlaiṫir ḋé ḋíom.

O beloved of my inmost heart,
Come some night, and soon,
When my people are at rest,
That we may talk together;
My arms shall encircle you
While I relate my sad tale
That it is your pleasant soft converse
That has deprived me of heaven.

'Tá an teine ġan ḋoiġilt
'San ṫolur ġan múċaḋ,
'Tá'n eoċair ḟaoi an n-ḋorus,
Ir tarraing ġo ciúin í.
'Tá ma ṁáṫair na coḋla,
Agus mise am ḋúiseċt;
'Tá m'ḟortiún am ḋorn,
'Sme ullaṁ ċum siúḃail leaṫ.

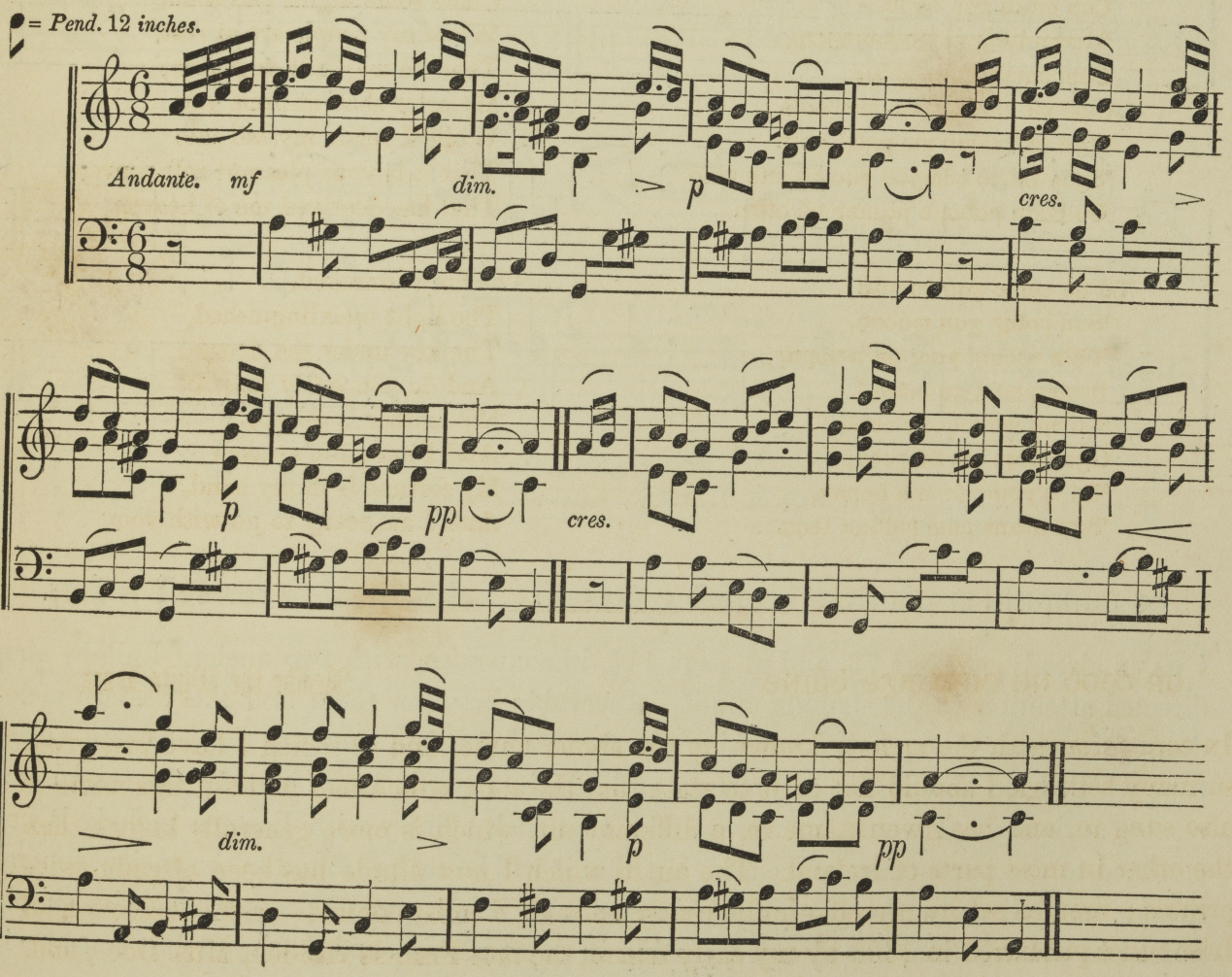
The fire is unraked,
The light unextinguished,
The key under the door,
And do you softly draw it.
My mother is asleep,
And I am quite awake;
My fortune is in my hand,
And I am ready to go with you.

AR ṪAOḎ NA CARRAIGE BÁINE. Beside the White Rock.

In connexion with the melody known by the above name, and of which I have just given so many settings, I should not omit to state that the song which had given it this name is also sung to, and has given name to, a different air, which is more generally known than the other in most parts of Ireland. The air to which I now allude has been already twice printed; first, as set by myself—indifferently enough, I must confess—in the collection of Irish tunes published in 1806 by my early friend, the late Francis Holden, Mus. Doc.; and,

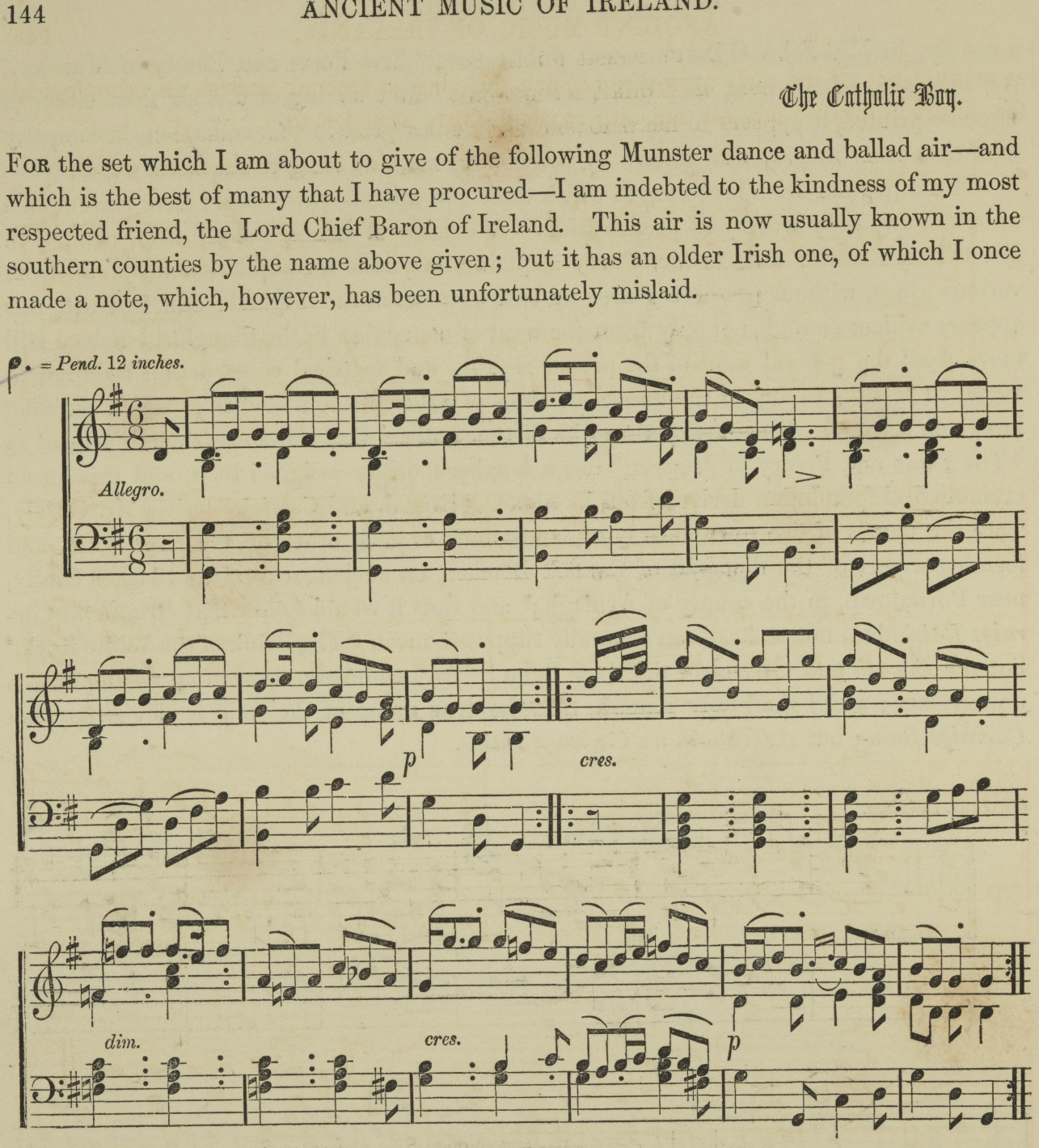
secondly, in Mr. John O'Daly's recent publication, "The Poets and Poetry of Munster." As, however, I have now, as I think, a somewhat better setting of this air than either of those so printed, it appears to me desirable to give it a place in this collection, in company with that other melody now known by the same name, and sung to the same words.

Of the popular Irish love-song to which these two melodies are sung, I have been unable to obtain any copy worthy of preservation. A version of it has, indeed, been printed in Mr. O'Daly's work; but, as Mr. Curry acquaints me, it is a compilation made up from various songs, without preserving even an entire stanza of the original: and, in truth, this appears evident enough, not only from the want of connexion in the thoughts, but even still more from the general want of the proper rhythm and metrical construction required in verses to be sung to any of the known versions of either of the melodies to which the song has given a name. It should, perhaps, be further noticed that this song, though printed in "The Poets and Poetry of *Munster*," has a northern origin assigned to it, and this on an etymological foundation derived from its name. "Bruach and Carrick," writes Mr. O'Daly, "are the names of two townlands lying contiguous to each other on the river Bann, and forming a part of the demesne of Carrick Blacker, an ancient seat of the Blacker family, near Portadown, in the county of Armagh;" and thus it would follow that *Bruach na Carraige Baine* does not, as has been generally supposed, mean "The Brink of the White Rock," but the *Bruach* and *Carrick* of the river Bann! Any comment on such an assumption is unnecessary; and I shall only remark, that the true name of the song is not *Bruach na Carraige Baine*, but *Ar Thaobh na Carraige Baine*.



The Catholic Boy.

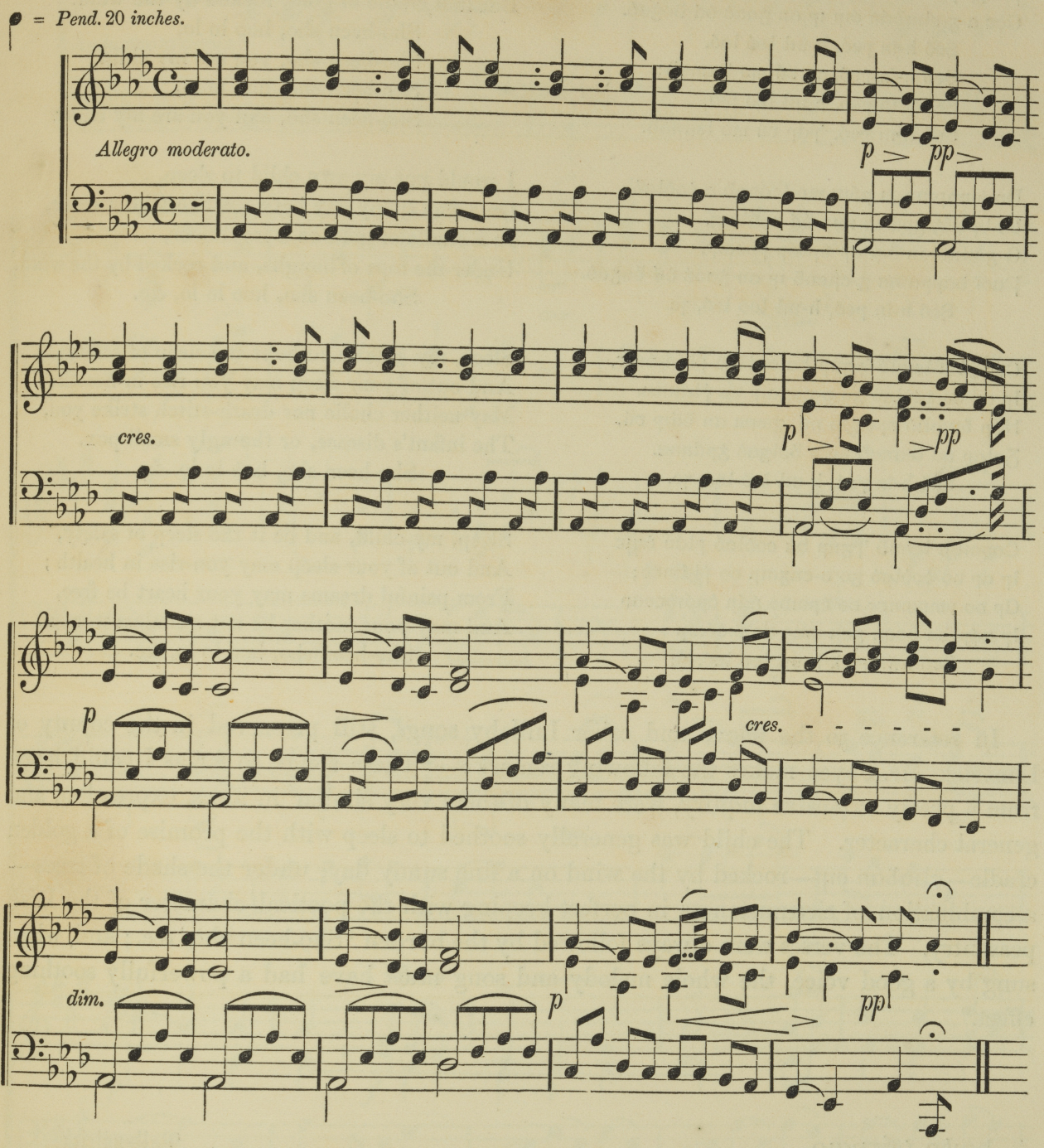
For the set which I am about to give of the following Munster dance and ballad air—and which is the best of many that I have procured—I am indebted to the kindness of my most respected friend, the Lord Chief Baron of Ireland. This air is now usually known in the southern counties by the name above given; but it has an older Irish one, of which I once made a note, which, however, has been unfortunately mislaid.



Do ċuirpinn-si féin mo leanaḋ a ċoḋlaḋ — I would put my own Child to Sleep.

I have already, at page 73, and at page 117, in connexion with two ancient Lullaby airs, directed attention to the striking affinity observable between them and the Eastern melodies of the same class; and I would apply the remarks then made to the beautiful nurse-tune which I am now about to present, and which, I think, bears equally the stamp of a remote antiquity. I would, moreover, add, that such affinity with Eastern melody is not confined to the nurse-tunes of Ireland, but that it will be no less found in the ancient funeral *caoines*, as well as in the ploughman's tunes, and other airs of occupation—airs simple indeed in construction, but always touching in expression;—and I cannot but consider it

as an evidence of the early antiquity of such melodies in Ireland, and as an ethnological fact of much historic interest, not hitherto sufficiently attended to.



The nurse-tune now given, like the first of those already printed, was obtained from the county of Limerick. It was noted last year, by Mr. Joyce, from the singing of a woman named Cudmore, now living at Glenasheen, in the parish of Ardpatrick. From this woman he also obtained the first of the following Irish stanzas now sung to the melody: the second he got from a man named John Dinan in the same locality; and the third and fourth were given to me by Mr. Curry, who, in his youth, had been familiar with the whole song, as sung in the county of Clare, but now distinctly remembers only those portions of it. I should observe, however, that the first and second stanzas, according to his recollection of them, differed a good deal from the version above given.

Do ċuirfinn-ri féin mo leanaḃ a ċoḋlaḋ,
'Sní mar do ċuirfeaḋ mná na m-boḋaċ,
Fá ṁúrín buiḋe ná a m-braṫlín borraiġ,
Aċt a ġ-cliaḃán óir ir an ġaoṫ óá boġaḋ.
Seó h-ín reó, h-uil leó leó,
Seó h-ín reó, ar tú mo leanaḃ;
Seó h-ín reó, h-uil leó leó,
Seó h-in reó, 'rar tú mo leanaḃ.

I would put my own child to sleep,
And not the same as the wives of the clowns do,
Under a yellow blanket and a sheet of tow,
But in a cradle of gold, rocked by the wind.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, you are my child;
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, and you are my child.

Do ċuirfinn-ri féin mo leanaḃ a ċoḋlaḋ,
La breáġ ġréine idir óá noḋluiġ,
A ġ-cliaḃán óir ar úrlár ṁocair,
Faoi barra na g-craoḃ ir an ġaoṫ óá boġaḋ.
Seó h-ín reó, h-uil leó leó, &c.

I would put my own child to sleep,
On a fine sunny day between two Christmases,
In a cradle of gold on a level floor,
Under the tops of boughs, and rocked by the wind.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, &c.

Coḋail a leinib 'ṡur ba coḋlaḋ slán ḋuit,
Ir ar do ċoḋlaḋ go d-tuġair do ṁláinte.
Nár buailiḋ treiġid ná ġreim an báir tú,
Galar na leanaḃ ná'n bolġaċ ġránna.
Seó h-ín reó, h-uil leó leó, &c.

Sleep, my child, and be it the sleep of safety,
And out of your sleep may you rise in health;
May neither cholic nor death-stitch strike you,
The infant's disease, or the ugly small-pox.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, &c.

Coḋail a leinib 'ṡur ba coḋlaḋ slán ḋuit
Ir ar do ċoḋlaḋ go d-tuġair do ṁláinte;
Ar do smaointe do ċroiḋe nár ċráiḋtear
Ir nár ba bean ġan mac do ṁáṫair
Seó h-ín reó, h-uil leó leó, &c

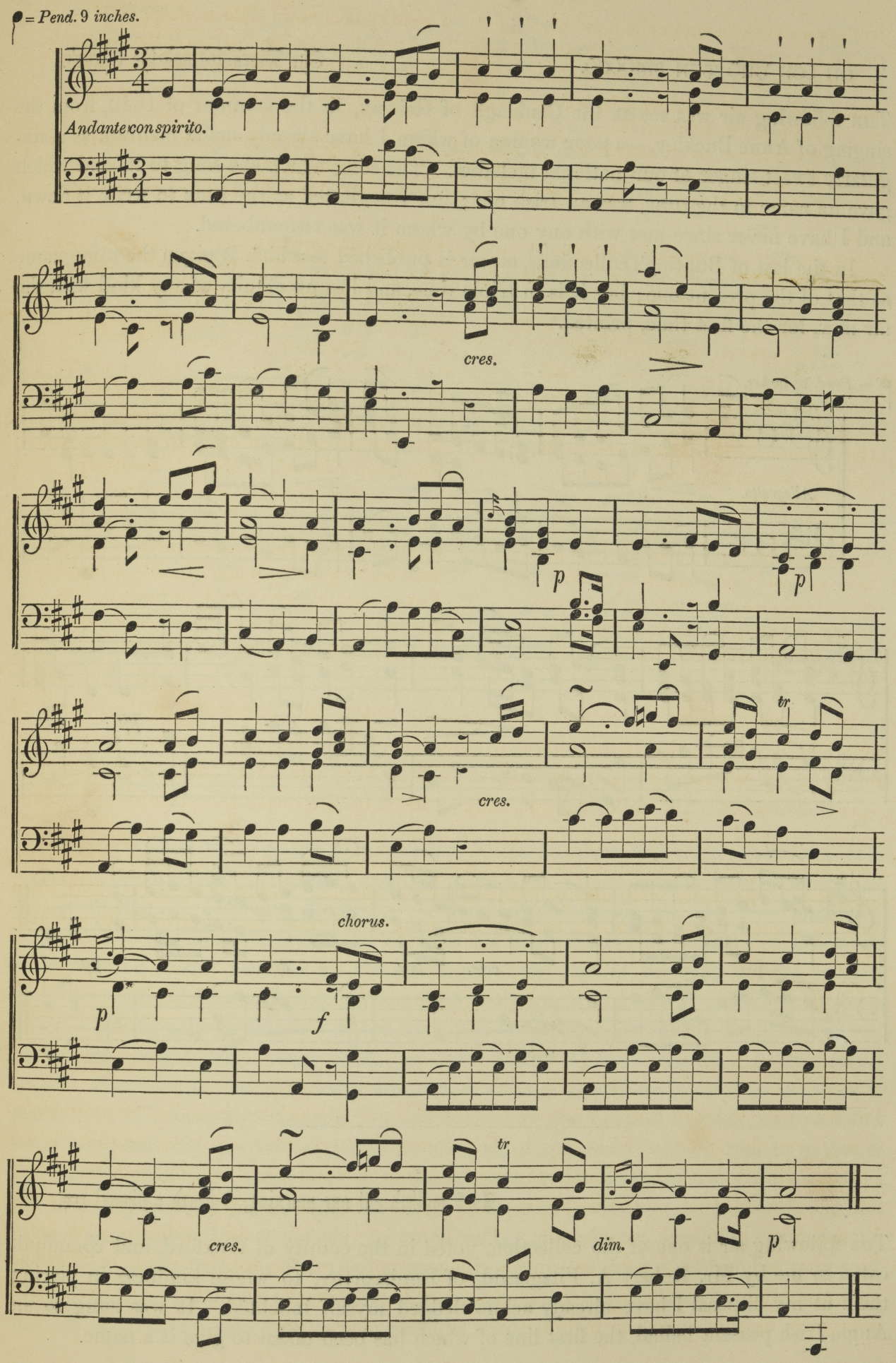
Sleep, my child, and be it the sleep of safety,
And out of your sleep may you rise in health;
From painful dreams may your heart be free,
And may your mother be not a sonless woman.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, &c.

In reference to the above and other Lullaby songs, still preserved in the county of Limerick, Mr. Joyce makes the following remark:—"These songs, so far as I could learn from a pretty extensive inquiry, were many of them very similar in ideas, expression, and general character. The child was generally soothed to sleep with the promise of a golden cradle—cliaḃán oir—rocked by the wind on a fine sunny day, under the shade of trees—a combination of circumstances in perfect keeping with the poetical character of the Irish peasantry. The verses were always followed by the burden 'Sho-heen sho,' &c.; and, when sung by a good voice, the whole melody and song must have had a powerfully soothing effect."

---

baile ṗátraic. Ballypatrick.

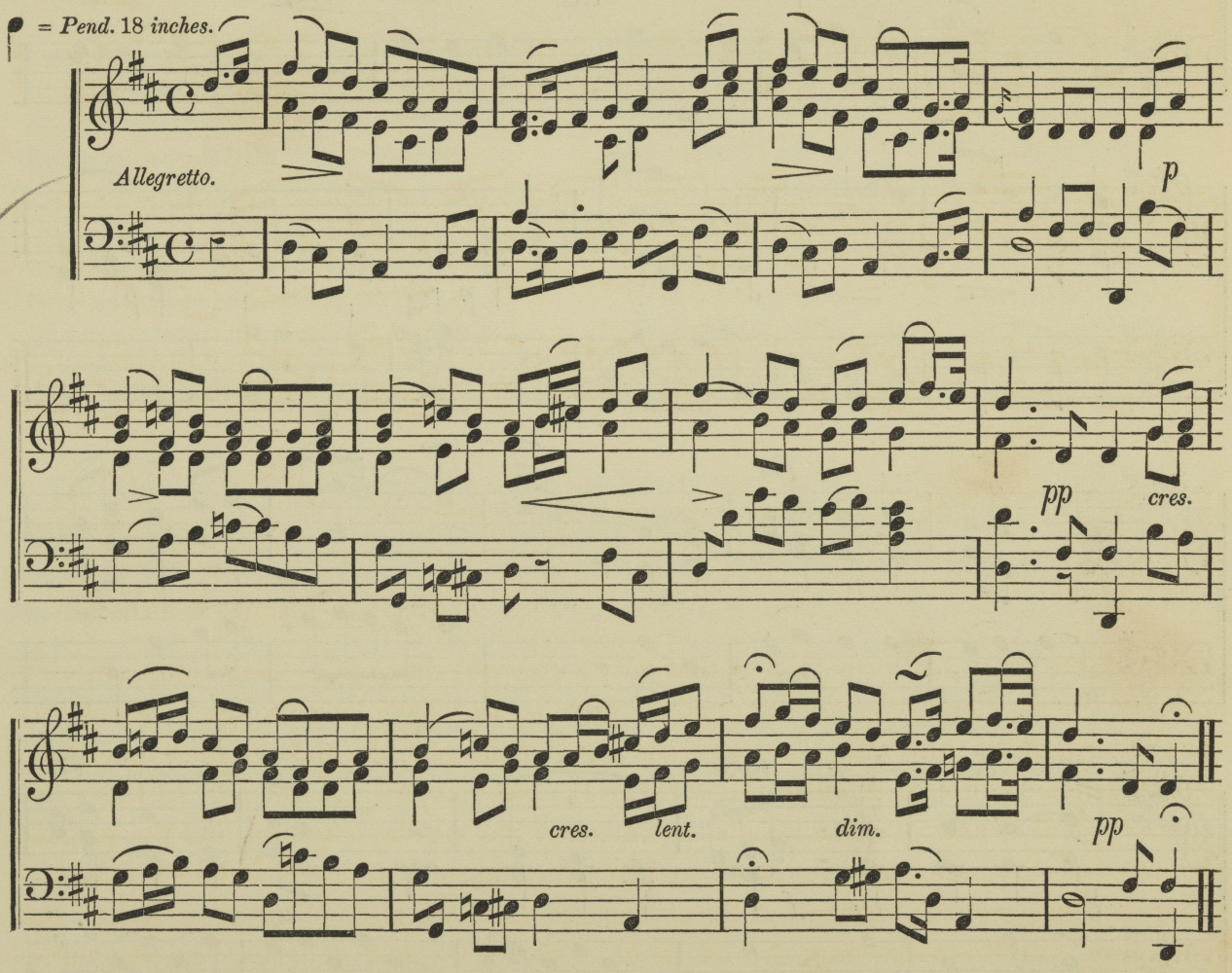
The following spirited festive air is one of the many fine southern melodies communicated to me, from the county of Kilkenny, by Mr. James Fogarty, who writes to me that "it was a great favourite with the Whiteboys about a hundred years ago;" adding, that he is "certain that this martial, or festive air, is *a very ancient Irish one*,"—and I have no doubt that its antiquity is indeed considerable. The name of this air would indicate it to be of Tipperary origin; Ballypatrick being a village situated on the southern side of Slieve-na-man Mountain, in the parish of Templehay, and barony of Iffa and Offa,—a district which appears to have been rich in melodies of a superior character.


♩ = Pend. 9 inches.
Andante con spirito.
cres.
p
p
tr
cres.
chorus.
p
f
cres.
tr
dim.
p

an lon dub 'san smólac. The Blackbird and the Thrush.

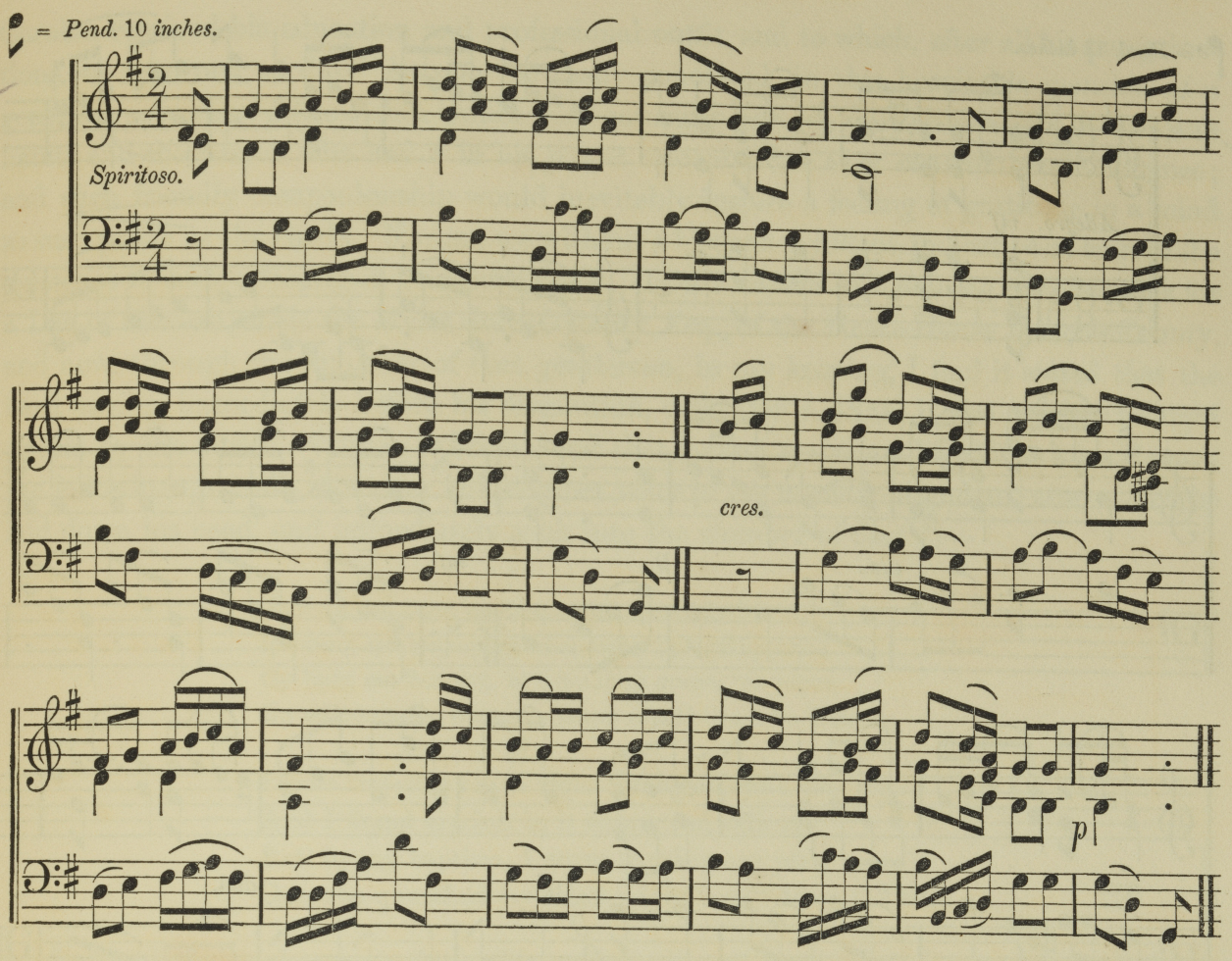
The following air was set at the Claddagh of Galway, in the summer of 1840, from the singing of Anne Buckley,—a poor woman of whom I have already made mention as a singularly sweet singer of our national melodies. The song which she sang to it, and which gave its name to the tune, was an Irish one; but I neglected at the time to write it down, and I have never since met with any one by whom it was remembered.

In the last of Bunting's collections, an air is published to which is given the same name as that of the present one; but it is in triple time, and has no affinity of any kind with the air now, for the first time, printed.



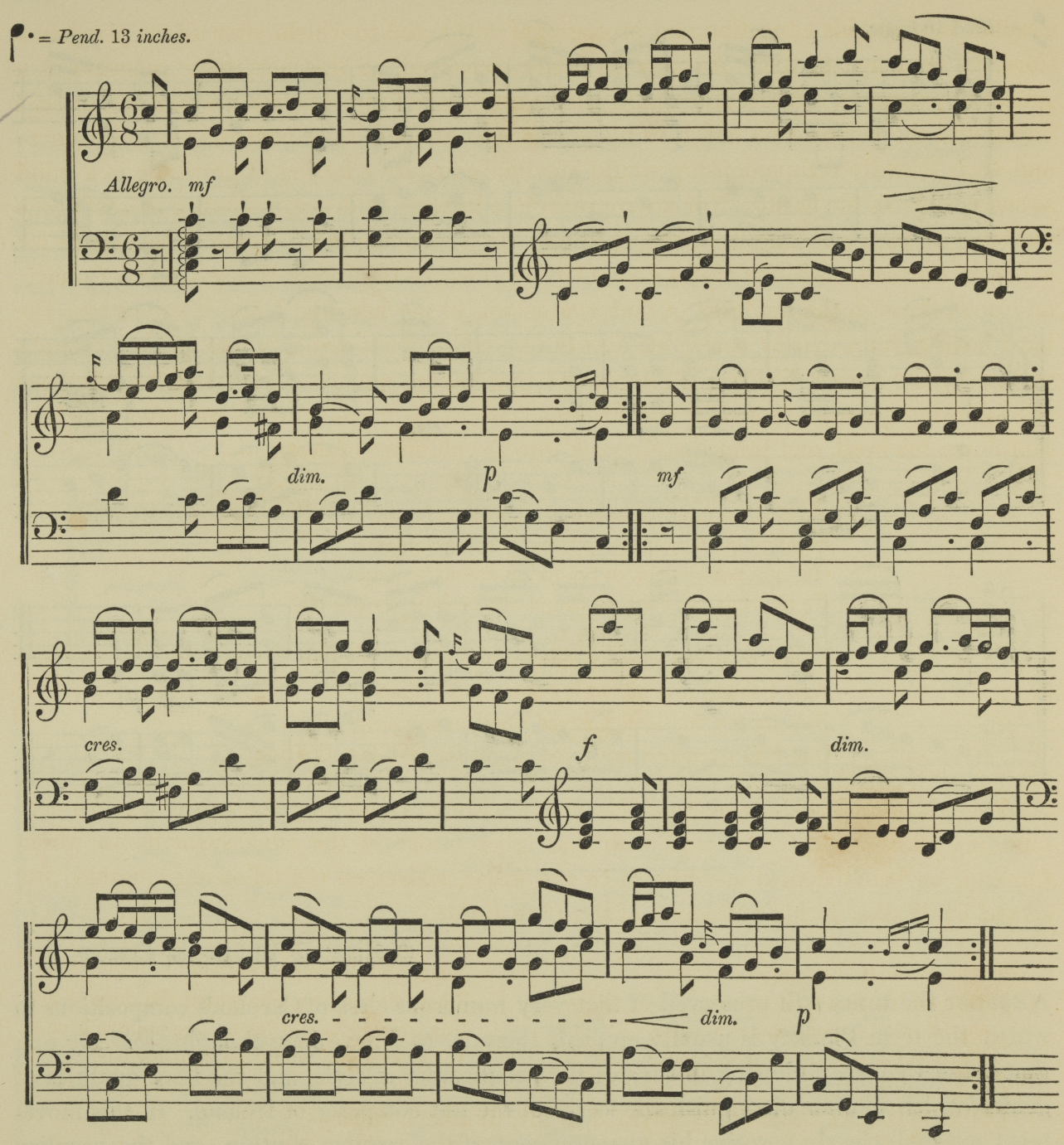
As I walked out one morning, I heard a dismal cry.

The following air is one of the collection, noted in the county of Wexford, and communicated to me by Mr. Robert A. Fitzgerald, of Enniscorthy, to whose kindness in placing them at my disposal I have already acknowledged myself indebted. It was sung to an Anglo-Irish peasant ballad, the first line of which has been taken to give it a name.



O'Flinn: A Planxty, by Carolan.

Amongst the tunes still preserved of that very numerous class of Carolan's compositions to which the term Planxty is usually applied, there is, as I have long thought, scarcely one that better than the following illustrates the peculiarities of style, and the finer qualities of genius, which so often distinguish the works of the last composer of Ireland. In this movement we shall clearly perceive his abandonment of the regular rhythm, and the peculiar tonalities which characterize the more ancient lively music of Ireland; and his imitation—as far as he was able to imitate—of the characteristics of the gigas of his great Italian contemporary, Corelli, with whose works, as old Charles O'Conor tells us, "he was enraptured." But, though his enthusiastic admiration of such works was in itself an evidence of genius, yet, as I have already stated, he never acquired the musical learning, and probably never possessed the gravity of temperament, that might have enabled him to approach the severe dignity and grandeur of style that characterize the works of that great composer; and it is only in such brilliant flashings of an exuberant liveliness, combined with a graceful and imaginative flow of melody, as the following air exhibits—qualities instinctive in, and undiscardable from, his own Irish nature—that he not only approached, but even occasionally surpassed in beauty the works of a similar class which he had chosen as a model, and not altogether unsuccessfully attempted to rival.



It is singular that Bunting, who has republished so many of Carolan's compositions previously in print, should have passed over this fine tune, which appears in Neal's collection of the works of that composer, published in their author's lifetime; for, though that work is now one of the most extreme rarity, I have reason to believe that a copy of it was in Bunting's possession.

The simple surname, O'Flinn, prefixed to this tune in Neal's work, might lead to the supposition that it was composed in honour of the chief of the ancient Connaught sept of that name, and who, according to the old Irish usage, would be thus designated. But, as it does not appear that in the names prefixed to Carolan's tunes this usage was followed, except in two instances—"O'Conor" and "Mac Dermot-roe"—I cannot help thinking it at least equally probable that it was composed for William O'Flinn, the butler at Alderford House, in the county of Roscommon, the seat of the family of Mac Dermot-roe, in which

Carolan received his education and professional outfit, and to which, after all his peregrinations, he returned to die. As may be easily conceived, in this hospitable mansion of a generous patroness, a friendship would very naturally be formed between a man of Carolan's habits and the person who had it in his power to contribute to or control their indulgence; and such friendly companionship would inevitably inspire a feeling of gratitude in a mind so susceptible as the bard's. Nor are we without a historic evidence, indicative at least of the existence of such a feeling in Carolan's mind. In a valuable MS. volume of collections for a Life of Carolan, made for Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., of the Heath House, Queen's County, and now, through the kindness of that gentleman, in my keeping, I find it stated that the bard having, immediately before his dissolution, called for a drink, it was quickly brought to him by the butler, William O'Flinn; and that having quenched his thirst, he addressed the following quatrain in a clear and distinct voice to his friendly attendant, after which he laid down his head, and immediately sank into the slumber of death :—

'Sʃuḃaiḷ mé ṫaṙc ɡo ceaṙc ṫré ḋṙioḋaiḃ Ċuinn,
Iṙ ḟuaiṙ mé maṙaṙaiɡ neaṙcṁaṙ bṙíoɡṁaṙ ann;
Ar ḃṙíɡ mo ḃaiṙciɡ, ní ḃ-ḟuaṙaṙ aṙiaṁ 'ṙa ṙann,
An cé ḋoiṙɡ mo ṫaṙc ɡo ceaṙc aḋc Uilliam ua Ḟloinn.

I have travelled round right through Conn's country,
And I found myriads in it strong and valiant;
But, by my baptism, I never found in any part,
One who quenched my thirst aright but William O'Flinn.

I should not, perhaps, conclude this notice without cautioning the reader against confounding the butler of Alderford with that other butler of the same surname to whom Carolan, on being denied admittance to the cellar, addressed the following epigram, preserved by Walker in his "Memoirs of the Irish Bards."

Mo ḋṙeaḋ, a Ḋiaṙmuiḋ ui Ḟloinn,
Náċ tú 'ṫa aṙ ḃoṙaṙ Iṙṙinn;
Oṙ tú náċ léiɡṙeaḋ neac aḋ' ḋóiṙ,
I n-áit a m-beṫeaḋ 'ḋo ḋóiṙṙeóiṙ.

Alas, oh! Dermod O'Flinn,
That 'tis not you who guard the door of hell;
For 'tis you would let no one approach you,
Wherever you would be door-keeper.

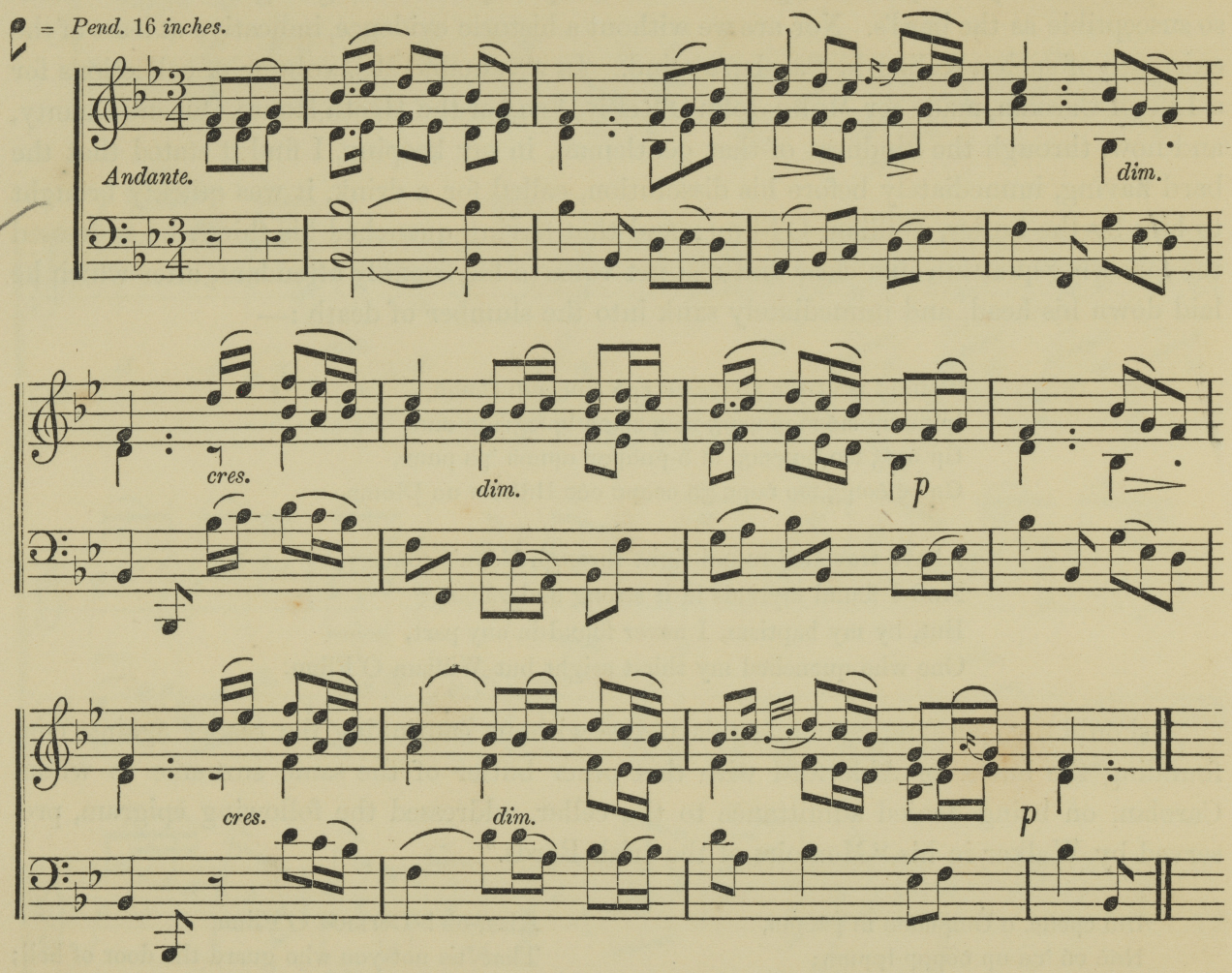
Or, as it is thus successfully rhymed in Mr. Walker's work—

"What pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn!
So surly a dog would let nobody in."

ᴅᴏṁɴᴀʟʟ ᴏ ɢʀᴀᴇḋ. Donnel O'Gnedh.

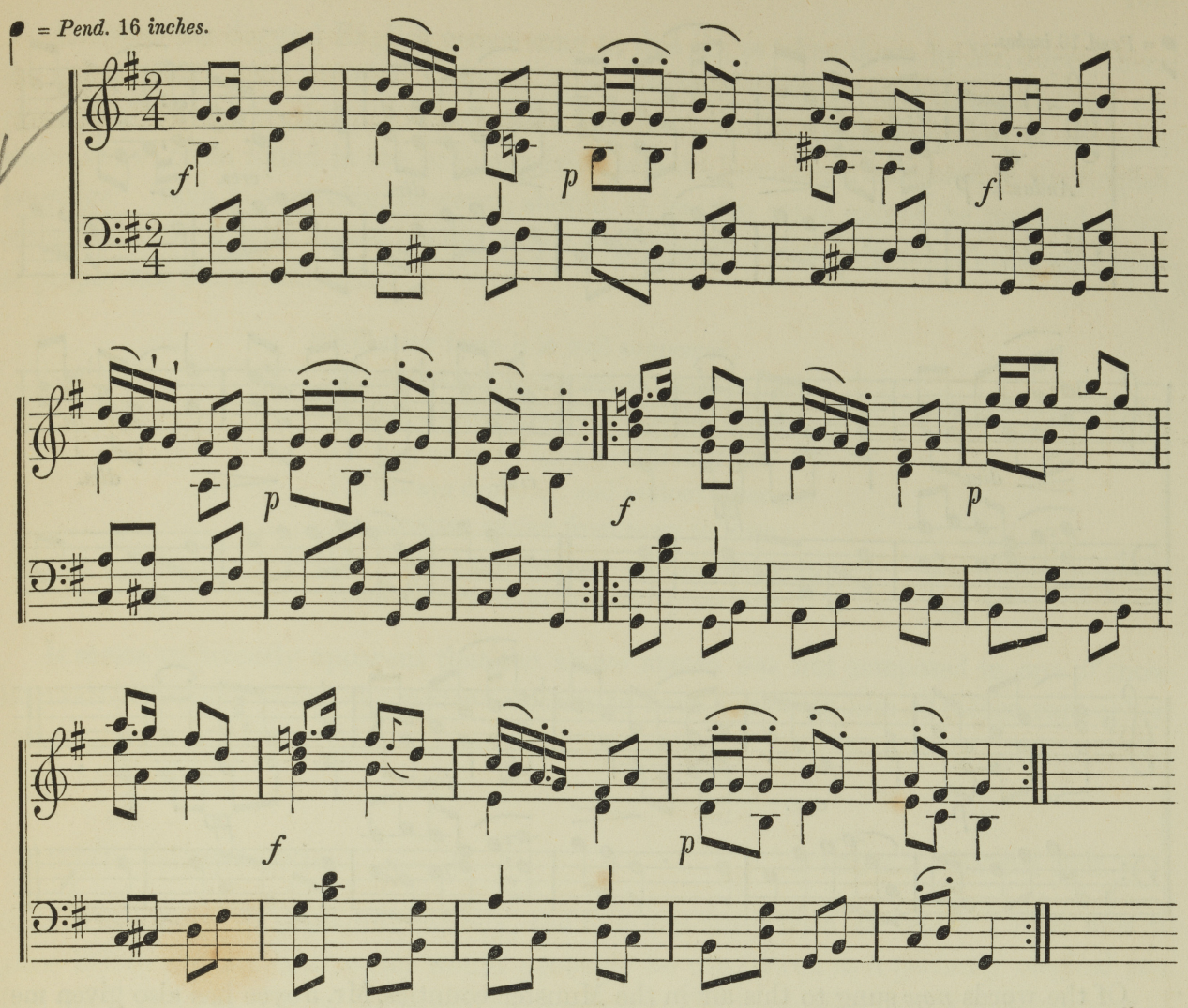
The following air has been taken from the very extensive and valuable collection of Irish tunes which has been made by my friend, Mr. J. E. Pigot, and which he has kindly placed at my disposal for the use of this work. The strong affinity which it bears to the very ancient simple melody called "Molly Bán,"—published by Bunting in his first collection,—has induced me to give it a place here, as an interesting example of a result so frequently obtained by an analysis of Irish melody,—namely, that an air of a more or less ornate

character is often found to have been formed—sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously—upon another of more primitive simplicity. This air was copied by Mr. Pigot from a MS. collection of Irish tunes, belonging to Mr. Hardiman, the historian of Galway; and, as I suppose, it is a tune of Connaught origin.



A Quick March—Name unascertained.

The spirited march-tune which follows is one of the many airs noted in the county of Wexford, by Mr. Robert A. Fitzgerald, of Enniscorthy, and which he has so kindly communicated to me for this work. Mr. Fitzgerald acquaints me that it was—originally, as he believes—brought into that county by a Waterford person, who said it was a dance-tune, and who gave it an Irish name which Mr. Fitzgerald now forgets, but which he expects he shall be able to recover. Mr. Fitzgerald also communicates his conviction that the tune must have been a march; and adds, with his peculiarly enthusiastic expression of feeling, that it is "one of the finest that ever smoothed the road to battle!" The tune appears to me, also, to have more of a march than a dance character; but it has, most probably, been used for both purposes; for, as I have already stated, it is to such a usual transmutation that we owe the preservation of so many of our old march-tunes, which were no longer required for the purpose to which they owed their origin.

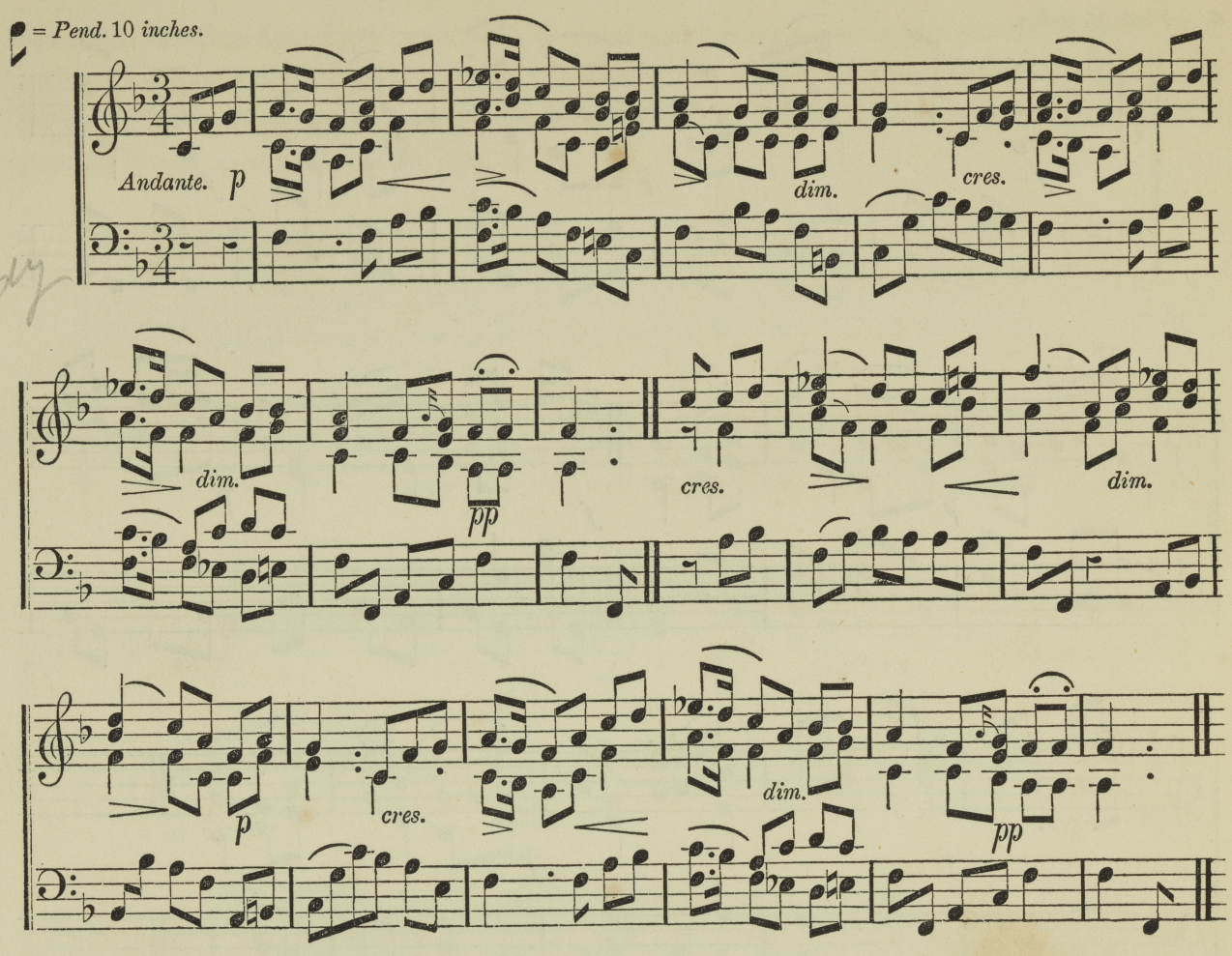


It will be perceived that I have marked the above air to be played in marching time; but by quickening the time it may be played as a dance-tune.

---

an bean óg uasal. The young Lady.

Amongst the numerous airs already given in this volume of that peculiar class to which I have applied the term "narrative," there is not one that appears to me to be more strongly impressed with an Irish character and tender feeling than the air I have here to present to the public. Though hitherto unpublished in any form, and, indeed, apparently unnoticed by the collectors of our music, it is still a well-known and greatly admired melody in, at least, the counties of Clare and Limerick, to either of which I have little doubt its origin should be ascribed; for of three settings of the air now, through the kindness of Mr. Patrick Joyce, in my possession, two were noted by that gentleman, and the third copied by him from an old MS. book of music, in the last-named county. Amongst these settings I have found the usual want of a perfect agreement; but as the differences which they present are unimportant, I have not felt it necessary to print more than the one which appeared to me to be the most authentic, and which, I think, will very truly preserve this interesting melody. This version of the air was learned by Mr. Joyce from the singing of his father.



Of the words *now* sung to this air in the Munster counties, Mr. Joyce has also given me a copy, as taken down by himself; but it presents such an incongruous piece of patchwork, half Irish, half English, collected, apparently, from recollections of various songs, that of the Irish portion a single stanza is as much as I can venture to select from it. This stanza, as Mr. Curry acquaints me, belongs to the old Irish song which has given name to the melody, and which, though now rendered worthless by corruptions, was originally one of no ordinary interest and merit.

'Bí bean óg uaral,
Seal bá luaḋ liom,
'Sḋo ċuip rí ruar ḋam,
Céḋ fáraoir gér;
Ir ḋo ġaḃar le rtuaire
A m-bailtiḃ muara,
'Sgur ḋein ri cuag ḋíom,
Ar lár an t-raoġail.
Dá b-fagainn-ri a cenn rúḋ
Fé lia 'ran teampull,
'Sgo mbeinn arír real
Ar m'áḋḃar féin,
Do ṁúḃalfainn gleannta
'Gur beanna fearṁar ċnoc
Go b-fagainn mo ṫean-ṫeart
Arír ḋom' réir.

There was a young gentlewoman
And I, once *talked* of,
But she rejected me,
To my sharp grief;
And I then took up with
A city *dasher*,
Who made a jackdaw of me
Before the world.
But could I get her head
Beneath the gravestone,
And that I once more
Were my own free self,
I would traverse valleys
And rough-topped mountains
To seek again more favour
From my old true love.

Amongst the doggrel English verses sung to this air, as taken down by Mr. Joyce, there is a stanza which I am tempted to quote as an amusing example of the characteristic expression of tender sentiment, mixed with discordant levity and incongruity of thought, which are so often found in the ordinary Irish peasant love-songs, composed in the English language. Such incongruity, however, should, at least to some extent, be ascribed to the corruptions incident to verses having only a decaying traditional existence amongst a class of people still almost illiterate.

"Kilkenny town it is well supported,
Where marble stones are as black as ink;
With gold and silver I will support you,—
I'll sing no more till I get some drink!
I'm always drinking, and seldom sober;
I'm constant roving from town to town:
Oh, when I'm dead, and my days are over,
Come, Molly astoreen, and lay me down."

It seems sufficiently apparent that the above stanza was not composed in one of those intervals of sobriety which the writer confesses to have been with him of rather rare occurrence.

---

a ċúl álainn deas. O thou of the beautiful Hair.

Separated from the preceding melody, the fine and truly Irish air which I have now to place before the musical reader would probably be considered as a perfectly original one. But, when brought, for the purpose of comparison, under immediate view with the former,—though differing from it in time, rhythm, and even, to some extent, expression of sentiment,—its derivative affinity will, I think, be at once perceptible, and will place it amongst the numerous airs so formed which are to be found in all parts of Ireland. And though this acknowledgment of the existence of so many derivative airs may diminish, to some extent, the number of the absolutely original melodies which might otherwise be claimed for Ireland, it should not, I think, be considered as derogatory to the musical genius of its people; for such derivative airs exhibit the singular facility which the Irish possessed in the adaptation of their favourite melodies to new songs of a form and character different from the older ones, and which enabled them to change the construction and sentiment of those airs without destroying, or often even diminishing, their beauty.

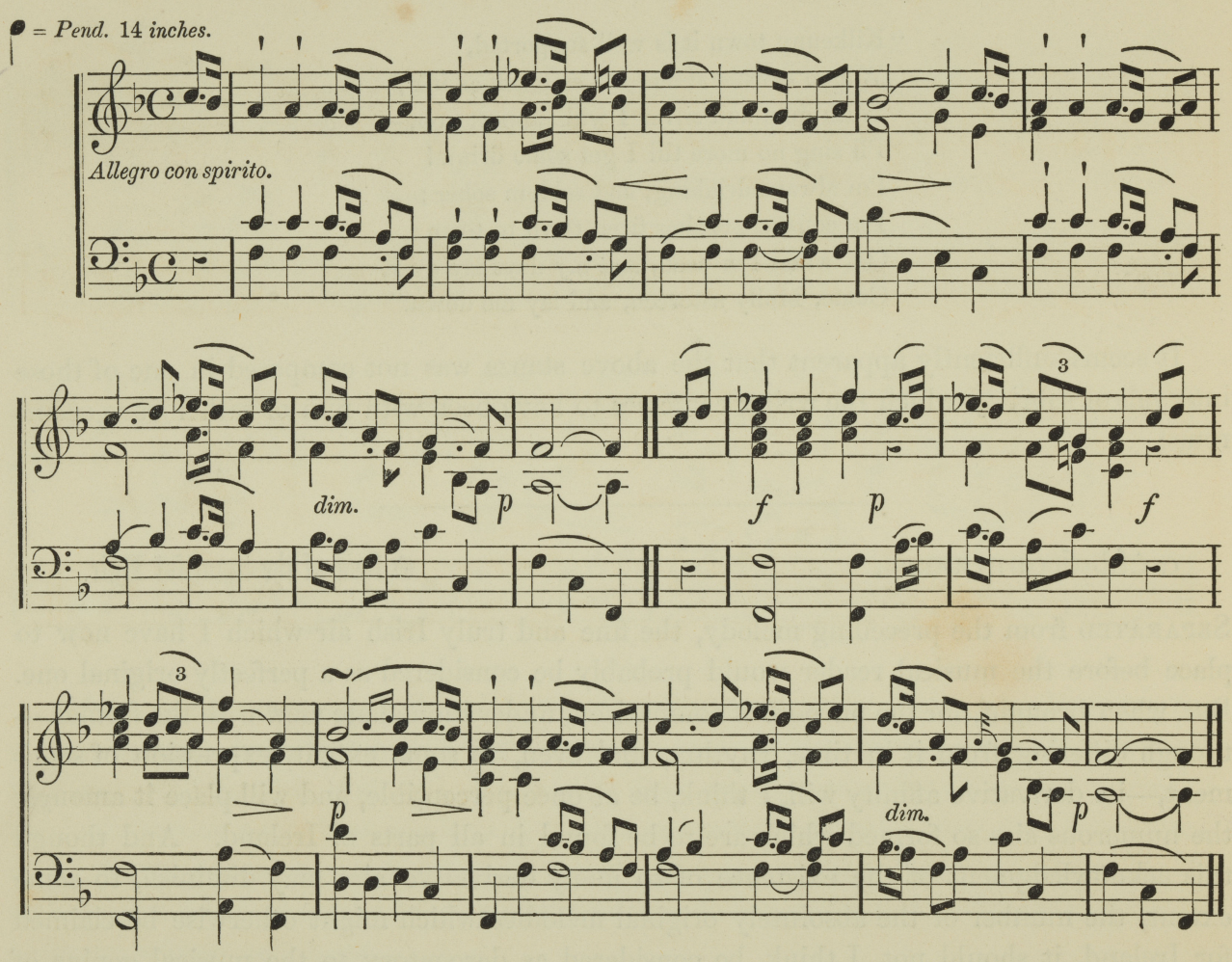
This melody, together with the annexed stanza of the Irish song sung to it, was noted by Mr. Joyce in the summer of the present year—1854—from the singing of Joseph Martin, a peasant of the parish of Ardpatrick, in the county of Limerick.

A ċúl álainn deas,
Na súl ċlaon ġlas,
'Sé mo ċúmaḋ 'sno ċneaċ
Naċ féidir
Liom eálóḋ leat
Tar sál amaċ,
Nó sealaḋ aġ triall
Sá sléibtib:

O thou of the beautiful hair,
And of the glancing blue eyes,
It is my grief and loss
That I cannot
Elope with thee
Out over the sea,
Or, for a time, to traverse
The mountains:

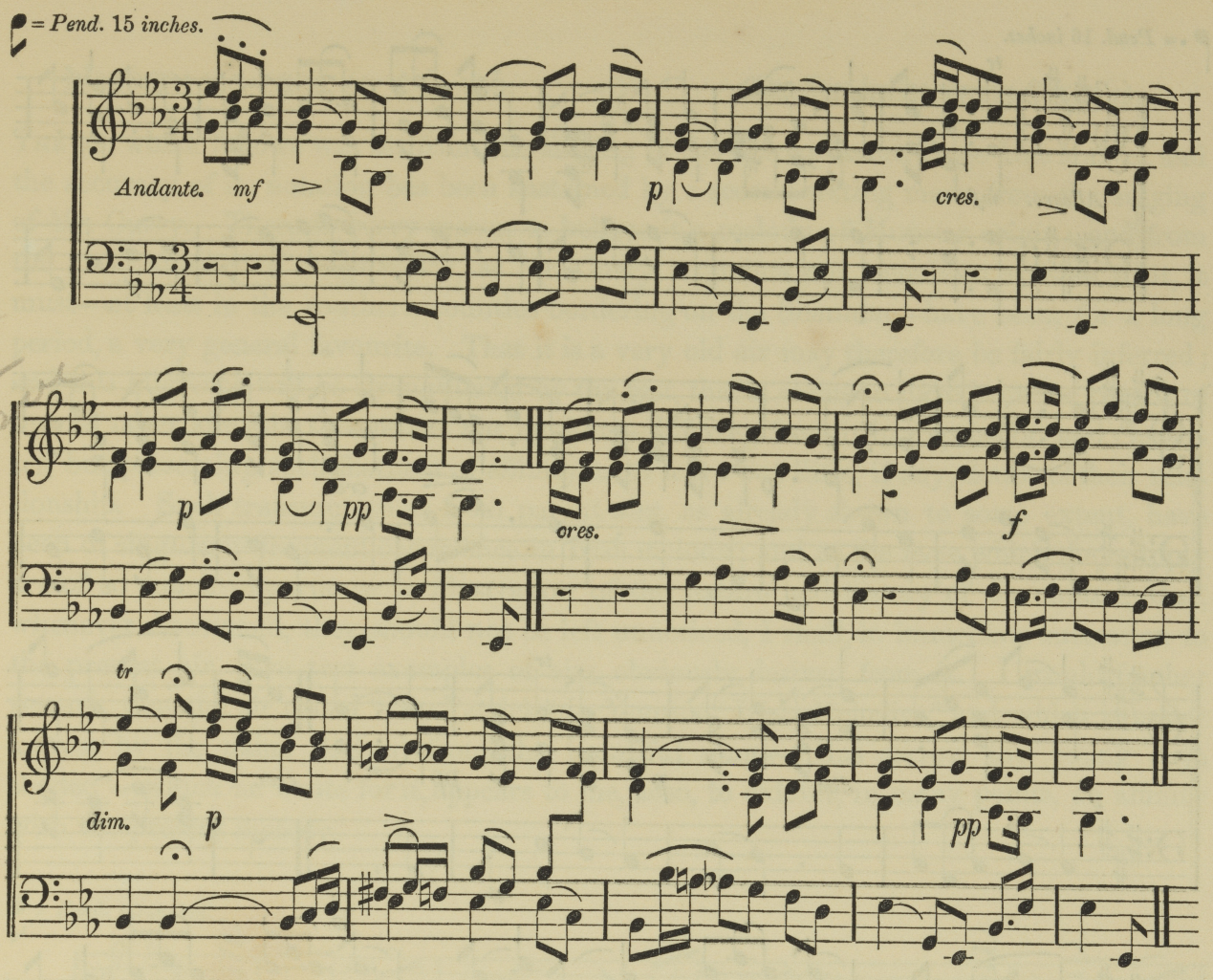
'Tá mo ċroiḋe ḋá ṁlaḋ,
Mar ḋo rníṁṗíḋe gaḋ,
Do ḋionn rcaraṁain leat,
Ar aon ċor;
'S go b-ṗaġaḋ bár gan rcaḋ,
Mara ḋtéiḋir liom real,
Coir aḃann na m-breac
A t'aonar.

My heart is being robbed,
As a gad would be twisted,
For parting thee,
On any account;
And I'll die without delay,
If thou wilt not come with me,
By the trout-river's bank
Alone.



Name unascertained.

I very much regret that I have been unable to ascertain the name of the following melody, which, as I conceive, is one of no ordinary beauty; but as it appears to be still a well-known air in the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, I trust that this want will be hereafter supplied. This melody is one of those communicated to me by Mr. James Fogarty, of Tibroghney, immediately before his emigration to America; and appended to it were the following remarks:—"This is the melody of a much admired ancient song, and the music is thought to be most enchanting. Several Irish songs were composed to it, bearing genuine marks of a remote antiquity; and also a love-song in English, said to have been composed by a poet of Carrick, who joined the Irish army at Limerick in the time of William the Third." Having commented already more than once, in the preceding sheets, on the peculiarities of the interesting class of melodies to which this air belongs, I need only add the expression of my opinion that its age must be very considerable.



Lady Athenry: A Planxty, by Carolan.

HAVING already given insertion in this volume to two of Carolan's best, and yet least known, Planxties, and endeavoured in connexion with them to analyze the characteristic features—half imitative of Corelli, and half originating with the composer—for which they are remarkable, I now, as a further illustration of those remarks, give a place to another air of the same class,—an air equally impressed with those characteristic features,—and just as little known, but which exhibits a greater gravity of character, and approaches more closely to the sober dignity of Corelli's gigas, than, perhaps, any other composition of Carolan's of the same class. As happened in the instance of one of the examples now alluded to, I found this air in one of the rare collections of Carolan's tunes, published during their author's lifetime, namely, that of Burke Thumoth, the date of which, according to Bunting, is 1720.

The lady in whose honor this tune was composed was, unquestionably, as I think, Mary Nugent, the wife of Francis, the twenty-first Baron of Athenry, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1709, and died in 1749. This lady, who, according to Lodge, was the eldest daughter of Thomas Earl of Westmeath, was born in 1694, married in 1706, and died at Galway in 1725, about five years after the tune which bears her name had been printed.

♩.= *Pend.* 16 *inches.*

Allegro. *mf* *tr*

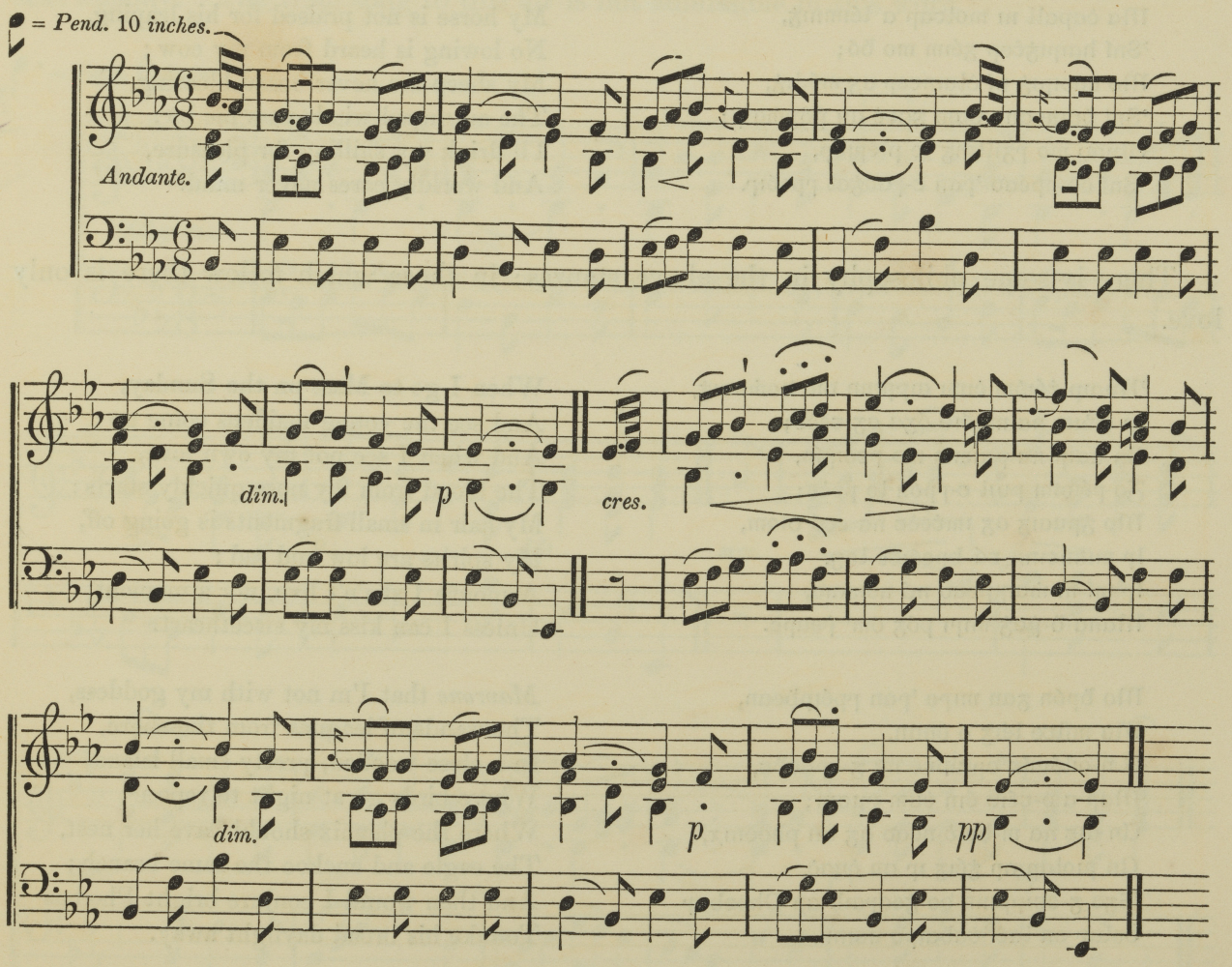
p *cres.*

f *dim.* *p* *tr* *pp* *cres.*

dim. *p* *pp*

bliaðain 'sa taca so 'þós mé. This time twelve months I married.

The air which follows was set from the singing of the Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon, and the accuracy of its notation has been sustained by a second setting made from the singing of Mr. Curry. There is every reason to believe it a melody of Munster origin; and from the great number of songs which, as Mr. Curry acquaints me, have been written to it, it must—at least in the southern counties bordering on the Shannon—have been, for a long period, a very general favourite. That it is a very old air may therefore be fairly inferred; and this inference will be strengthened by the fact, that it seems to have been the parent of several other airs—in themselves not modern—differing from it in expression and character, but preserving such features of affinity as to leave but little, if any, doubt of their relationship. Such transmutations from parent airs, as already shown to some extent, have been of singularly frequent occurrence in Irish melody; and as the facts which they supply are of so much importance in illustration of the nature and history of our music, that, whenever discovered, they should not be left unnoticed, I shall, in immediate succession to the present air, give two examples of airs obviously derived from it. I would further remark, that the air called "Sly Patrick," in Moore's "Irish Melodies," and which is better known by the name derived from the beautiful song—"Has sorrow thy young days shaded"—which he wrote for it, appears to me, also, to exhibit, in many points, an affinity with the present melody.



Of the various songs sung to this melody, some are unfit for publication; and of the others, with the exception of the following, which has supplied me with a name for the air, Mr. Curry only remembers some fragments.

Dhiaḋain 'ra taca ro 'ṗór mé,
'Snísor ḃ'ṗaḋa liom lá ná mí,
A m-boċáinín ċluṫar go rárta,
Le beaṫuirce ar clár gan ruím;
Seáan ó Fmṅíolla láiṁ liom,
'Sé ag reinm Ríġ Ráḋ ar a ṗíp;
'Sḋá m-beinn ann ó niuġ go ḃ-tí máraċ,
Gan ṗiarraiġ caḋ tá re díol.

This time twelve months I married,
And thought not a day or month long,
In a well-sheltered cabin quite snugly,
With whiskey unmeasured on the board;
Shane O'Finnelly near me,
A playing "Ree Raw" on his pipes;
And if there from to-day till to-morrow,
No asking, "How much is to pay?"

An té 'gá m-bíonn buaiḃ acur caoiriġ
Bíonn sé raoiṫeaṁail ruairc;
Bíonn sé a ḃ-ṗoċair na n-ḃaoine,
'Sa hata mar ḃíon ar a rṫuaic:
Fáraoir ní mar rin do bímri;
'Sṗám' orgail a bíonn sé go buan,
An rúra náċ maire le mnaoi'r biṫ,
'Sgan oram aċt trian do'n ġruaiġ.

The man bless'd with cows and with sheep
Is always liberal and pleasant;
He is always among the best people,
With his hat on to cover his head:
Alas! it is not so with me;
'Tis under my arm I ever have it—
The blanket! which maid never liked—
And I having on but a third of my hair.

'Nuair ṫéiḋim ar ṁarga an aonaiġ,
Le garra ġlé gan ġnó,
Ma ċapall ní moltar a léimniġ,
'Sní hairiġṫer géim mo ḃó;
Mo ċaoirig ní ċluintear ag méiliġ,
'Sní ḃaineann dam gaeṫ an ṗóġmair;
Olṗad mo rgillinġ le pléṙiúr,
'Sní ċuirṗeaḋ 'ran ṫ-raoġal rṗeóir.

When I go to the market or fair,
With an idle and careless crew,
My horse is not praised for his leaping,
No lowing is heard from my cow;
My sheep are never heard bleating,
The autumnal winds pass me by;
I'll drink my shilling for pleasure,
And worldly cares never mind.

There is some philosophy in the above stanzas: in those which follow there is only love.

'Nuair ṫéiḋim ċum aiṙrinn dia ḋomnaiġ,
Ir ḋíḋim na mnáiḃ óga ag ṫeċt;
An uair na ṗaicim mo rṫóirín,
Go réiḋim ruil ṫ-rrón le reċt;
Mo ġruaiġ ag imṫeċt na ceó ḃíom,
Ir minntinn tá ḃreóiṫe laġ,
Ir mí ní ṁairṙeaḋ ná nómaiḋ,
Mana ḃ-ṗaġ mire póg óm' ṗearc.

When I go to Mass on the Sunday,
And see the young maidens come up;
And when I see not my own love,
The blood from my nose quickly starts:
My hair in small fragments is going off,
My spirits are low and sad;
A month I sha'n't live, nor a moment,
Unless I can kiss my sweetheart.

Mo ḃrón gan mire 'ran rṗéirḃean,
Ma míle léiġ ó ċuan,
A n-oiléinín ḋruiḋṫe na ġ-craoḃa,
Mar a ḃ-ṫéiḋ éin ċum ruain;
An áit na m-beiṫ neaḋ ag an phoenix,
An ṗiolar ar ġéiġ ir an ċuaċ,
'Sgo ġ-cuirṗinn do ġearaiḃ ar Phoebur
Solar an laé 'ċaḃairt uainn.

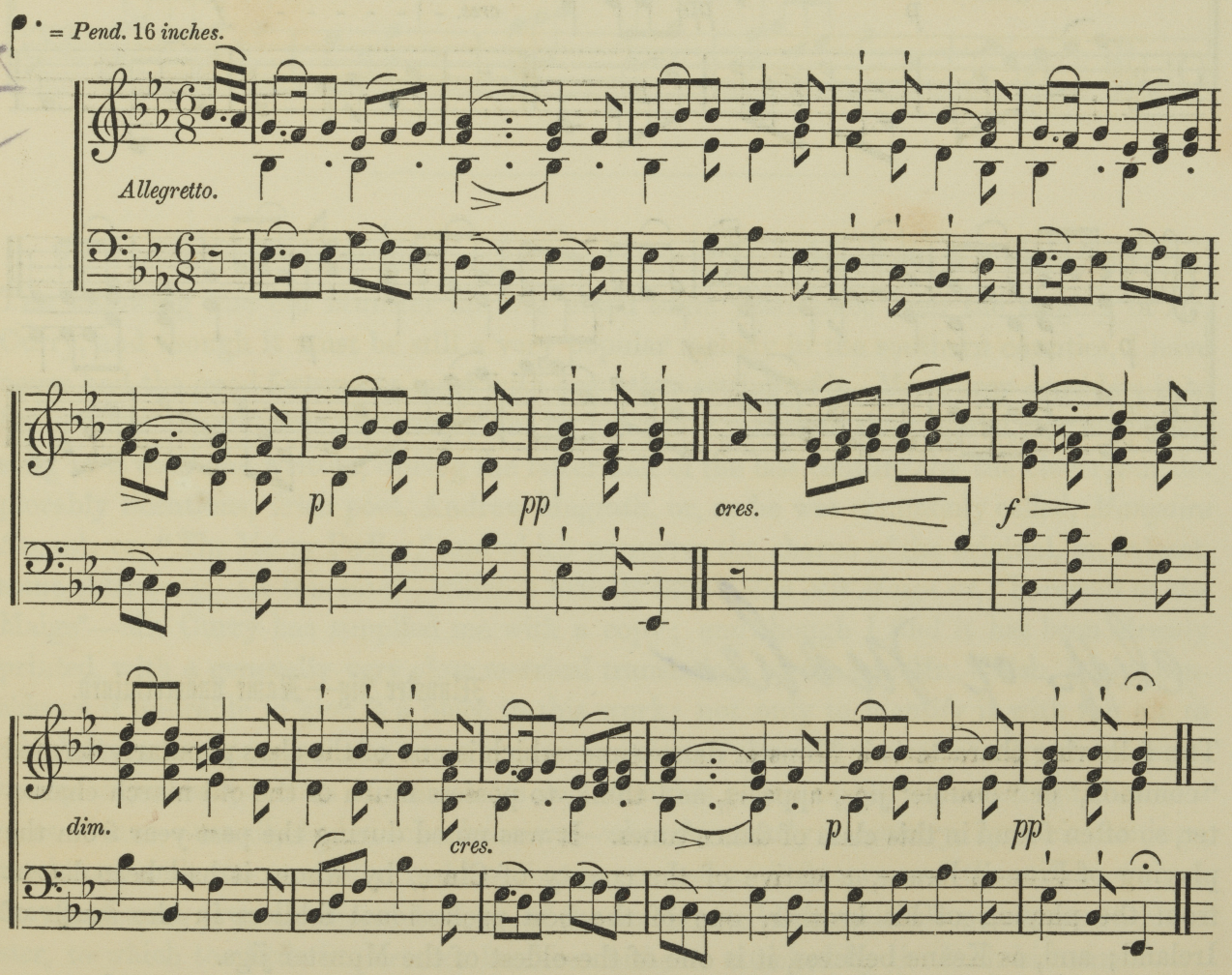
Mavrone that I'm not with my goddess,
Thousands of leagues from the shore,
In a close-wooded, pretty small island,
Where birds go at night to repose;
Where the phœnix should have her nest,
The eagle and cuckoo the same branch;
And then would I conjure bright Phœbus
To take his broad daylight away.

The following stanza is a fragment of a different song, but in the same strain.

Tá cion agus mear 'gam féin ort,	It's myself that both loves and esteems you,
A ċumainn ġil, éalaiġ liúm;	O, dearest one, elope with me;
'Smar a b-fáġmaid ar b-pórad 'n-Eirinn,	And if we cannot get married in Erinn,
Téidhmís lé ċéile anúnn.	Then let us fly to some far country.
Ní'l loingear ar faire taob linn,	No ships on the sea are hard by us,
Ná aċarać faoċair dúinn,	Nor have we aught else now to do,
Acht báidín no coite do déanamh,	But a small boat or cotty to make,
Do béarfad finn féin tar fhúil.	To carry us over the stream.

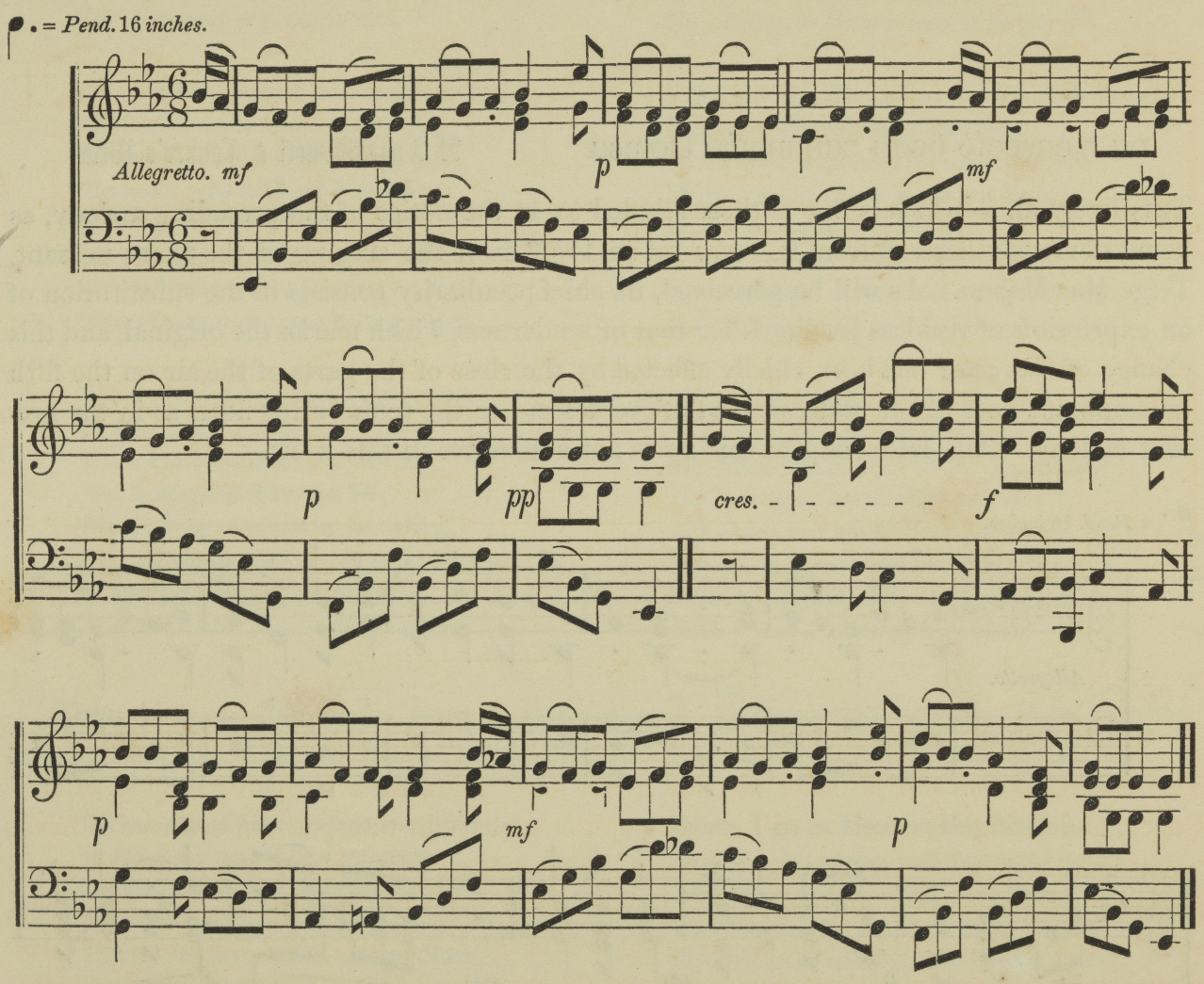
Da g-castaíd bean tanaraide liomsa. — If I should meet a Tanner's Wife.

This lively air,—which is one of those alluded to, in the notice of the preceding melody, as being obviously derived from it,—was set in 1853 from the singing of the Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon. As will be perceived, its chief peculiarity consists in the substitution of an expression of reckless liveliness for that of tenderness, which marks the original, and this change of character has been chiefly effected by the close of the parts of the air on the fifth or dominant note of the scale, instead of the descent to the tonic or key note, as in the present melody. The Irish song to this air is not admissible in this work.



ceaRc aguS coiLeaċ a ꝺ'imṫiġ Le ċéiLe. A Cork and a Pen that went out together.

The following melody—which is the second of the derivative airs alluded to in the notice of the melody given at page 160—was also set from the singing of Teige Mac Mahon in 1853. Its changes from the parent air exhibit, however, a more correct and graceful fancy than those of the air last given; and upon the whole it is, as I think, a melody of far superior interest and beauty. The Irish song to this air is also inadmissible in this work.



Munster Jig—Name unascertained.

The following characteristic Munster dance-tune, which is one of the class popularly termed "common," or "double" jigs, appears, as I think, to possess much of the old march character, so often found in this class of dance-tunes. It was noted during the past year from the playing of Francis Keane, a native of the county of Clare, by whom it had been learnt from the playing of his brother, one of the best professional fiddlers in the south of Ireland; and, as Keane believes, it is one of the oldest of the Munster jigs.

---

uċ uc óN, as bREóIte mISI. Orh orhone, it is sickly I am.

THE following fine old Munster air was noted some years since from the singing of Mr. Curry, and though it must be still a very popular melody in the southern counties, I have never had the good fortune to meet with any other setting of it. Mr. Curry considers it to be an air of considerable antiquity; but he has never met with the original, nor any older song to it than one written, during the latter half of the last century, by the clever, but deplorably licentious, Irish poet, Andrew Magrath, or, as he was commonly called, *Mangaire Sugach*, or, "The Merry Pedlar," and which preserves the chorus of the original, or, at least, some older song. Of this song—which is usually called *Slan cois Maige*, or, "Farewell to the Maige"—Mr. Curry has supplied me with a copy; and though I find it has been already printed, with a generally very close metrical translation, by the late Mr. Walsh, I have considered it desirable to give it a place in this work; not only to identify it with the air to which it was written, and as a more accurate version of the song than that printed, but as an unobjectionable specimen of the talents and thoughts of one of the most distinguished of a class of men—usually hedge schoolmasters—who, for nearly a century, by their writings, teachings, and, too generally, reckless lives, exercised an influence over the minds, and, as may be feared, even the moral feelings, of the fine-hearted but excitable peasantry of Munster, to which too little importance has been hitherto attached by the Irish historian.

Slán ir céd ó'n d-taod fo uaim,
Coir Máige na ccaor, na ccraod, na ccruac;
Na trát, na tréad, na raor, na fluag,
Na n-dán, na n-dréacht, na d-tréan gan ghruaim.
Uch uch ón, ar breóite mir,
Gan cuid, gan cóir, gan cóir, gan cirde;
Gan fuit, gan róg, gan frórt, gan frionna,
Ó reólad mé cum uaignir.

An adieu and an hundred from this place I send,
To the Maige, of the roses, trees, and ricks;
Of the steeds, the jewels, of the free, of the hosts;
Of the poems, the ditties, the gloomless brave.
Och ochone! it is sickly I am,
Without food, ease, company, or wealth;
Without pleasure, comfort, sport, or vigour,
Since I have been driven into solitude.

Slán go h-éag dá raor-fir fuaire;
Dá daim, dá cléir, da h-éigrid fuag;
Dá cáirdid cléib, gan claon, gan cluain;
Gan cáim, gan créim, gan craor, gan cruar.
Uch, uch ón, &c.

Adieu till death to its free pleasant men;
To its poets, its clergy, its bards, its scholars;
To its dear bosom friends, without perfidy or guile;
Without fault, or blemish, waste, or penury.
Och ochone, &c.

Slán dá éir dá béicib uaim;
Dá mnáib go léir, dá ghéim, dá fnuad;
Dá ccáil, dá ccéill, da ccéim, da ccuaird;
Da b-prláirg, dá b-pléa, dá méin, dá m-buad.
Uch, uch ón, &c.

Adieu henceforth to its maidens, from me;
To all its women, to their beauty and comeliness;
To their character, sense, their dignity, and gait;
To their playful manners, dispositions and virtues.
Och ochone, &c.

Slán tar aon do'n bé d'ár dual,
An báinénir béarad, béal-tair buadad,
'Cuir tráth cum pléib' mé 'ccéin am fuaig;
Ir í ghrádh mo chléib bí n-Erinn cuach.
Uch, uch ón, &c.

Adieu, above all, to her to whom it is due,
The white-skinned, accomplished, ruby-lipped maid,
Who has caused me to fly to the mountains afar;
She is the love of my bosom, however, my *cuckoo*.
Och, ochone, &c.

Ar fánach faon mé, fraochmar fuar,
Ar táithlag tréit, 'far taomad truag;
A m-barr an t-pléib, gan aon mo nuar,
Am fáirt acht fraoch agur gaoth atuaid.
Uch, uch ón, mo bhrón, mo mhillead,
Iomorcaid óil ir fógra bruinnghéal
'Cuir mir leam' ló gan fód gan foichin,
Ir fór gan iomad fuadair.

I am a helpless wanderer, chilly and cold,
Sickly, debilitated, wretched, and poor;
In the mountain's top, and, alas! with none
To keep me company but the north wind and heath.
Och ochone, my grief, my destruction,
Too much drinking and kissing of girls
Has sent me for ever from land and from shelter,
And quite from all rambling pleasures.

Do'n t-fráid 'nuair théim mar aon ar cuaird,
Ní h-áil leó mé, ir ní féidid leam cluain;
Dír mnáib le chéile ag pléa dá luaib,
Cá h-áit, ca h-é, cá taob ar ghluair.
Uch, uch ón, &c.

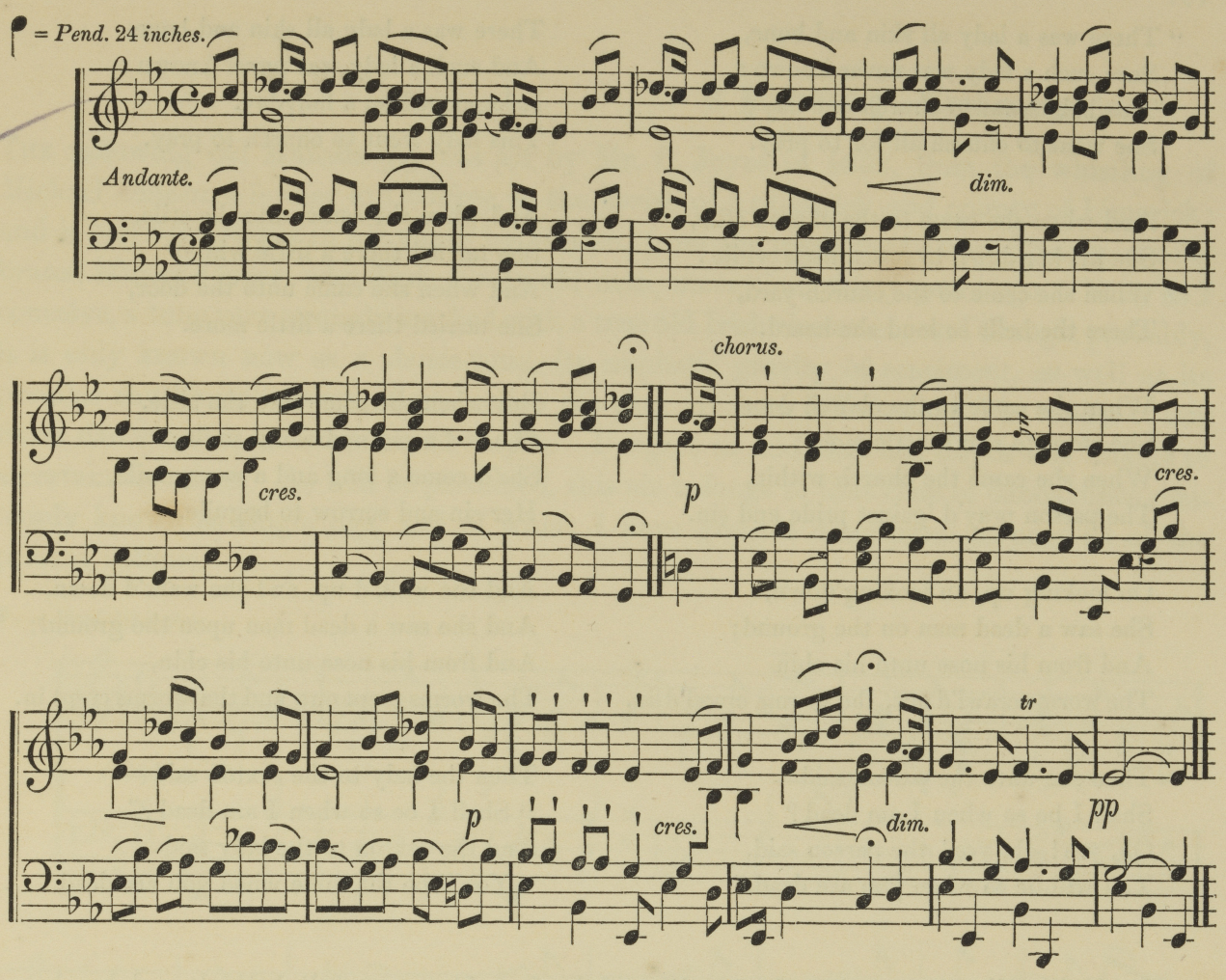
To the town when I go, like others, to visit,
They receive me not, nor accept my conversation;
Whilst the women with each other arguing say—
What is he? who is he? where did he come from?
Och ochone, &c.

Dom' cáirde am ghaor gan téacht ar truag,
'Smém' chádh 'gan faoghal a n-géib fa n-guair;
Le fáithe a b-péin a ccéin ar cuaird,
Gan ábacht gan fgléir, gan fgéil, dá luad.
Uch, uch ón, &c.

For my friends not to visit me is indeed pitiful,
While the world afflicts and enfolds me in peril;
For a quarter of a year in painful exile,
Without action, or pleasure, or telling of news.
Och ochone, &c.

Ó dáil an cleir dam céile nua,
Coir Máige go h-éag ní h-é mo cuaird;
Go brách leam' pé táim féid leam' chuaich,
'Sle mnáib an t-saoghail 'cuir mé ar buairt.
Uch, uch ón, &c.

Since the clergy have decreed me a new wife,
The banks of the Maige shall I never again visit;
For ever in this life I am done with my cuckoo,
And with all the world's brain-turning maidens.
And och ochone, &c.



There was a Lady all Skin and Bone.

I HAVE been unable to find any ancient or popular name for the following melody, which was noted in my boy-days from the singing of the Dublin street-ballad singers, amongst whom it would appear to have been a favourite air, from its easy applicability to songs of the usual octo-syllabic ballad metre. Of those songs, however, I have long ceased to retain any recollection; but as, within recent years, I have heard the air sung to the old English nursery rhyme beginning with "There was a lady all skin and bone," I have, from want of a better, adopted that line as a name for it. I should observe, however, that this old nursery tale, as I have heard it sung, differs somewhat—as might be expected in verses preserved by tradition only—from any of the English versions of it which I have seen in print; and though it may probably be more corrupted, it is certainly not less musical; and, moreover, it will sing more smoothly to the Irish melody with which it has been associated. I am tempted, therefore, to annex it in a parallel column with the English version, as published by Halliwell in his "Nursery Rhymes of England." In connexion with this song, it may not, perhaps, be out of place to observe that the old ballad poetry of England appears to have been more generally disseminated in the portions of Ireland occupied by the English than has been hitherto suspected: but the melodies to which such ballads have been sung were usually, as in the present instance, of unquestionably Irish origin.

"There was a lady all skin and bone,
Sure such a lady was never known:
This lady went to church one day;
She went to church all for to pray.

And when she came to the church stile,
She sat her down to rest a little while:
When she came to the church-yard,
There the bells so loud she heard.

When she came to the church door,
She stopt to rest a little more;
When she came the church within,
The parson pray'd 'gainst pride and sin.

On looking up, on looking down,
She saw a dead man on the ground;
And from his nose unto his chin
The worms crawl'd out, the worms crawl'd in.

Then she unto the parson said—
Shall I be so when I am dead?
Oh, yes! oh, yes! the parson said,
You will be so when you are dead."

There was a lady all skin and bone,
And such a lady was never known;
It happened on a holyday,
This lady went to church to pray.

And when she came unto the stile,
She tarried there a little while;
And when she came unto the door,
She tarried there a little more.

But when she came into the aisle,
She had a sad and woful smile;
She'd come a long and a weary mile,
Her sin and sorrow to beguile.

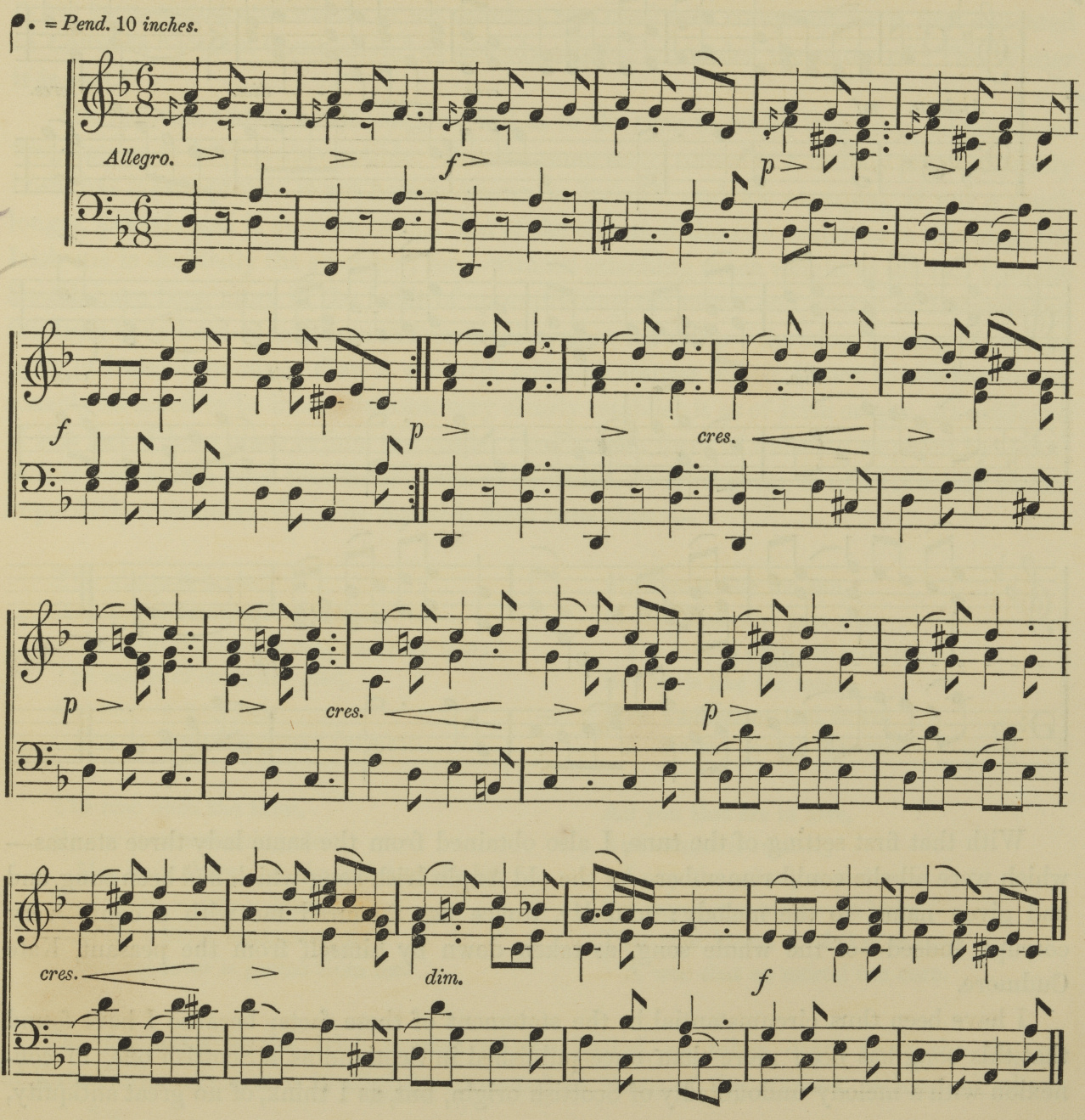
And she walk'd up, and she walk'd down,
And she saw a dead man upon the ground;
And from his nose unto his chin,
The worms crept out, and the worms crept in.

Then the lady to the sexton said—
"Shall I be so when I am dead?"
And the sexton to the lady said—
"You'll be the same when you are dead."

Mr. Halliwell remarks that the last line of the fourth stanza, "slightly altered, has been adopted in Lewis's ballad of 'Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine.'" It will be perceived, however, that the line in Lewis's ballad is more in accordance with the Irish than with the English version.

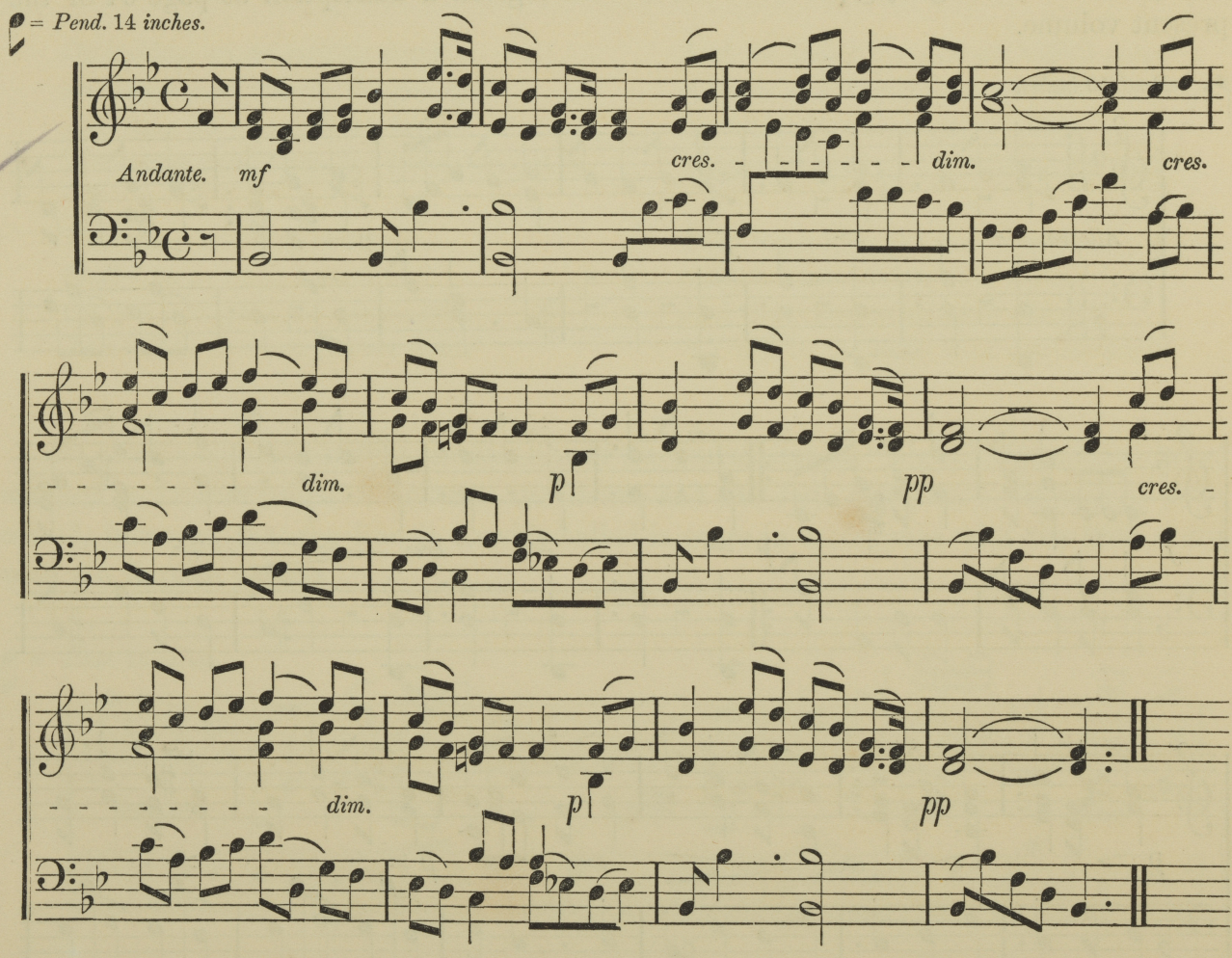
A Munster Jig—Name unascertained.

THE following old Munster jig was set by Mr. P. Joyce in 1852, from the whistling of Michael Dineen, a farmer at Coolfree, in the parish of Ardpatrick, and county of Limerick: and it had been learnt in his youth by Dineen, from the playing of James Sheedy, a celebrated Munster piper, who died, a very old man, more than thirty years ago. It is, as I conceive, a tune very strongly marked with a true old Irish character; and though, probably, it is only known now as a dance-tune, its emphatic gravity of sentiment, as well as its peculiar rhythmical accentuation, incline me very much to believe that, like many of our finest dance-tunes, it had a march origin. I regret to add that Mr. Joyce was unable to ascertain its name. As will be perceived, this air belongs to that class of dance-tunes commonly known as single jigs, and of which I have given a description at page 64 of the present volume.



The Winter it is past; or, The Curragh of Kildare.

The following is one of the many airs noted in my young days from the singing of a near connexion of my own, and which, as I have already stated, had been learned in that lady's childhood from the singing of Betty Skillin. Other settings of the melody have been given to me in subsequent years, including one recently noted for me by Mr. Joyce, from the singing of Kate Cudmore, a peasant of Glenroe, in the parish of Ardpatrick, county of Limerick. The settings of the air thus procured from different sources have not, as usual amongst melodies only preserved by tradition, a perfect agreement; but they present no difference of sufficient importance to make the publication desirable of any other setting than the one originally noted, and which I consider as the most genuine.



With that first setting of the tune, I also obtained from the same lady three stanzas—which were all she could remember—of the old Anglo-Irish song which had been sung, and had given name, to the melody: and Mr. Joyce has favoured me with a copy—very corrupt, indeed—of the whole song, as taken down by himself from the peasant, Kate Cudmore.

I have been thus circumstantial in the statement of these facts; because I have found that this song has been more than once published in Scotland as a Scottish one, in connexion with a melody undoubtedly of Scottish origin, but, as I think, of no great antiquity,

and most probably a composition of Oswald's, in whose "Caledonian Pocket Companion" it first appeared.

This Scottish claim to a song which I had for a long period undoubtingly believed to be Irish, first became known to me on finding the first and second stanzas of it given as a fragment in "Cromek's Relics of Robert Burns;" those stanzas having been found in the poet's handwriting after his death. But, though Burns appears to have given a few touches of his own to those stanzas, it was clearly an error to ascribe to him their authorship; for those two stanzas, together with two others, given as the complete copy of the song, had been previously printed in the first edition of Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum, vol. ii. Edinburgh: 1787;" and this copy of the song only differs in a few words from a stall edition of it, printed in Mr. Stenhouse's notes on the songs in the Museum. There is, therefore, sufficient evidence to show that this song, or at least so much of it, was known in Scotland during the latter part of the last century; and it is in the highest degree probable that it was known as early as 1750, about which time the Scottish air to which it has been united, and which, in my opinion, was obviously composed for it, first appeared in Oswald's "Pocket Companion," as already alluded to, under the name of "The Winter it is past."

The Scottish claim to this song, as well as to the tune to which it is sung, might, therefore, appear to be incontrovertible. But the same song, united to a melody unquestionably Irish, has been equally, if not better, known in Ireland, and for an equal, if not a much longer, period: and it appears to me, that of the claims of the two countries to this song, the Irish one is decidedly the stronger; for—without attaching much weight to the fact that the Scotch have been more in the habit of appropriating the music and poetry of Ireland than the Irish have been of taking such friendly liberties with theirs—the song, as sung in various parts of Ireland for more than a century, contains stanzas which, if not somewhat unreasonably assumed to be interpolations, very clearly establish it as of Irish origin. As evidence of this fact, I here place before the reader the Scottish form of the song as given by Johnson, as well as the Irish traditional form of it, which, in some parts, is unfortunately rather imperfectly remembered. The Scottish form runs thus:—

The winter it is past,
And the summer's come at last,
  And the small birds sing on every tree;
The hearts of these are glad,
But mine is very sad,
  For my lover has parted from me.

The rose upon the brier,
By the waters running clear,
  May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest,
And their little hearts at rest,
  But my lover is parted from me.

My love is like the sun,
In the firmament does run,
  For ever is constant and true;
But his is like the moon,
That wanders up and down,
  And every month it is new.

All you that are in love,
And cannot it remove,
  I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know
That your hearts are full of woe,—
  A woe that no mortal can cure.

The following is the Irish version of this ballad, as taken down from the singing of Kate Cudmore; but it is slightly corrected in three of the stanzas, as learned, about

the year 1780, from Betty Skillin, by whom the latter half of each stanza, with its corresponding music, was sung twice:—

The winter it is past,
And the summer's come at last,
  And the blackbirds sing on every tree;
The hearts of these are glad,
But mine is very sad,
  Since my true love is absent from me.

The rose upon the brier,
By the water running clear,
  Gives joy to the linnet and the bee;
Their little hearts are blest,
But mine is not at rest,
  While my true love is absent from me.

A livery I'll wear,
And I'll comb down my hair,
  And in velvet so green I'll appear;
And straight I will repair
To the Curragh of Kildare,
  For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

I'll wear a cap of black,
With a frill around my neck;
  Gold rings on my fingers I'll wear;
It is this I'll undertake
For my true lover's sake;
  He resides at the Curragh of Kildare.

I would not think it strange
Thus the world for to range,
  If I only got tidings of my dear;
But here in Cupid's chain,
If I'm bound to remain,
  I would spend my whole life in despair.

My love is like the sun,
That in the firmament does run,
  And always proves constant and true;
But his is like the moon,
That wanders up and down,
  And every month it is new.

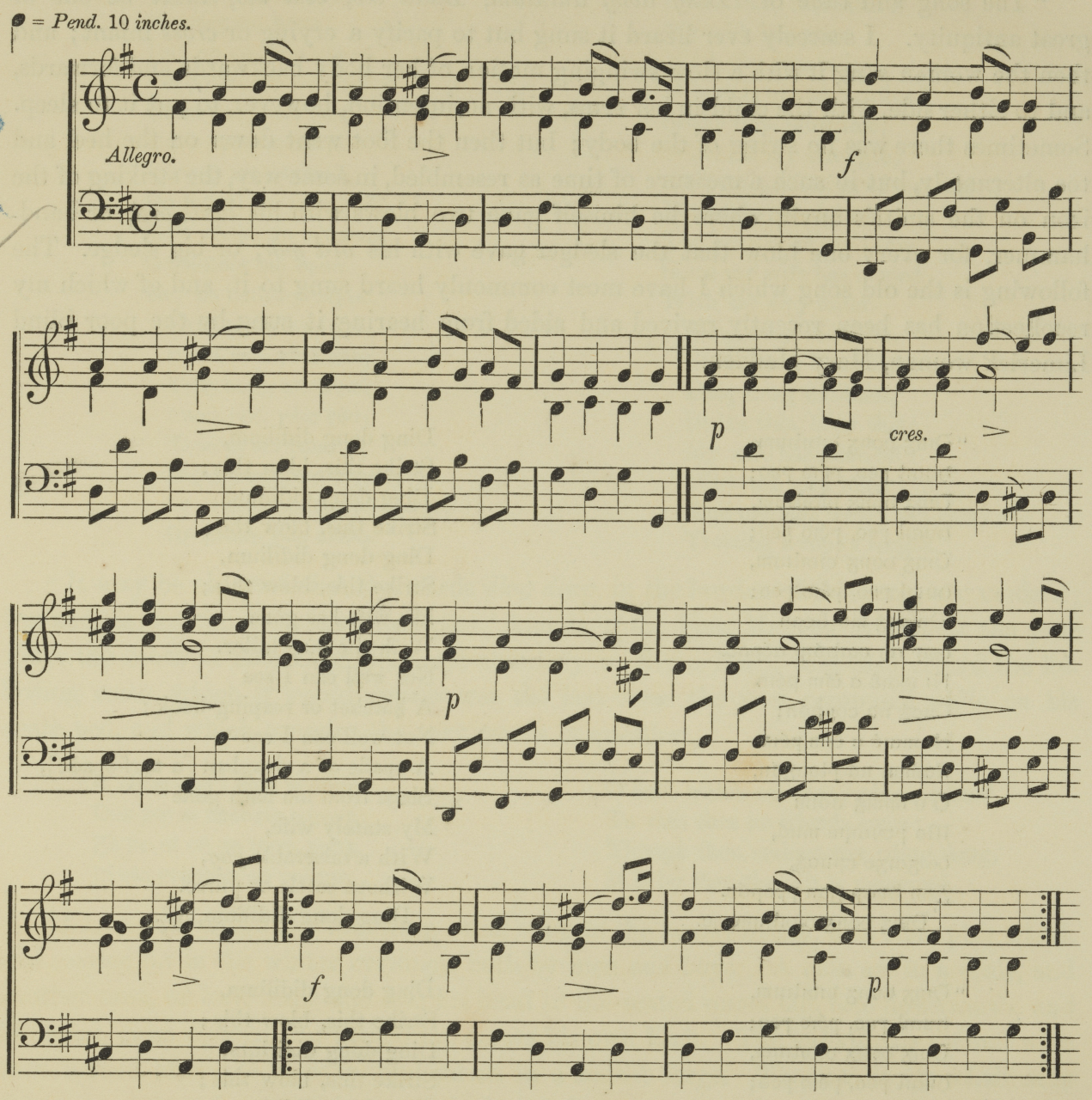
All you that are in love,
And cannot it remove,
  I pity the pains you endure;
For experience lets me know
That your hearts are full of woe,
  And a woe that no mortal can cure.

Having thus placed before my readers the Scottish and Irish versions of this ballad, I shall leave it to them to determine the relative claims of the two countries to its parentage; contenting myself with the remark, that if the stanzas in the latter which appear to give it a decidedly Irish origin should be considered as interpolations, they are at least interpolations of a date far anterior to the appearance of any of the Scottish versions hitherto published; and I cannot help thinking that any such assumption, as to interpolation, is by no means probable, and is, as far as I am aware, wholly unsustained by any examples of such a procedure as yet discovered in Ireland.

Dónal Dónal Dóbailium, buail seo, séid seo. — The Smith's Song.

I had for many a year felt a strong desire to obtain a correct setting of the following air,—which is popularly known in the southern counties of Ireland as "The Smith's Song,"—from a supposition that it was one of those tunes connected with songs of occupation which form so interesting a class of our melodies; but it was not till lately that I became pos-

sessed of a setting that appeared to me sufficiently accurate to be worthy of preservation. This setting was noted for me by Mr. Joyce, in 1853, from the singing of Mary Hackett, a peasant woman of the parish of Ardpatrick, in the county of Limerick.



I find, however, that I was in error in supposing that "The Smith's Song" was one appropriated to the occupation of this most ancient and useful trade, which is one of too noisy a nature to permit, conveniently, the habitual indulgence of song as a lightener of toil. The smith may love music; but, while at his work, he can but occasionally administer to that love. "The Smith's Song" has, however, very evidently been suggested—like Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith"—by the measured time and varied tones of his hammers striking upon the anvil; and its melody is therefore, in my mind, one of much interest as an ancient example of imitative music. Nor is it, perhaps, less worthy of remark, that it is to this amusing imitative characteristic that it most probably owes—despite of the somewhat unfit words connected with it—its general adoption by the Munster women as a nur-

sery song to amuse a cross or crying infant; for such has been the fact, as Mr. Curry states in the following interesting notice, with which he has favoured me, of this old melody and the songs which, in his youth, he had heard sung to it:—

"The song and tune of '*Ding dong didilium*, *Buail seo*, *seid seo*,' must be one of great antiquity. I scarcely ever heard it sung but to pacify a crying or *cross* infant; and then the woman sang it with a slow swinging motion of her body backwards and forwards, and to either side, with the child in her arms, with no intention, however, to put it to sleep. Sometimes there was no swing of the body; but then the foot went down on the heel and toe alternately, but in such a measure of time as resembled, in some way, the striking of the iron on the smith's anvil, where he himself gave two blows with his *lamh-ord*, or hand-hammer, for every one blow that the sledger gave with his *ord mor*, or big sledge. The following is the old song which I have most commonly heard sung to it, and of which my recollection has been recently revived and aided from hearing it sung by the poor blind Limerick woman, Mary Madden.

"Ding dong didilium,	Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;	Strike this, blow this;
Ding dong didilium,	Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;	Strike this, blow this;
Ding dong didilium,	Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;	Strike this, blow this;
'Dimeig mo bean	My wife has gone
Leis an tailiúir aerach.	With the *airy* tailor.
Ni maith a chím féin	Not well can I see
Tuag na corrán;	A hatchet or reaping-hook;
Ni maith a chim féin	Not well can I see
Raṁan ná sleaggán,	A spade or a sleaghan [a turf-spade],
Ó d'imeig uaim	Since from me hath gone
Mo stuaire mná,	My stately wife,
Le gaige struag,	With a miserable *gag*,
Gan buar gan sporán.	Without cattle or purse.
Ding dong didilium, &c.	Ding dong didilium, &c.

"Ding dong didilium,	Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;	Strike this, blow this;
Ding dong didilium,	Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;	Strike this, blow this;
Ding dong didilium,	Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;	Strike this, blow this;
'Dimeig mo bean	My wife has gone
Leis an tailiúir aerach.	With the *airy* tailor.
A bean úd siar	Thou stray-going woman
An brollaig shléigil,	With the snow-white bosom,
'B'fearr duit filleadh	It were better for you return
Is na builg do théide,	And blow the bellows,
Ná do gabha maith féin	Than your own good smith
Go bráth a threigeann,	For ever to abandon,
Is triall fair an tailiúr	And be off with the tailor
Ar fuaid na h-Eirenn.	All over Erinn.
Ding dong didilium, &c.	Ding dong didilium, &c.

"Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;
Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;
Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;
'Dimdig mo bean
Leis an tailiúir aerach.
Ca b-fuil mo buachaill?
Buail seo, seid seo,
Ca b-fuil mo neart,
Is snas mo déidhe?
Ca b-fuil mo sadharc?
Tá'n adharc ar m'éadan
Ó d'éalaig mo bean
Leis an tailiúir aerach.
Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;
Ding dong didilium,
Buail seo, séid seo;
'Dimdig mo bean
Leis an tailiúir aerach;
'Is ní dabarfad mo dora me
Ar sodar fad téide.

Ding dong didilium,
Strike this, blow this;
Ding dong didilium,
Strike this, blow this;
Ding dong didilium,
Strike this, blow this;
My wife has gone
With the *airy* tailor.
Where is my apprentice?
Strike this, blow this;
Where is my strength,
And the perfection of my trade?
Where is my sight?
The horn is on my brow
Since my wife has eloped
With the *airy* tailor.
Ding dong didilium,
Strike this, blow this;
Ding dong didilium,
Strike this, blow this;
My wife has gone off
With the *airy* tailor;
And my legs would not carry me
Trotting a rope's length.

"It may be objected that the words *ding dong*, in the burden of this song, are modern; but such is not the fact; for where the 'Annals of the Four Masters' record, at the year 1015, the death of Mac Liag, poet and secretary to Brian Boru, they also record the following verse, which it would appear was the last verse the poet composed while on his death-bed, and which contains the very words in question.

"A cluic atá i cind m'adhairt,
Dot fuil ni teccait carait;
Gé do ní tú do ding, dang,
Is dít fuentar an falann.

O bell, which art at my pillow's head,
To visit thee no friends come;
Though thou makest thy 'ding dang,'
It is by thee the salt is measured.

"I have also heard the following verse sung to the same melody, at a rude play which was carried on in the winter evenings, both by men and boys. A man sat in a chair, and another man, or boy, came and laid his head in the seated man's lap, face downwards, and his hand, palm opened and turned up, across his own back. The individuals around were then named after the various implements in a smith's forge. The man in the chair sang this verse, and at the end of it one of the bystanders gave the palm of the hand on the back a slap with his own palm, as hard as he himself could bear. The man in the chair then asked the stricken man who it was that struck him. He answered, 'Big Sledge,' 'Hand-sledge,' 'Hammer,' or whatever else he pleased; and the striking continued—often by the same person—until the guesser named the right person at last. Then the striker knelt down, and went through the same course; and so on all round.

"Buail seo, 'Seadain Gobha,
Íseal is éadtrom;
Buaileam go léir é,
Trí na chéile:

Strike this, Shane Gobha,
Lowly and lightly;
Let us all strike it
Through each other:

Ƀuaıleam aṙíṙ é,	Let us strike it again,
Iṙ buaıleam le ċéıle ;	And let us strike together ;
'Ṡ buaılımıɔ cuaıṙƀ aıṙ,	And let us strike all round,
Ƒo luaċ ıṙ ƒo h-éaṙƒaıƍ.	Both quickly and smartly."

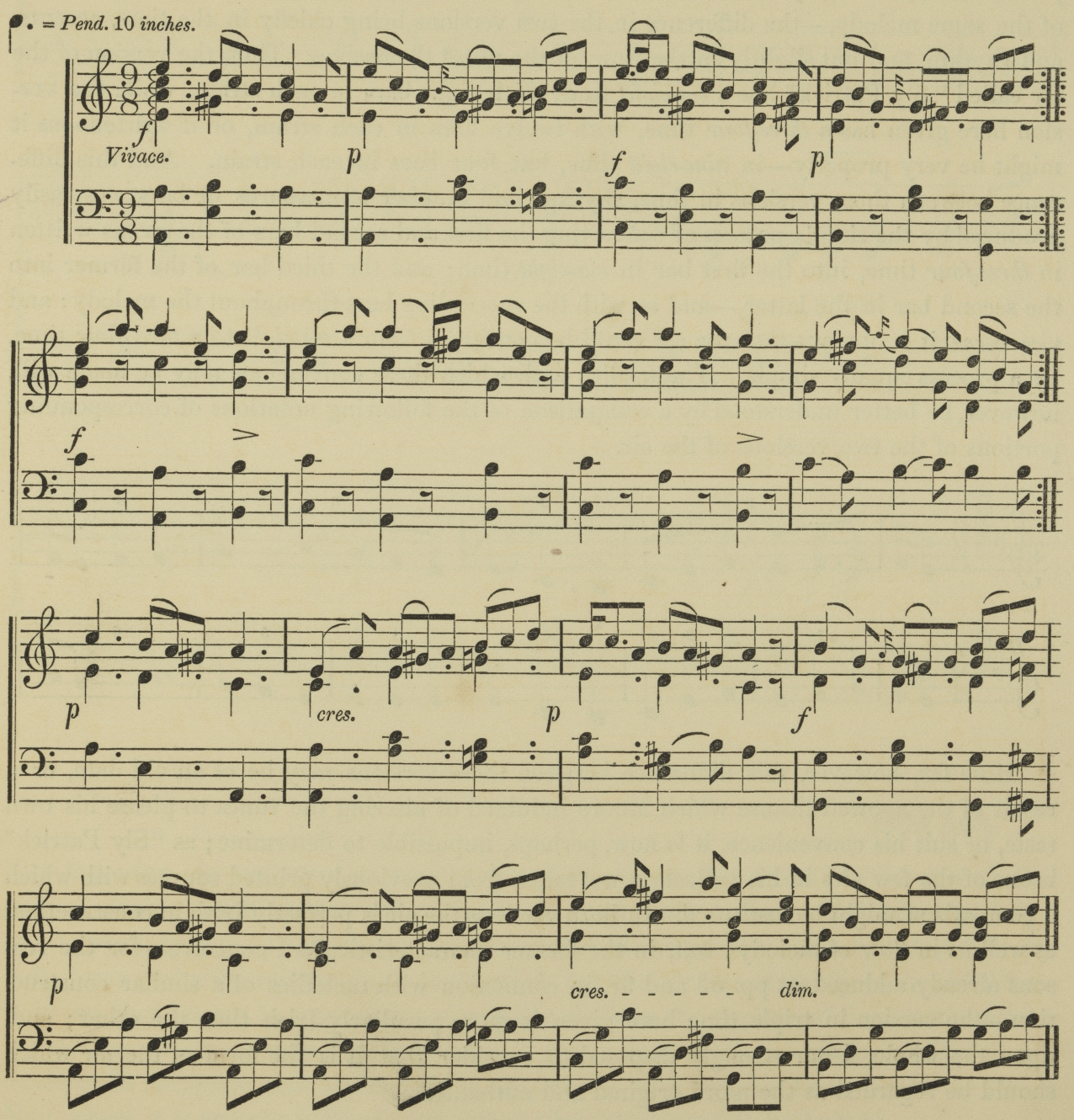
To these remarks of Mr. Curry I have only to add, that a melody called "The Smith's Song" was sung by the late Mr. Horncastle, at his excellent Irish musical entertainments; but as he has not given it a place in the published collection of airs so sung, I am unable to speak with any certainty as to its identity with the air here printed. I well remember, however, that it was a tune of perfectly similar construction and rhythmical accent, and have but little doubt that it was at least a version of this melody.

The Melody of the Harp.

For the setting of the beautiful and, as I believe, very old melody which follows, I am indebted to the kindness of my friend Mr. J. E. Pigot, by whom it was obtained from a MS. book of Irish songs and tunes which had been communicated to him by Mr. J. Hardiman, of Galway. I regret to add that I know nothing respecting the words sung to it.

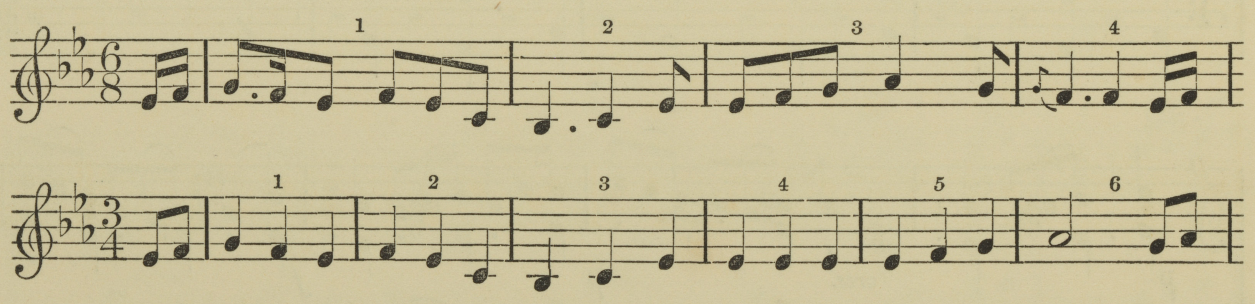
The Rocky Road.

The following old dance-tune belongs, as will be perceived, to the class popularly known by the term Hop-jigs. It is a very favourite tune both in Munster and Connaught, and two sets of it—very unlike each other, however—have been already printed in the Dublin monthly magazine called "The Citizen." But as neither of these sets, nor any others that I have met with, appear to me equal in character or correctness to the following, I have considered it desirable to give it a place in this collection. For this version of the tune I am indebted to my friend, Mrs. J. S. Close, a lady who in her early days had the best opportunities for learning such tunes in their most authentic forms, and who profited so well by those opportunities, that she plays them with a truthfulness, a spirit, and a raciness, it would be difficult to rival, and scarcely possible to surpass.

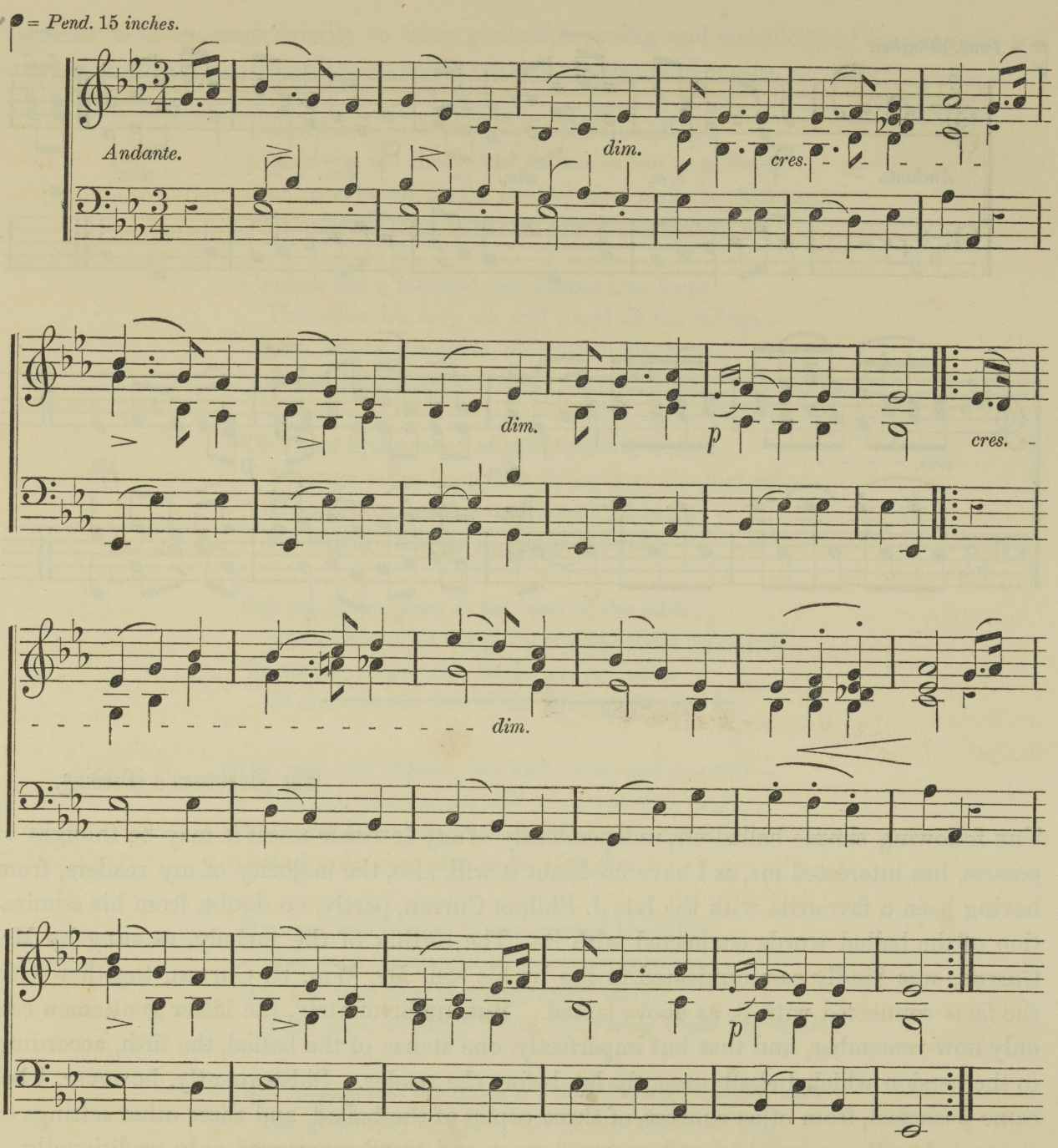


Never despise an old Friend.

For this beautiful and most characteristically Irish melody, I am indebted to a lady of the county of Londonderry, in which county it was noted. Unfortunately, however, I know nothing of its history, or of the Anglo-Irish song which has given it a name; but the musical reader will, I think, at once perceive its more than strong family likeness—notwithstanding the difference in its time and rhythm—to the air called "Sly Patrick," in "Moore's Melodies," and which is now better known by the name given to it from his beautiful song "Has sorrow thy young days shaded." I have already, at page 159, remarked on an affinity which, in certain points, the air of "Sly Patrick" apparently exhibits with the air there given called "This time twelve months I married:" but that apparent affinity is not so decided in character as to prohibit the idea of its being accidental. Its affinity with the present air is, however, so decided as to leave no doubt of its being but a different version of the same melody,—the difference in the two versions being chiefly in the time, accents, and rhythm, and but slightly in the tune, of the notes themselves. Thus, the version of the air called "Sly Patrick" has a *six-eight* time, with eight bars in each strain, while the version here given has a *three-four* time, with twelve bars in each strain, or if written—as it might be very properly—in *nine-eight* time, but four bars in each strain. And this difference between those versions in time, rhythm, and number of measures, or bars, was easily produced by the simple process of converting the first and second bars of the air, as written in *three-four* time, into the first bar in *six-eight* time; and the third bar of the former into the second bar in the latter,—and so with the succeeding bars throughout the melody: and *vice versâ*, it is obvious that the air could be converted from a *six-eight* to a *three-four* time, by a process equally simple. The facility with which these conversions may be made will, however, be better understood by a comparison of the following notations of corresponding portions of the two versions of the air.



How far, however, this difference between those versions may be of an old date, or a result of the avowed license which Moore indulged of altering the tunes to please his own taste, or suit his convenience, it is now, perhaps, impossible to determine; as "Sly Patrick" is one of the few airs in his collection not taken from previously printed sources with which a comparison might be instituted. In both versions the air is perfectly Irish in construction, as well as in flow of melody; but, in the former characteristic, as I conceive—for the reasons already adduced at pp. 53 and 98, in connexion with melodies of a similar construction—the version in triple time here given is more peculiarly Irish than the other; and, upon the whole, I am strongly disposed to consider that it is the form of the air which should be regarded as the more original and authentic.



Pretty Sally.

The following air was noted in my boy days from the singing of the Dublin street-ballad singers, during which time it was united to an Anglo-Irish ballad, called "Pretty Sally," which was very popular among the poorer classes of the people. The ballad of "Pretty Sally" was probably written about that period, but the air was certainly of an older date, as it was then known to some of my young friends from the singing of their mothers, who had not been born or reared in Dublin: and, I may add, as an interesting additional evidence of its antiquity, that the melody is also known as a popular Manx air in the Isle of Man, where it is sung to a Manx song called *Isbel Falsey*, or "False Isabel."

The Nobleman's Wedding.

The following simple ballad air, independently of any intrinsic merit it may be thought to possess, has interested me, as I have no doubt it will, also, the majority of my readers, from having been a favourite with the late J. Philpot Curran, partly, no doubt, from his admiration of the ballad words connected with it. The setting of the melody, as sung by Mr. Curran, was kindly communicated to me by his son, Mr. Wm. H. Curran, together with the facts connected with it, as above stated. But, unfortunately, the latter gentleman can only now remember, and that but imperfectly, one stanza of the ballad, the fifth, according to the version which I shall presently lay before the reader. Subsequently, however, I became possessed, from other sources, of three copies of the ballad, and three other settings of the melody, all—as usual in such cases of tunes and words preserved only traditionally—differing widely from each other. Of these, both tune and words, the first were obtained from Mr. Joyce, by whom they were taken down from the singing of his brother, Mr. Michael Joyce, of Glenasheen, in the county of Limerick; the second from my own daughters, who had learnt them, in their childhood, from a nursery-maid, at that period belonging to my family; and the third from Mary Madden, the poor blind Limerick woman of whom I have so often had occasion to make mention. Of the settings of the melody—being indisposed to express any opinion as to which should be considered the most authentic form of versions so different from each other—I have considered it proper to give the three settings which follow, namely, Mr. Curran's, my daughters', and Mr. Joyce's. With respect, however, to the equally differing copies of the ballad, they are all so rude and imperfect as to be unworthy of publication. But, instead of them, I give insertion to a version of the ballad composed by my friend William Allingham, from these various imperfect

versions, with as much fidelity to their general meaning and simplicity of language as was consistent with a due attention to more correct rhythm and metre.

I once was a guest at a Nobleman's wedding;
Fair was the Bride, but she scarce had been kind;
And now, in our mirth, she had tears nigh the shedding;
Her former true lover still runs in her mind.

Clothed like a minstrel, her former true lover
Has taken his harp up, and tuned all the strings;
There, among strangers, his grief to discover,
A fair maiden's falsehood he bitterly sings.

"Oh! here is the token of gold that was broken;
Through seven long years it was kept for your sake;
You gave it to me as a true-lover's token;
No longer I'll wear it, asleep or awake."

She sat in her place at the head of the table;
The words of his ditty she marked them right well;
To sit any longer this Bride was not able,
So down at the feet of the Bridegroom she fell.

"Oh! one, one request, my lord—one, and no other—
Oh! this one request will you grant it to me?
To lie for this night in the arms of my mother,
And ever, ever after to lie with thee."

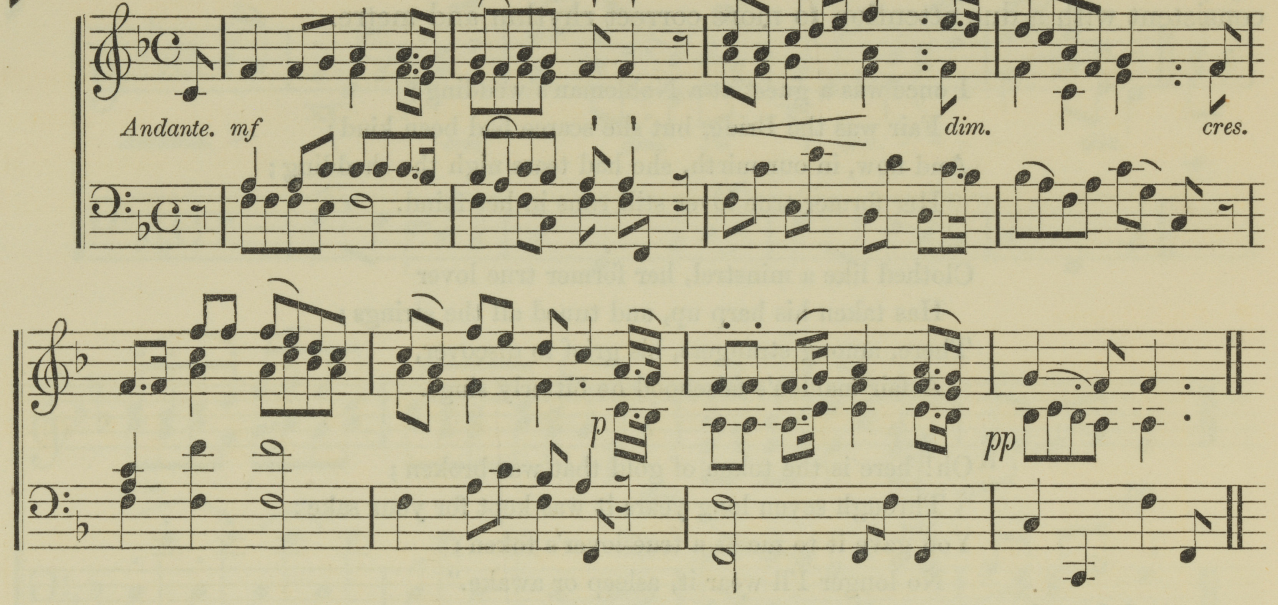
Her one, one request it was granted her fairly;
Pale were her cheeks as she went up to bed;
And the very next morning, early, early,
They rose, and they found this young Bride was dead.

The bridegroom ran quickly; he held her, he kiss'd her;
He spoke loud and low, and he hearken'd full fain;
He call'd on her waiting-maids round to assist her;
But nothing could bring the lost breath back again.

Oh! carry her softly, the grave is made ready;
At head and at foot plant a laurel-bush green;
For she was a young and a sweet noble lady;
The fairest young bride that I ever have seen.

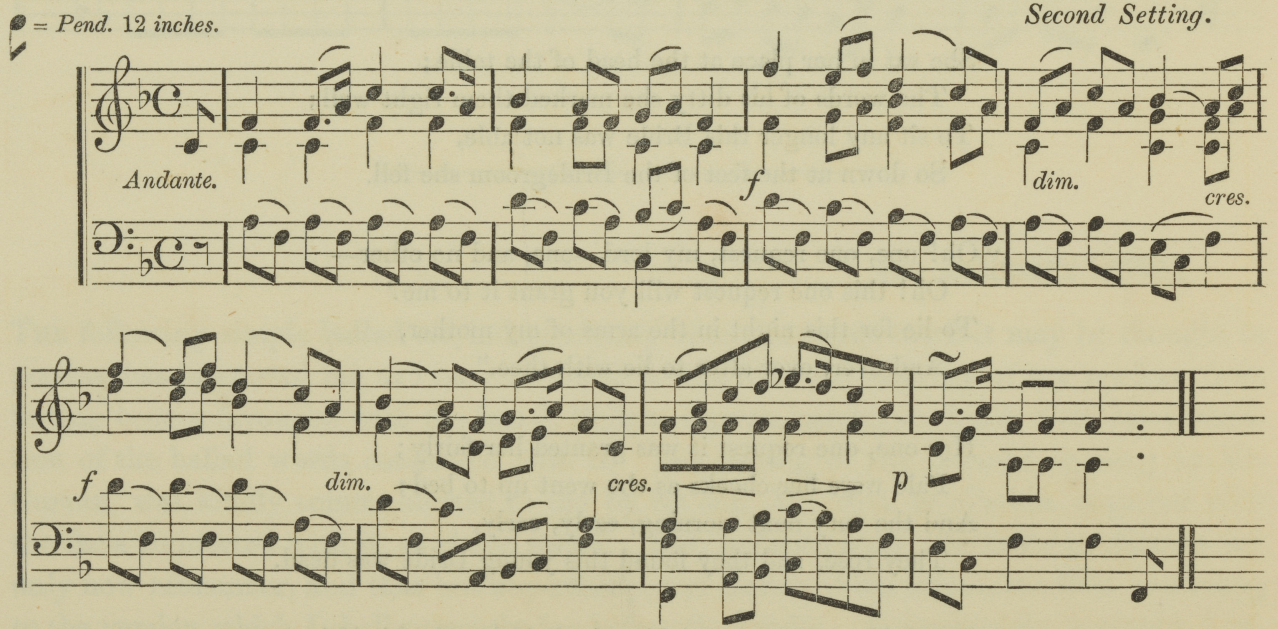
With regard to the settings of the air which follow, I should not fail, perhaps, to remark upon the strongly marked discrepancies which they present, and to which I have already alluded, as furnishing an addition to the many heretofore given, of the changes to which airs only preserved by tradition are so frequently subjected. In these settings, as will be perceived, the strong features, or outlines, of the air only are preserved in common, and even these not perfectly, while their less essential colourings exhibit but little agreement.

= *Pend.* 12 *inches.*



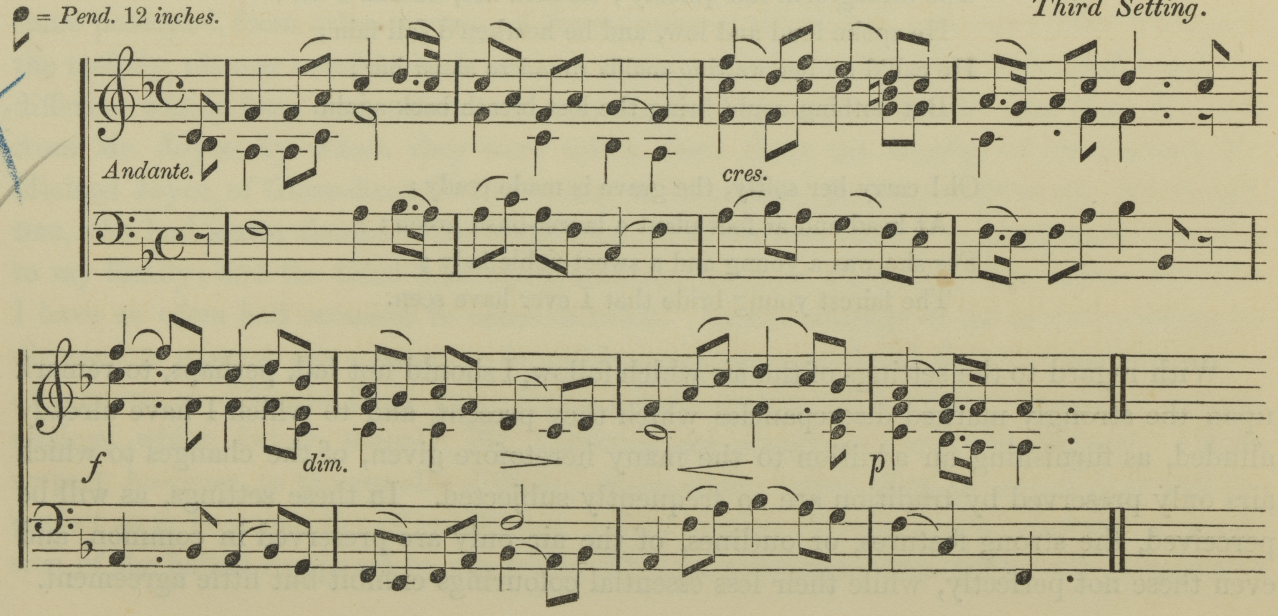
= *Pend.* 12 *inches.*

Second Setting.



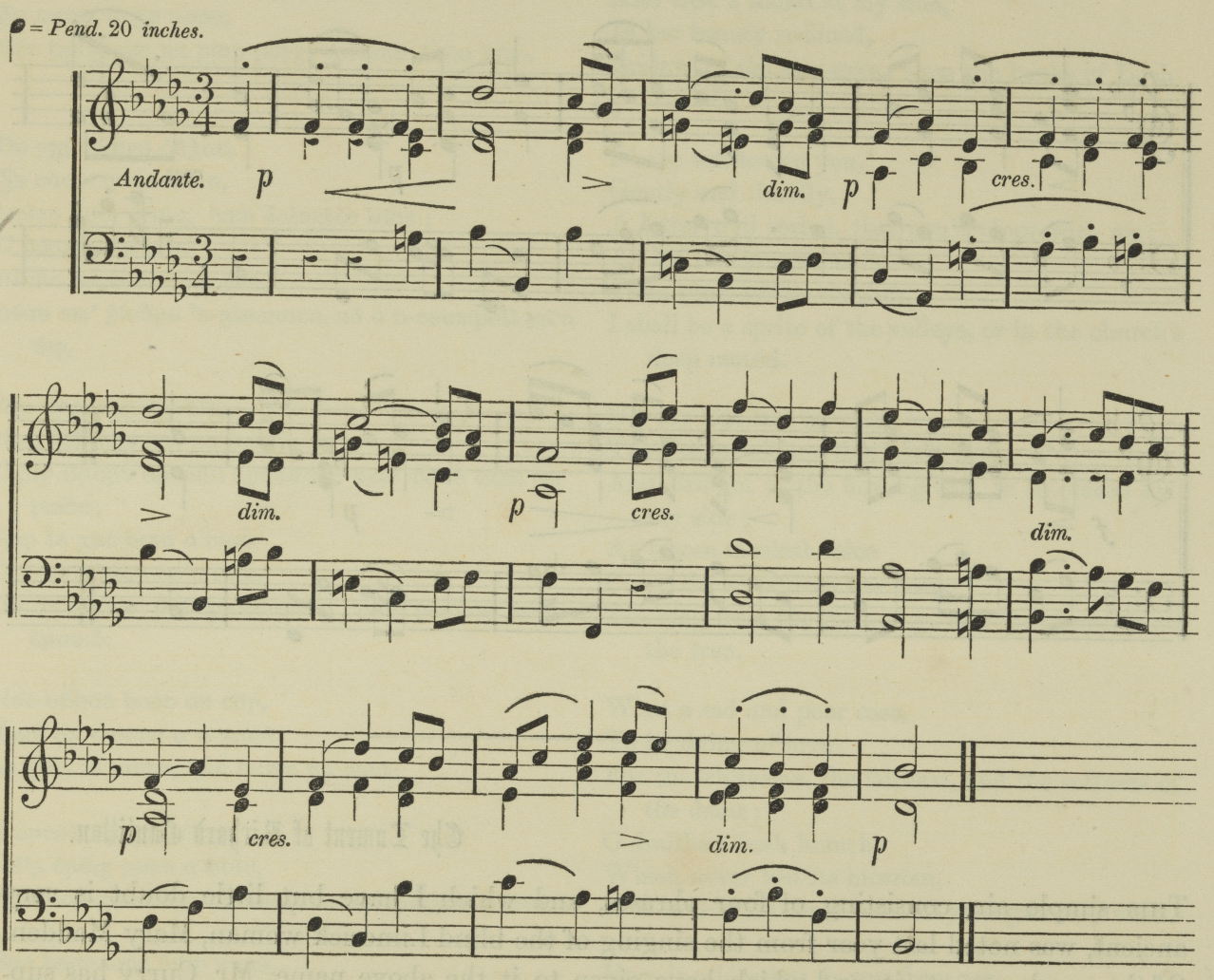
= *Pend.* 12 *inches.*

Third Setting.



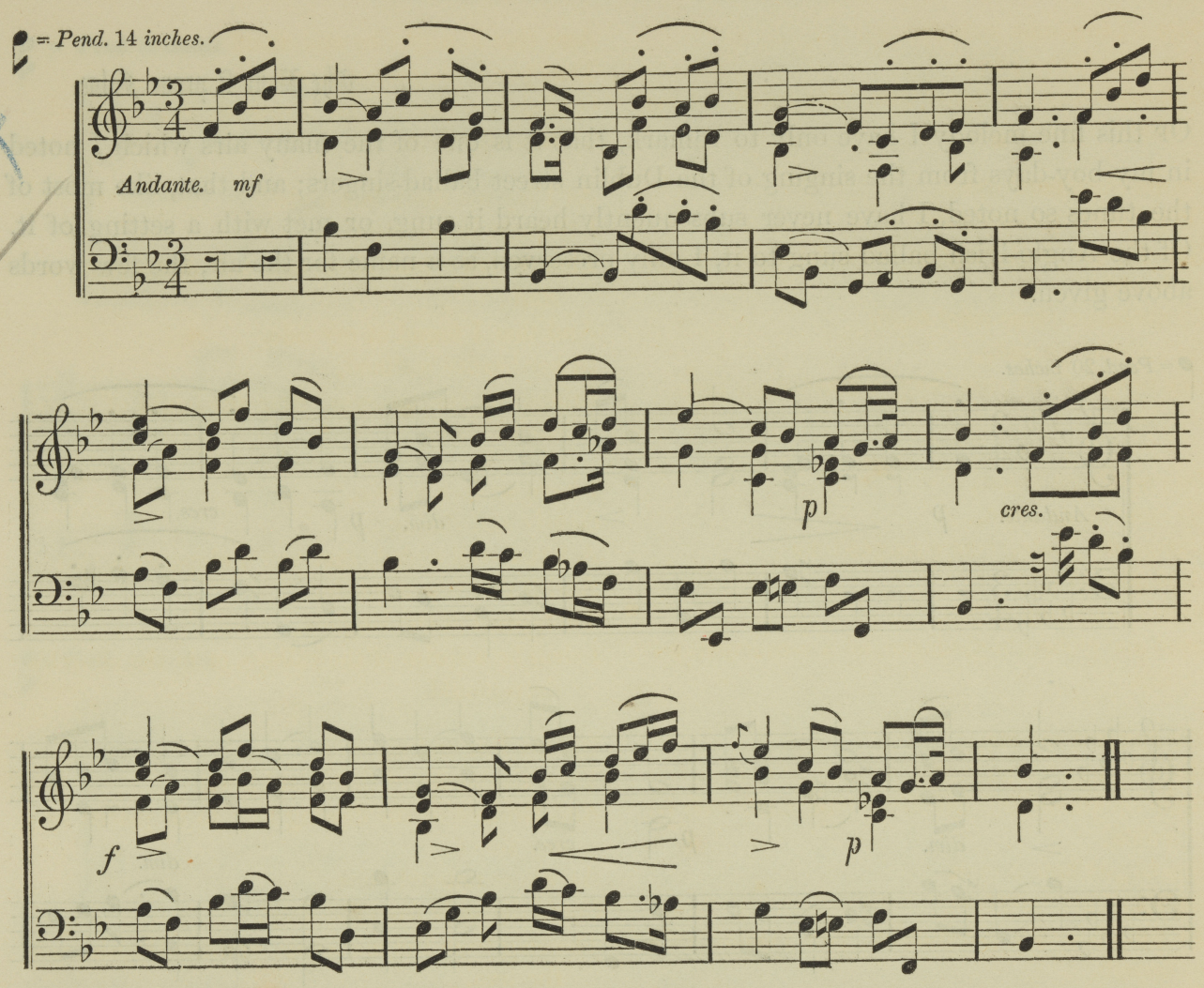
The Hour I prove False.

Of this fine melody I have only to remark, that it is one of the many airs which I noted in my boy-days from the singing of the Dublin street ballad-singers; and that, like most of the tunes so noted, I have never subsequently heard it sung, or met with a setting of it. Of the Anglo-Irish ballad sung to it, I only preserved, as a name for the air, the few words above given.



The Token.

For the following very pleasing ballad air, I am indebted to my friend Miss Holden, of Blackrock, Dublin, by whose eminently talented sister, the late Mrs. Joseph Hughes, it was noted many years ago from the singing of an Irish servant; and, if I can trust my memory, it was the tune of a once popular street-ballad. In its construction, however, it is not by any means a characteristic Irish melody; but rather, like many of such street-ballad airs, one belonging to that numerous class, hitherto but little noticed, to which I have applied the term Anglo-Irish.



The Lament of Richard Cantillon.

This simple air, consisting of four phrases, and which I have but little doubt is very ancient, was noted last year from the singing of the blind Limerick woman, Mary Madden. Of the words sung to it, and which have given to it the above name, Mr. Curry has supplied me with the following copy, transcribed from a MS. in his possession. This song, as Mr. Curry tells me, was written about the year 1750, by Richard *Mor* (or the big) Cantillon, of *Rath Fraoich*—now Marland—between *Ceann-a-Tochair*, or, the Causeway, and Ballyheige, in the county of Kerry; and it was addressed to the beautiful Bridget O'Halloran, daughter of Maurice *Mor* O'Halloran and Catherine Mac Carthy, of the Marsud family. I should observe that, as the melody has no second strain, or part, it must be sung twice to each stanza of the song; and from this circumstance I am strongly inclined to believe that it is not the air to which the song was originally adapted.

Slán leat a ṁúṙ,
Ní ṙuláiṙ ḋam 'ḃeiṫ aṙ ṙíuḃal,
Le h-eaglа ḋo ṁaṙlaḋ, 'ṙ go g-caillṙeá ḋo ċlú;

Farewell, my friend,
I must be away,
Lest you be defamed, or your character lost;

'Sgo n-déanpaiḋe go h-árḋ
Gup liúm 'bí ḋo páirt,
A ṁoḋail-bean, ḋo ġeall ḋam, 'pḋo ṁeall mé map cáċ.

Ap mo luiġe ḋam' aréip,
Do pmaoineap tpém' néal
Gup píoḃpa 'ċaiċ paiġeaḋ leam, 'pḋo ṁill mé go h-aéiḃ;
Cé ġeóḃainn pínte pem' ċaoḃ,
Go caoin ip go paon,
Acc bpíġḋeac na pinn porg, ó ċaoiḃ Loċa Léin.

Do pgpíoḃapa ċúġac,
Go caoin ip go ciúin,
Leicip paoi ṗéala, ċum éalaiġċe liúm;
A ṗéapla na lúb,
Mana n-déanaip-pi púḋ,
Béaḋ am' píoḃpa 'n-gleannca, nó a ḃ-ceampall pá'n úip.

Mo ċpeaċ ip mo ḋíċ,
Naċ í Máipe 'cá na luíġe,
Agup bpíġiḋ an ċúil ċpaoḃaiġ 'beiċ caoḃ liúm na puíḋe;
Gup le guċ binn a cinn
Ċig na póinte ḋo'n linn,
An piaḋ-ṗoc ó'n g-ceó-ċnoc, 'pan pmólaċ ḋo'n ċpaoiḃ.

Náċ ḋúbaċ boċt an cáp,
'Ḋeiċ ag cuicim a n-gpáḋ
Le gile, le pinne, 'ple buiġe na mná;

A ċpaoḃ úp gan ċáim,
Ná'p ċpéig piaṁ a bláċ,
'Sgup ap gaoiḃilġe ḋo léiġpinn ḋo ċpéiġiḃ, a ḃáb.

'Seo beannaċt ḋuic uaim,
Gan pcaḋ, piap ó ċuaiġ,
Ó ṗáġann pí Ráiṫ Ppaoiġ, go ḃ-téiḋ do'n Ċill Mhuaip;
A laeġ ġil, 'pa uaim,
Léaḋ' ċéaċt ḋúġam go luaċ
'Sġeóḃaip lán an ciġe ḋ'ṗáilcíḃ, ip lán ṁí ċum puaim.

Cpoiḋe cpáiḋce ap gaċ aon
'Ċaḃappaḋ náipe ḋúinn apaon,
Ip ḋéappaḋ gup ḃeápnapa bán-ċnip na g-cpaoḃ;
'Sgup lán-ṗiop ḋo'n c-paoġal
Ná ḋeápnap piaṁ lé
Acc púgpaḋ gan cáḃaċt, nó gáipe gan ċlaon.

And that it might be said aloud
That you were partial to me,
O modest woman, who favoured, but deceived, like all others.

As I lay me down last night,
I thought in my sleep
That a fairy had shot me, and destroyed my soul;
And that I found at my side,
In her beauty reclined,
Bridget of the star-eyes, from the banks of Loch Lein!

I have written to you,
Gently and timidly,
A letter well sealed, that you'd elope with me;
And if this you wont do,
Thou pearl of the ringlets,
I shall be a sprite of the valleys, or in the church's deep mould.

It's my loss and my ruin,
That 'tis not Mary that's laid low,
And Bridget of the flowing hair to be placed by my side;
At whose musical voice
Come the seals from the deep,
The stag from the mist-crag, and the thrush from the tree.

What a sad and poor case,
To be dying of love
For the whiteness, the fairness, and the softness of the dame;
O faultless fresh branch,
Which never lost its blossom,
It is in Gaelic I could trace all your graces, O maid!

Here is a blessing to you from me,
Without delay, to the north-west,
From its starting at Rathfree till it reaches Kill-more;
My bright fawn, and my lamb,
That you might come soon
To a houseful of welcomes, and a month for repose.

Sore hearts be to those
Who would slander us both,
And say that I sullied the white-sided maid;
While the world well knows
That I've done to her no more
Than sport without meaning, or laugh without guile.

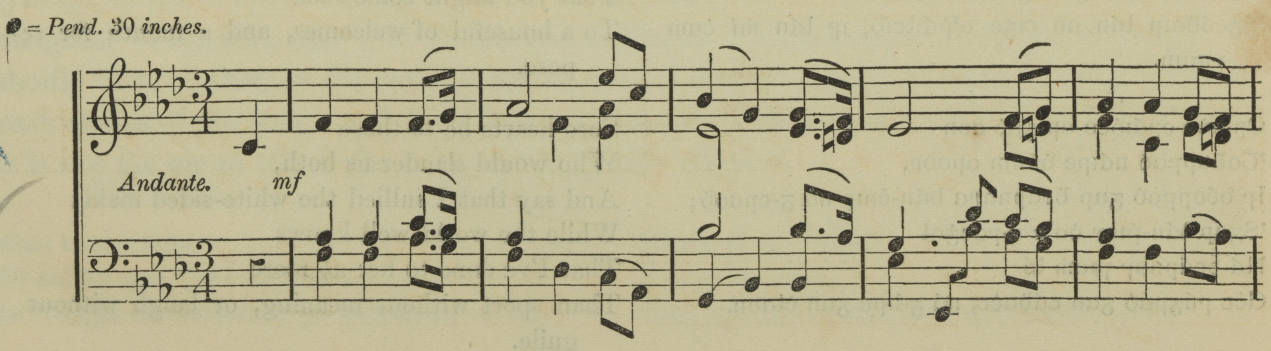
There is another stanza of this song, of which, however, Mr. Curry has no perfect copy; and the fragments of it which remain are of such a nature, that the loss as a whole is, probably, not to be regretted.

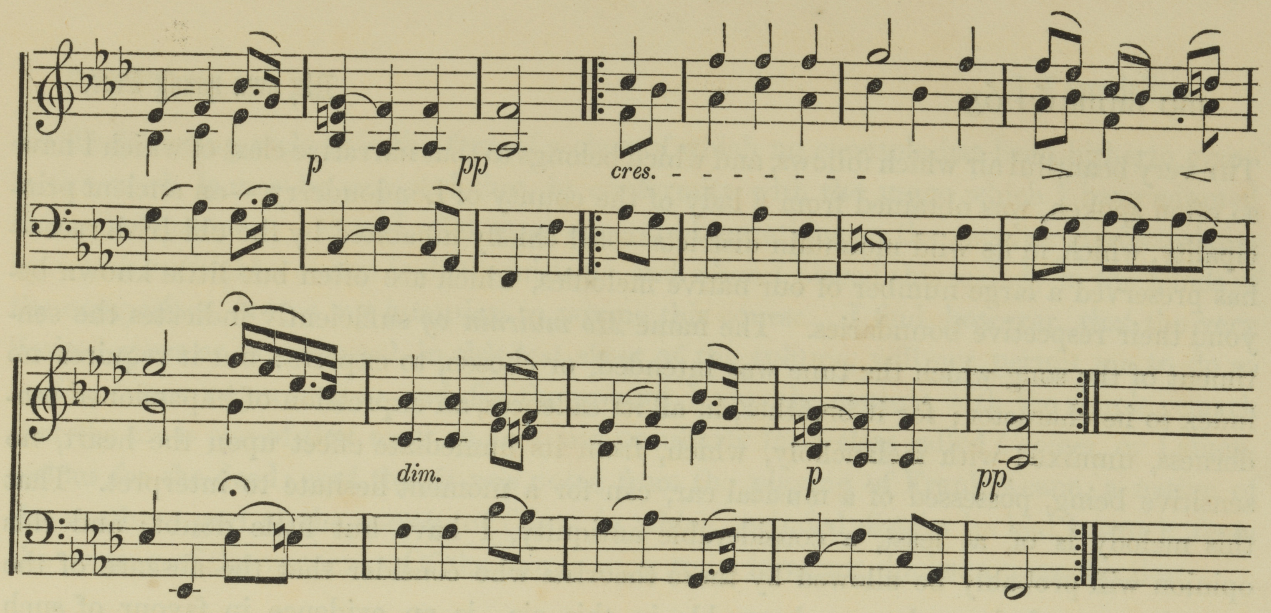
The musical reader will not fail to perceive in this air the absence, so frequent in Irish melodies, of the fourth of the scale,—for though it occurs at the commencement of the air, it should be considered as unessential, and as a grace-note introduced by the singer.

---

péarla an ċúil ċraoḃaiġ. The Pearl of the Flowing Tresses.

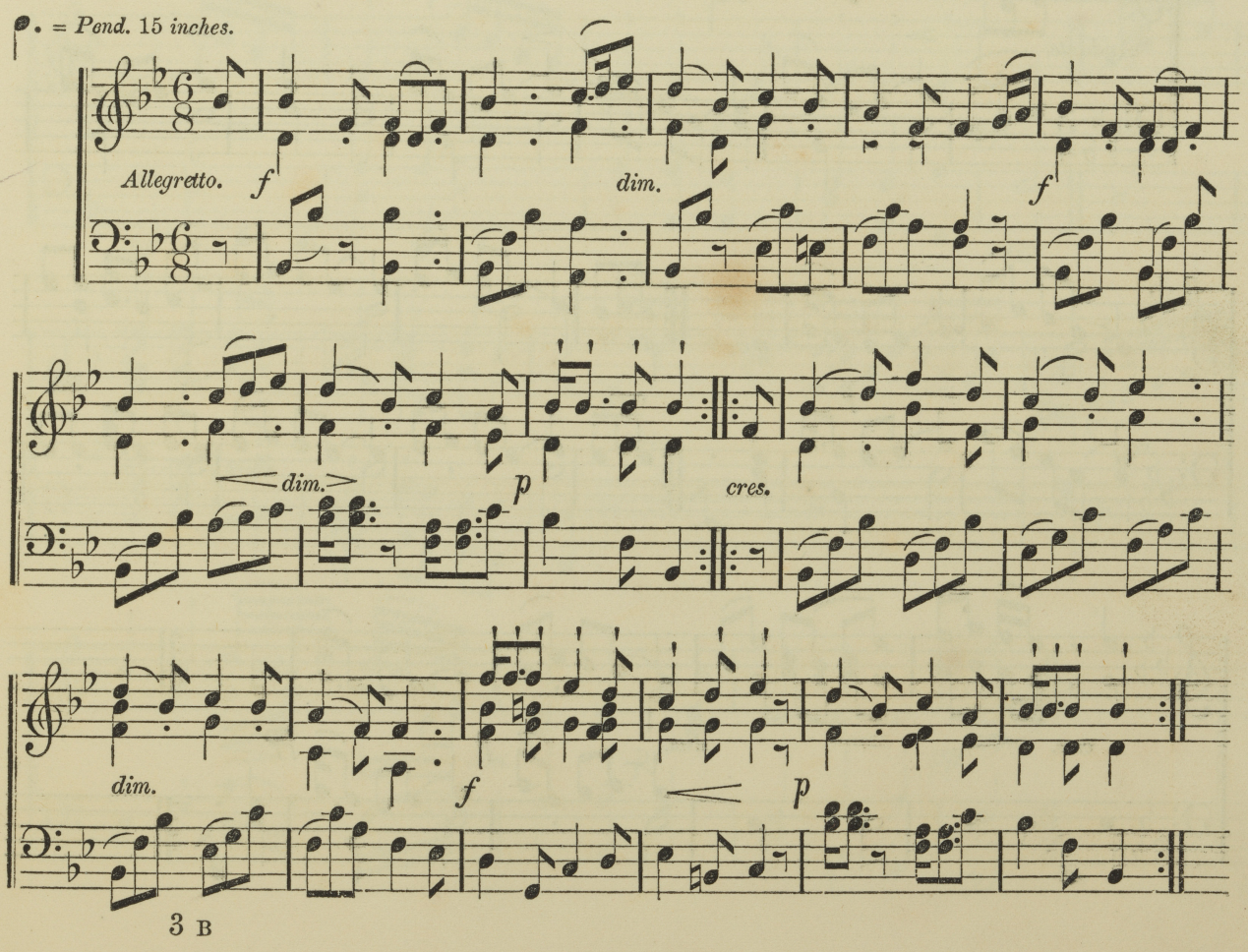
It was not till after the preceding melody, with the song and notice connected with it, had been in the compositor's hands, and even corrected for press, that I discovered in my collection another and a finer melody, which, under the name above given, had been sung to the same Irish song: and as this air, having a second strain, or part, which the other wants, is much better adapted to that song, and is much more likely to be the tune to which it had been written, I have deemed it desirable to give it a place in immediate connexion with the former. The setting of this melody was given me by Mr. P. Joyce, who had learnt it from the singing of his father, at Glenasheen, in the county of Limerick; and its correctness has been verified by a notation of the air which I made myself from the singing of the poor blind woman, Mary Madden, from the same county.





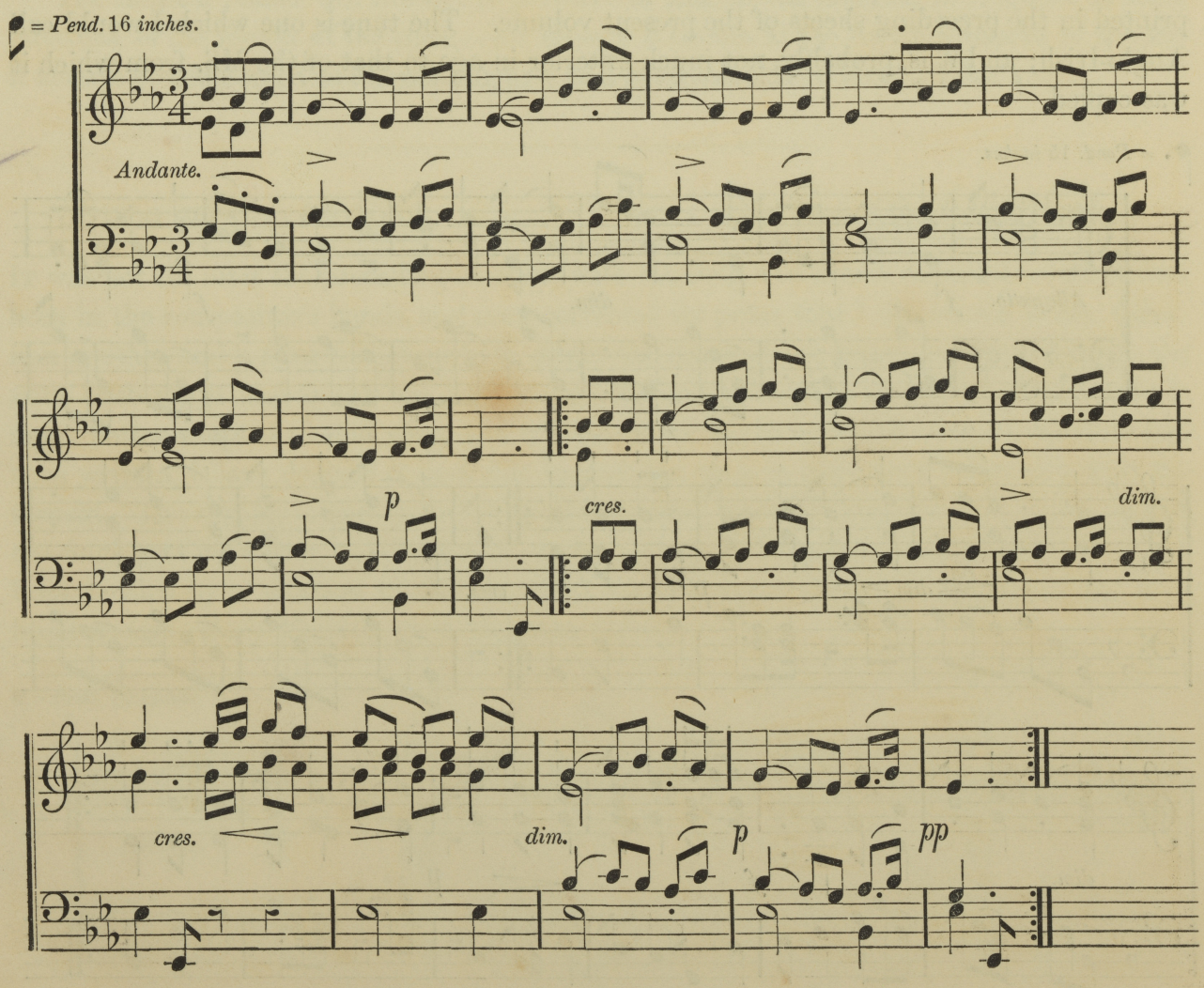
Kitty Magee.

The following dance-tune has been obtained from the MS. book of dance-music—popular in Ireland about the middle of the last century—of which I have already often spoken in connexion with airs of the same class with which it has supplied me, and which have been printed in the preceding sheets of the present volume. The tune is one which I would call Anglo-Irish; and it is, probably, not much anterior in age to that of the MS. from which it was copied.



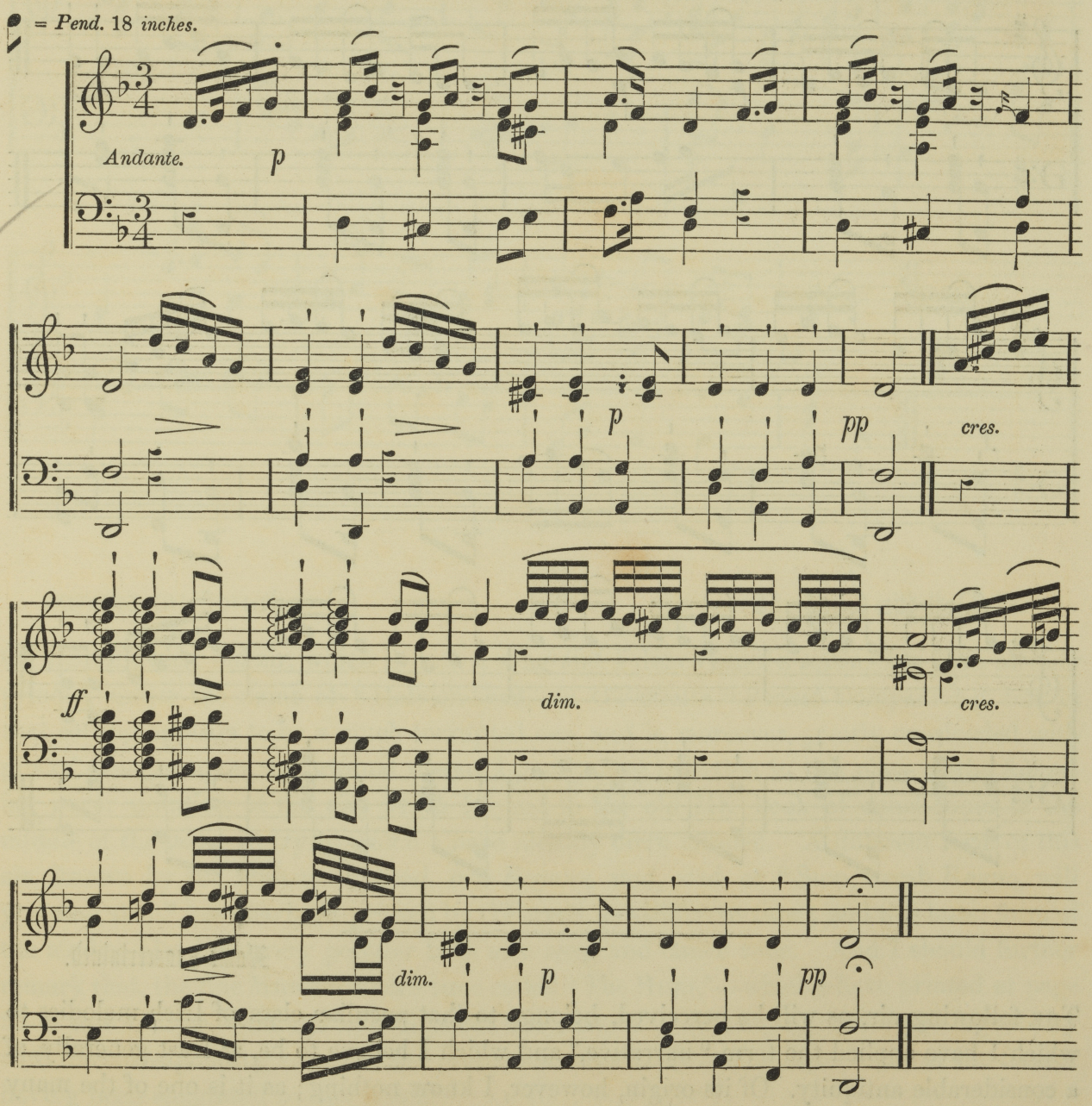
MO MÚIRNÍN ÓG. My own young Dear.

THE very beautiful air which follows, and which belongs to that narrative class of which I have so often spoken, was obtained from a lady of the county of Londonderry,—an ancient principality, which, in its wild mountain districts—still chiefly inhabited by the old Irish race—has preserved a large number of our native melodies, which are often but little known beyond their respective boundaries. The name *Mo muirnin og* sufficiently indicates the sentiment of the song which the tune was intended, or chosen, to express: but it requires no index to its character; for it breathes, in all its cadences, an expression of impassioned tenderness, unmixed with melancholy, which, from its immediate effect upon the heart, no sensitive being, possessed of a musical ear, can for a moment hesitate to interpret. That this melody is of, at least, a considerable antiquity, I have but little doubt; and this opinion will probably be allowed by those theorists who consider that the absence of the seventh tone of the scale—as observable in this air—is an evidence in favour of such antiquity. But I confess that I have not been able to see sufficient reason for concurring in such a theory; and, independently of any such reason, I can readily believe in the antiquity of an Irish melody, though it may not be wanting in this or any other tone of the diatonic scale.



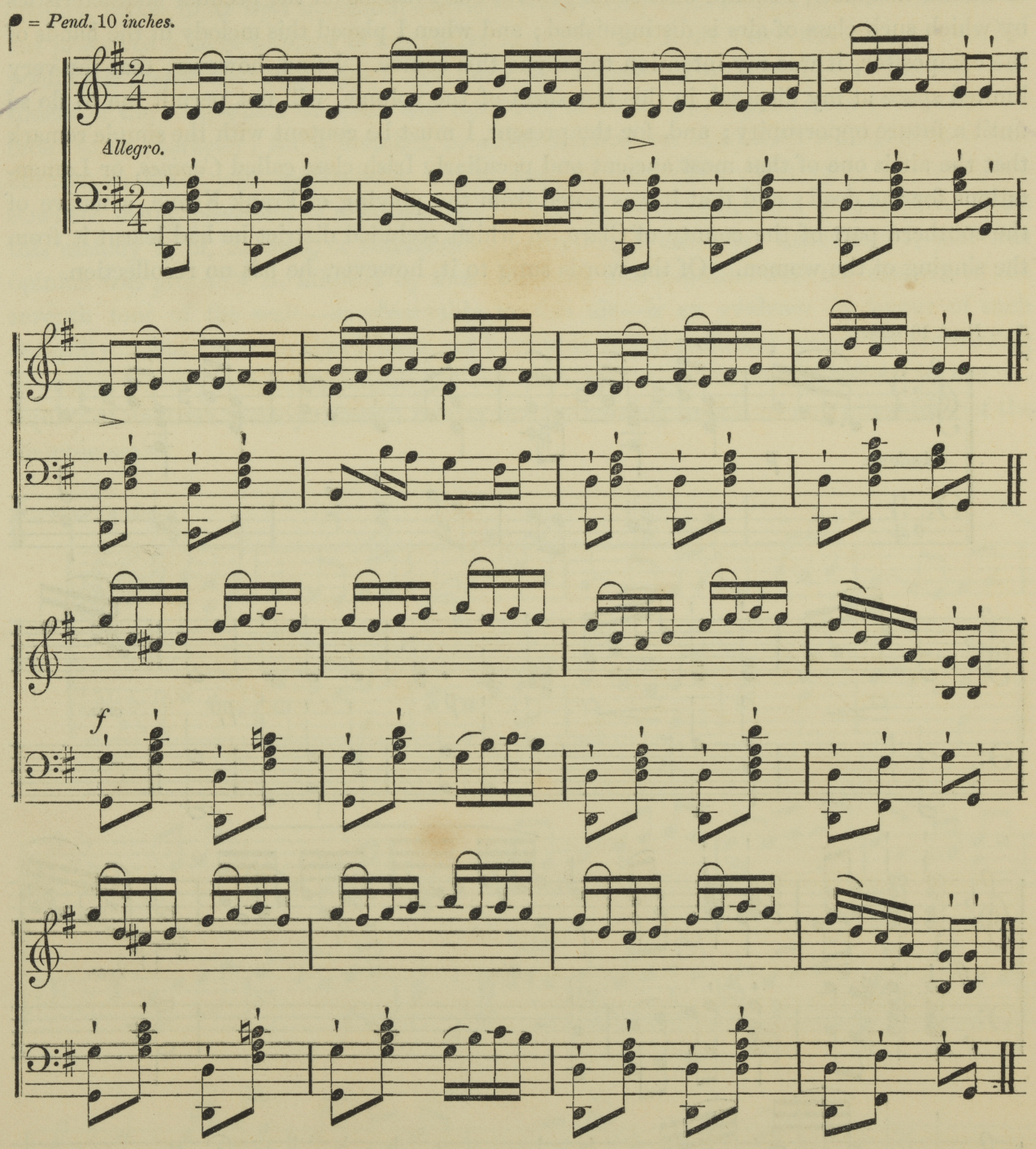
CAOINE. A Lamentation.

As the following melody is the first of a class of which no example has been hitherto given in this work, it may be expected that, in conformity with the usage which I have adopted in similar instances, I should offer some general observations on the peculiar characteristics by which such class of airs is distinguished; and when I placed this melody in the hands of the compositor, it was my intention to pursue this course. I find, however, that the very limited space at my disposal, in this last sheet of the volume, will not permit me to do so until a future opportunity; and, for the present, I must be content with the simple remark that the air is one of that most ancient and peculiarly Irish class called *Caoines*, or Lamentations for the dead; and that it was noted from the playing of Frank Keane, a native of the southern part of the county of Clare, in which secluded district he had learnt it from the singing of the women. Of the words sung to it, however, he has no recollection.



The Scolding Wife.

The following reel-tune has been taken from one of the O'Neill MSS. of Irish music of the year 1787, and is most probably of Munster origin.

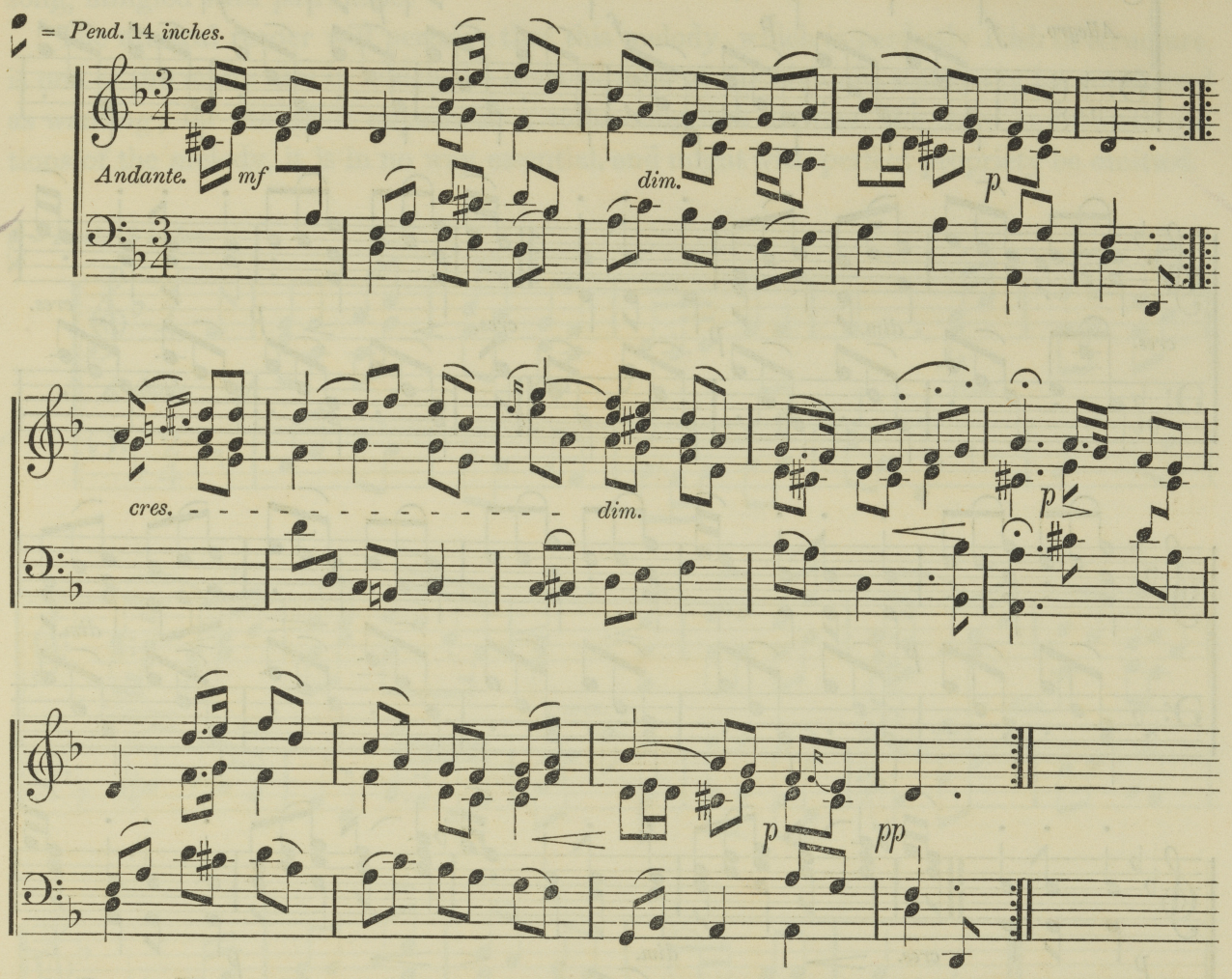


Name unascertained.

The following air, as will be perceived, belongs to that peculiar class of Irish melodies to which I have applied the term "narrative," and which I believe to be, at least generally, of a considerable antiquity. Of its origin, however, I know nothing; as it is one of the many

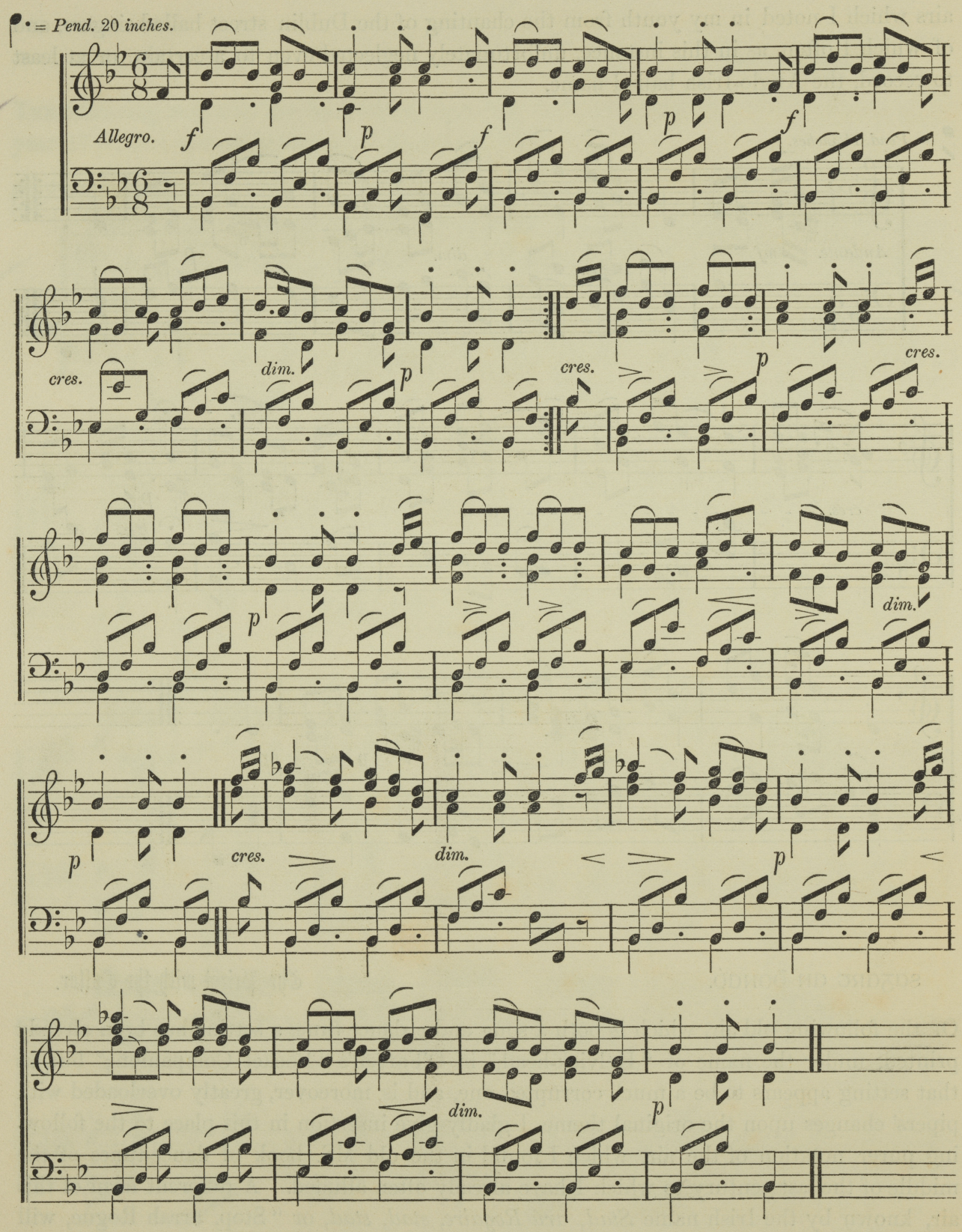
no 417
no Longer can I stay

airs which I noted in my youth from the chanting of the Dublin street ballad-singers, and of which I often, as in this instance, unfortunately neglected even to ascertain, or at least to record, the Anglo-Irish ballad name.



SAZART AN BONAÖ. The Priest with the Collar.

Of the following old air, which is both a song and a dance tune, a setting has been already printed, under the name of "Helvick-head," in O'Farrell's "Pocket Companion;" but, as that setting appears to be a much corrupted one, and is, moreover, greatly overloaded with pipers' changes upon the original theme, I gladly give insertion in this place to the following purer notation of the air, which I found in the old MS. book of dance-tunes of the middle of the last century to which I have already often alluded. A different form of this air, known by the Irish name *Stad, arú Rogaire, stad, stad*, or "Stop, arrah Rogue, will you stop, stop," has also been printed by O'Farrell, as a different tune; and this latter form of the air has also been very popular both as a song and dance tune. And I should further remark that, the fine Munster dance-tune called "The Hunt,"—which I have printed at page 92 of this volume,—though in a different time, has, in its first strain, such a striking affinity with the corresponding strain of the present air, that there can be little doubt of the former having been suggested by the latter.

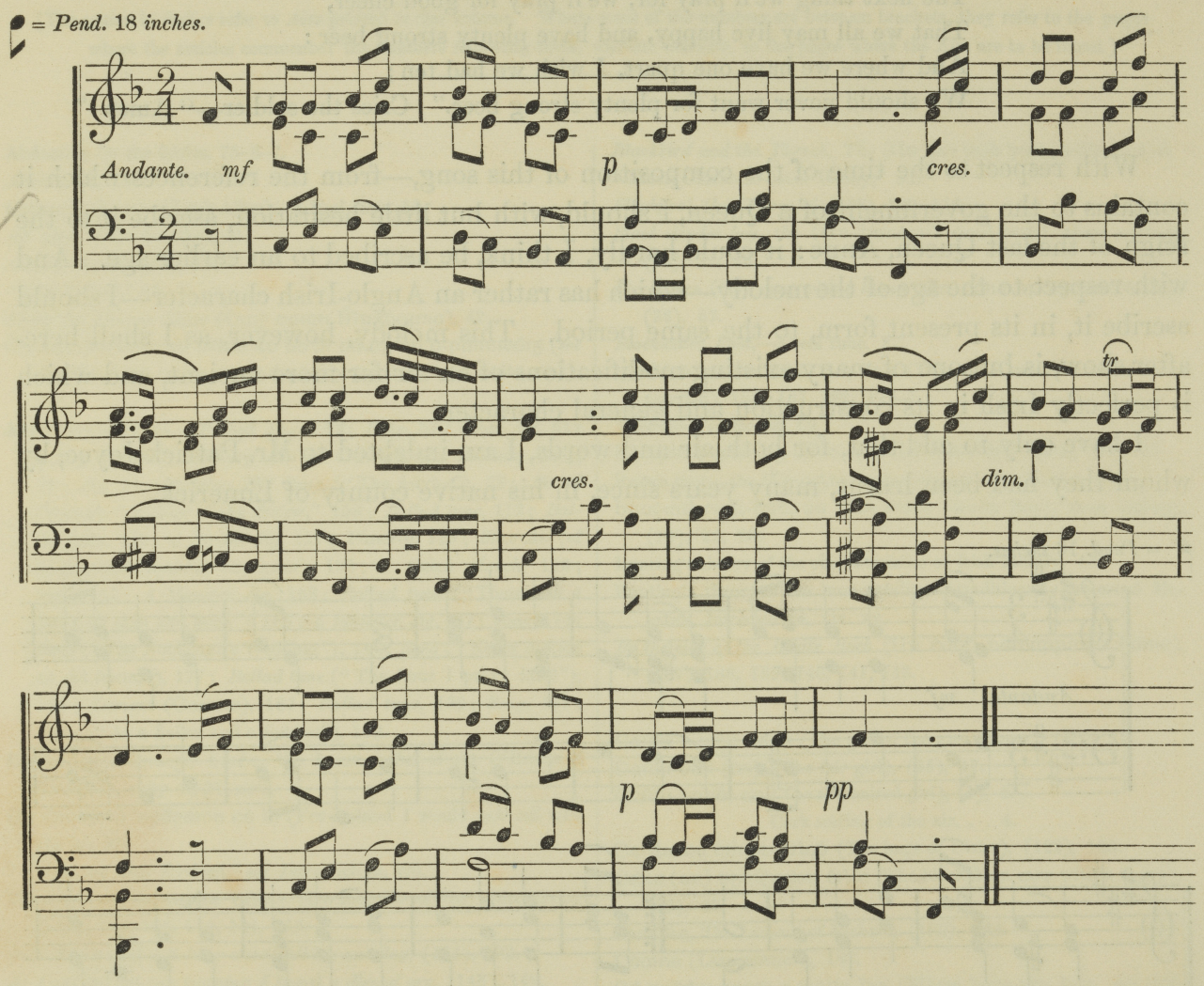


Name unascertained.

The air I have now to present to the reader is another of the many fine melodies communicated to me by Mr. James Fogarty, and which he had learnt in his native parish of Tibroghney, on the borders of the counties of Tipperary and Kilkenny. I regret, however,

that he has forgotten its name; and that with the tune he has only transmitted to me a brief notice, which I give in his own simple language:—"I found this air in my early youth someway enchanting to my mind. The Irish song to it I fear is lost: it was a love-song, mingled with patriotism."

The musical reader will perceive that this melody, which is perfectly Irish in structure, is one of the many airs in which the seventh tone of the diatonic scale may be considered as wanting; for though it appears as a connecting link between the third and fourth sections of the melody, it is in no way essential, and might with perfect propriety be omitted.



As a Sailor and a Soldier were walking one day.

In the selection of the following air as a fitting close to this volume of the "Ancient Music of Ireland," I have been less influenced by the character of the melody—manly and flowing as it is—than by that of the Anglo-Irish ballad song which has been sung to it, and which is remarkable not only for an expression of loyalty very rarely found in such compositions, but also for the homely avowal of sentiments which—by a curious coincidence—will, at the present time, find a very general echo amongst all classes in the empire. This ballad song runs as follows :—

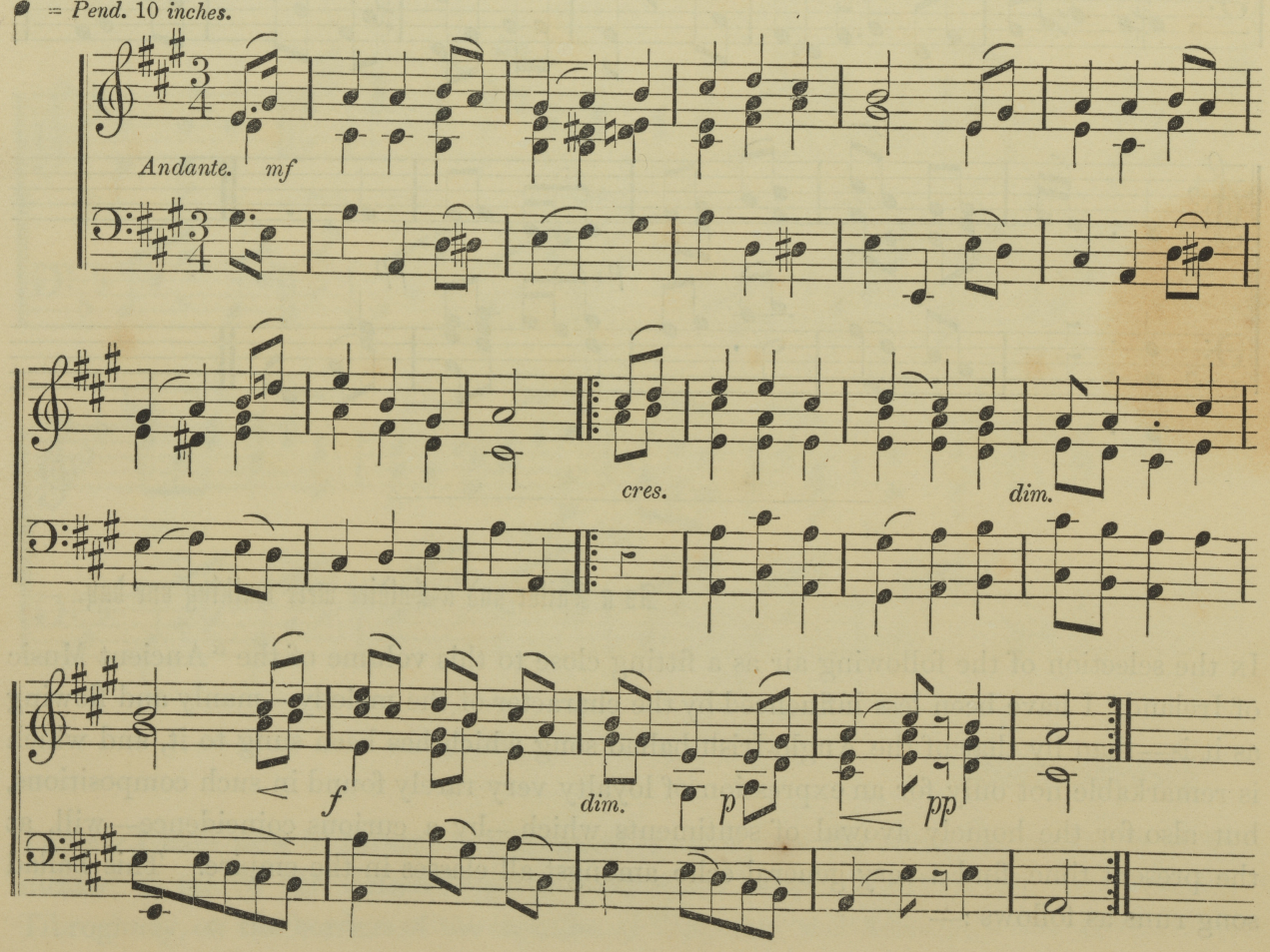
As a sailor and a soldier were walking one day,
Says the sailor to the soldier, "I'm just going to pray:
I am just going to pray for the good of our Queen,
And whatever, ever, I do pray for, you must answer—Amen!"

"The first thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for our Queen,
That she may live happy, and enjoy a long reign:
And where she has one man, I wish she had ten;
We should never want to stand to arms, boys." Says the soldier—"Amen!"

"The next thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for good cheer,
That we all may live happy, and have plenty strong beer:
And where we have one quart, I wish we had ten;
We should never want for plenty strong beer." Cries the soldier—"Amen!"

With respect to the time of the composition of this song,—from the references which it contains to the government of a Queen, I should, with but little hesitation, ascribe it to the reign of the last Queen, Anne: it could hardly, I think, be ascribed to an earlier age. And with respect to the age of the melody—which has rather an Anglo-Irish character—I should ascribe it, in its present form, to the same period. This melody, however, as I shall hereafter show, is but one of many existing modifications of an air far more ancient, and which is perfectly Irish in its construction and general character.

I have only to add that, for both air and words, I am indebted to Mr. Patrick Joyce, by whom they had been learnt, many years since, in his native county of Limerick.



INDEX.

[The names in *italics* refer to *Airs* printed in this volume. Where some of the numbers are between brackets, they refer to the pages where the articles commence: the numbers following them, without brackets, to the pages where the Airs are to be found.]

Abduction by the fairies, 75-6-7.
Advice, the, 78.
Aillinne (Loċ)—(Loch Allen)—a Reel tune, 58.
All alive (Lán ḃéoḋa), 41.
Allan's Return, (80), 81.
"Ally Croker," 87.
Along the Mourne Shore (Coir cuain Mhuġḋorna), 42.
An cumhain leat an oiḋċe úḋ do ḃí tú aġ an ḃ-fuinneóiġ (*see* Ar ċaoḃ na carraiġe báine, By the side of the white rock), 141.
Anonymous Tunes.—*Ballad Tune*, 32; *Song*, 57; *Sligo Air*, 61; *a Hop Jig*, 62; *Military Air* (or Chorus), 66; *Military Song*, 70; *Jig*, 71; *Lullaby*, 73; *Song* ("The Advice"), 78; *Air* of Curran's "Monks of the Screw," 109; *Ballad tune*, 112; *Ballad tune*, 123; *a Double Jig*, 127; *Planxty*, 129; *Slow Air* (of a somewhat hymnal character), 130; *a Quick March*, 153; *Song*, 157; *A Munster Jig*, 163; *Ballad tune* ("There was a Lady all skin and bone"), 166; *a Munster Jig*, 167; *Song*, 174; *Song* ("The Nobleman's Wedding"), 180; *Song* ("Never despise an old friend"), 177; *Ballad tune* ("The hour I prove false"), 181; *Lament* (Caoine), 187; *Ballad tune*, 189; *Song*, 191; *Song* ("As a Sailor and a Soldier"), 192.
Aoibell na Craiġe Léiċe, the ḃean rióe of the O'Briens of Thomond, story of, 21, *note*.
Ar Eirinn ni 'neorainn cé hi (For Ireland I would not tell who she is), 99.
"Arrah, my dear Eveleen," *see Introduction*, viii.
Ar ċaoḃ na carraiġe báine (By the side of the white rock), (137), 138, 139, 140, 141, 143.
As a Sailor and a Soldier were walking one day, (191), 192.
As I walked out one morning I heard a dismal cry, (148), 149.
Ar maiṫ an ḋuine ṫú (You are a good man), (68), 69.
Ar truaġ ġan peaṫa an ṁaoir aġam (I wish the Shepherd's pet were mine), (42), 43.
Athenry, Lady,—a planxty, by Carolan, (157), 158.

Baile Átraic (Ballypatrick), (146), 147.
Ballad tune, popular (name unknown), 32.
Ball rióḃaiṁil, an (The silken article), 7.
Banshee's smooth hill, the (Reiḋ ċnoc mna riġe), 90.
'ḃean (o) an tiġe, naċ ruairc erin (O woman of the house, is not that pleasant), (54), 55.
ḃean (an) óg uaral (The young lady), (153), 154.
Beggarman, weary and wet, It was an old, (116), 117.
Bellew's March, Sir Patrick, 96.
Beside the White Rock, (137), (142), 143.
Blackbird and the Thrush, The (An lon ḋuḃ 'ran rmólaċ), 148.
"Black Cloaks to cover Bobby," 91.
Blackpool, the Groves of, (108), 109, 110.
Black slender boy, the (An buaċaill caol-ḋuḃ), three settings, (19), 22, 23.
Blackthorn (the) cane with a thong (An cána ḃroiġeann éille), (36), 37.
Blackwater Foot,—a reel tune, 87.
ḃliaḋain 'ra ṫaca ro 'ṕór mé (This time twelve months I was married), 159, 161, 162, 176-7.
Blow the Candle out, 63.
ḃóiṫrín buiḋe, aġ an m- (At the yellow little road), (24), 25.
Brown thorn, the (Ḃroiġneann ḃonn), *see Introduction*, xvii.
buaċaill caol-ḋuḃ, an (The Black Slender Boy), three settings, (19), 22, 23.
Bunting's theory of the characteristics of Irish Melody, 48.
Bunting's theory of the immutability of traditionally preserved Melodies, *Introduction*, xiv. xv.
By the side of the White Rock (Ar ċaoḃ na carraiġe báine). (137), 138, 139, 140, 141, 143.

Cailín a tiġe ṁoir (The girl of the great house), (49), 51.
Cailín bán (an) (The fair girl), (45), 47.
Cailín ruaḋ, an (The red-haired girl), (1), 3.
Cork setting of the air, . . 4.
Cailleaċa ċúiġiḃ Ulaḋ (The hags of Ulster), (122), 123.
Cána (an) ḃroiġeann éille (The blackthorn cane with a thong), (36), 37.
Cantillon, The Lament of Richard, (182), 184.
Caoine (Lamentation), 187.
Cá raḃáir anoir a ċailín ḃig (Where have you been, my little girl), (66), 67.
Carlow air, 100.
Carolan (see Ó Ceanḃallain).
Carraiġe báine, ar ċaoḃ na (By the side of the white rock), (137), 138, 139, 140, 141, 143.
Carriḋeaċ báin (White Cassidy), 21.
Cassidy, White (Carriḋeaċ báin), 21.
Catholic Boy, The, 144.
Cavan airs, pp. 42, 64, 69, 72, 119, 137.
"Cavan O'Reilly," 72.
Ceapc aġur coileaċ a ḃ'imṫiġ le ċéile (A cock and a hen that went out together), 162.
Characteristics of certain airs consisting of an uneven number of *Phrases*, 56.
Characteristics of Irish Melody; Bunting's theory, 48.

Clare airs, 8, 9, 24, 30, 43, 55, 56, 64, 84, 97, 121, 124, 130, 141, 145, 153, 159, 161, 162, 163, 187.
Cleaṙaṡ̇ḋe ḟıṙ óıȝ, an (The cunning Young Man), 6.
Clontarf, March played on the return from the Battle of, 31.
Cock (a) and a hen that went out together (Ceaṙc aȝuṙ coıleaċ a ḋ'ımṫıȝ le ċéıle), 162.
Coıṙ cuaım Mıuȝḋoṙna (Along the Mourne shore), 42.
Coola Shore, 119.
Cork airs, 4, 33, 34, 49, 68, 92, 97.
Cormac Spaineach, or, *The Drummer*, (33), 35.
Coṙmac Spáıneaċ, no, An Ḋṙumaḋóıṙ (Cormac Spaineach, or, The Drummer), (33), 35.
"Cove of Cork, The," 108.
"Cuckoo's a fine bird, The," 95.
Ċuıṙṙıınn-ṙı (ḋo) ṙéın mo leanaḃ a ċoḋlaḋ (I would put my own child to sleep), (144), 145.
Ċúl (a) áluınn ḋeaṙ (O thou of the beautiful hair), (155), 156.
Cunning Young Man, the (An cleaṙaṡ̇ḋe ḟıṙ óıȝ), 6.
Curragh of Kildare, The, 168–9.

Ḋa ȝ-caṙṫaṡ̇ḃ bean ṫanaṙaıḋe lıomṙa (If I should meet a tanner's wife), 161.
Ḋa ḃ-ṫéıḋın ȝo cóḃaċ (If I should go to a clown), (103), 104, 105.
Dance music of Ireland, the, 49, 53, 58.
Dance-tune, or Song for Dancing, from Sarlat, Department of Dordogne, in France, 53.
David Foy, or, *Remember the pease-straw*, 102.
Ḋéanṙaḋ ḋam' ȝṙáḋ ȝeal, uċṫ ṙȝaṫáın ȝlan (I'll make my love a breast of glass), (67), 68.
Dear to me the big Jug, and it full (Mo ȝṙáḋṙa an Jug móṙ ıṙ é lán), (125), 126.
Derry airs, 19, 33, 47, 57, 72, 78, 115, 118, 134, 186.
Ḋınȝ ḋonȝ ḋıḋlıum, ḃuaıl ṙeo, ṙéıḋ ṙeo (Smith's Song), (170), 171, 172.
Division of Irish vocal melodies according to their metrical construction, *Introduction*, xvi. xvii.
Ḋonnċaḋ (a) na bí baȝaṙṫaċ (Oh, Donogh, don't be threatening), 132.
Ḋoṁnall o Ȝṙaeḋ (Donnell O'Graedh), (151), 152.
Double Jig, the (*see* Jig dances), 49.
Donegal, 116.
Down, 42.
"Down among the Ditches O," (120), 121.
Drink, spring into the (Ṙṙeab annṙa n-ól), (127), 128.
"Driving the Steers," 108.
Ḋṙoıȝneann ḋonn, an (The Brown Thorn), *see Introduction*, xvii.
Ḋṙuımṙıonn ḋonn ḋílıṙ, (114), 115.
Druiminn donn, the, (114), 115.
Drummer, The, or, *Cormac Spaineach*, (33), 35.

Faelan (*see* Sally Whelan), 121.
Fair Girl, the (An cailín ḃán), (45), 47.
Fairies, account of the, 75.
"False Isabel," 177.
Farewell to the Maige (Slán coıṙ Maıȝe), 163–4.
Ḟeaḃ an oıṙṁ (The Ploughman's Whistle), (26), 28, 29.
Ḟeaṙṙ (ḃ') lıomṙa aımnıṙ ȝan ȝúna (I would rather have a maiden without a gown), 52.
Ḟılleaḋ ó Ḟıne Ȝall, an (The Return from Fingal), 31.
Fingal, The Return from (An ḟılleaḋ ó Ḟınne Ȝall), 31.
Flaxsary (Ḟlaχṙaṙaıḋ), 15.
For Ireland I would not tell who she is (Aṙ Ėıṙınn nı 'neóṙaımn cé hı), 99.
Forlorn Virgin, The, 82.
Foy (*see* David Foy), 102.
French dance-tune, ancient, 53.
Ḟuıṙıṙ (ḃ') ṫú aıṫne na ṙaḋa ṫu Roıṙı 'ṁaın ('Tis easily known that you never saw Rosy), 72.

"Gae to the Ky wi' me, Johnny," 108.
Galway airs, 45, 55, 82, 86, 122–3, 126, 148, 152.
Gerald, Lament for, 91.
Girl of the great house, The (Cailín a ṫıȝe ṁoıṙ), (49), 51.
Ȝluıȝıṙ a ṁaḋıṙ (The splashing of the Churn), 81.
Gobby O, The, 103.
"Good morrow to your nightcap," (33), 35.
Good night and joy be with you all, 80.
Ȝoṙṫa ċúȝaṫṙa, ıṙ ("And hunger to you"), (33), 35.
"Groves of Blackpool," (108), 109, 110.

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded," original air of, 159, 161, 162, 176.
Hautboy, The Irish, (135), 136.
"Helvick Head," 189.
He's gone, he's gone (Ḋ'ımṫıȝ ṙé 'ȝuṙ ḃ'ımṫıȝ ṙé), (47), 48.
Hewson, Molly (Maıṙe nı ṁaceaḋa), 40.
Hindoo airs, their resemblance to the Irish, 27, 28, 144–5.
Hindostanee Lullabies, allusions to, 73, 117, 144–5.
"*Hó bó, hóḃŏḃŏḃō*,"—a Plough Tune, 30.
Hop-jig, the structure of the, 53, 62.
"Housekeeper, The" (*see* Cailín a ṫıȝe ṁoıṙ), (49), 51.
Hunger to you, And (Ir ȝoṙṫa ċúȝaṫṙa), (33), 35.
Hunt, The (Galtee, or Ȝailṫe), 92, 189.

If I should go to a Clown (Ḋá ḃ-ṫéıḋın ȝo cóḃaċ), (103), 104, 105.
If I should meet a tanner's wife (Ḋa ȝ-caṙṫaṡ̇ḃ bean ṫanaṙaıḋe lıomṙa), 161.
"If sadly thinking," rhythm of Curran's song, 46.
I'll be a good boy, and do so no more, (63), 64.
I'll make my love a breast of glass (Ḋéanṙaḋ ḋam' ȝṙáḋ ȝeal, uċṫ ṙȝaṫáın ȝlan), (67), 68.
Imṫıȝ (ḃ') mo ȝṙáḋ—'ṫá mo ċroıḃe ṫeımn (My Lover has gone—my heart is sore), 44.
Imṫıȝ (ḃ') ṙé 'ȝuṙ ḃ'ımṫıȝ ṙé (He's gone, he's gone), (47), 48.
Inaccuracies in Bunting's settings of airs, *Introduction*, xvi. xvii.
Instrumentalists not such good authorities for ancient tunes as vocal performers, though preferred by Bunting, *Introduction*, xvi.
"Isbel Falsey," or False Isabel, (177), 178.
"*It was an old beggarman, weary and wet*," (116), 117.
I once loved a boy, (78), 79.
I will drink no more on those roads of Sligo (Nı olṙa mé nı'ṙ mo aṙ na bóıṫṙe ṙeo Ṡlıȝıȝ), (7), 8.
"I will pay them yet," 107.
I wish the French would take them, (136), 137.
I wish the Shepherd's pet were mine (Aṙ ṫruaȝ ȝan ṙeaṫa an ṁaoıṙ aȝam), (42), 43.
I would put my own child to sleep (Ḋo ċuıṙṙıınn-ṙı ṙéın mo leanaḃ a ċoḋlaḋ, (144), 145.
I would rather have a maiden without a gown (ḃ'ṙeaṙṙ lıomṙa aımnıṙ ȝan ȝúna), 52.

"Jack the Drummer," (34), 35.
Jenny, (oh), you have borne away the palm (A ṁınéaḋ ċuȝ ṫú an ċlú leaṫ), (32), 33.
Jigs and Dance-tunes [*see also* "Reels," *and* "Planxties"].—*The Silken Article*, 7; *Melancholy Martin*, 19; *The Blackthorn Cane with a Thong*, 37; *All Alive*, 41; *The Girl of the great House*, 51; *A Hop-jig*, 62; *I'll be a good Boy*, 64; *Jig* (ori-

ginal air of "*The Washerwoman*"), 71; *Good night, and joy be with you all*, 80; *The splashing of the Churn*, 81; *The Gobby O*, 103; *The old Woman lamenting her Purse*, 106; *The Pipe on the Hob*, 114; *The Hags of Ulster*, 123; *A Double Jig*, 127; *A Double Jig*, 163; *A Single Jig*, 167; *The Rocky Road*, 175; *Kitty Magee*, 185; *The Priest with the Collar*, 190, and p. 131.
Jig-dances, on, 49, 53, 62, 64.
Johnny, (*oh*), *dearest Johnny*, 134.

Kerry airs, 11, 33, 49, 68, 91, 97, 99, 182–4.
Kildare, The Curragh of, 168–9.
Kilkenny airs, pp. 4, 29, 34, 66, 70, 80, 88, 97.
King of the Rath, The (Rıġ an Raċa), (4), 5.
King's County, 28.
Kitty Magee, 185.

Lady Athenry, a Planxty by O'Carolan, (157), 158.
Lady Wrixon, a Planxty by O'Carolan, 39.
Lamentation, A (Caoıne), 187.
Lament for Gerald, The, 91.
Lament of Richard Cantillon, The, (182), 184.
Lán beóda (All alive), 41.
Last Saturday Night as I lay in my Bed, (100), 101.
Leitrim airs, 58, 127.
Let us be drinking, drinking, drinking (Ir bímíd aġ ól, aġ ól, aġ ól), (130), 131.
Limerick airs, 34, 49, 52, 64, 73, 97, 114, 132, 141 145, 153, 155, 167, 168, 171, 178, 184, 192.
Loċ Aillinne (Loch Allen), 58.
Loch Allen, a Reel-tune (Loċ Aillinne), 58.
"Loch Sheelin," *see Introduction*, viii.
Lon dub (an), 'ran smólaċ (The Blackbird and the Thrush), 148.
Loobeens, on the tunes called, 83.
"Luggela," *see Introduction*, viii.
Luibín, 83.
Luimnioċ, or Luinigs; the Scottish, 83.
Lullabies,—Seo hu léo, *a* ruantraiḋe, or magical sleeping tune, 73; *Lullaby*, 118; *I'd put my own child to sleep* (reó h-ín reó), 145.
Lullaby (Seo hu leo), 73, *and see* 146.
Lura, Lura, no da lura, 84.

Mac Carthy (Cormac Spaineach), of Carrig-na-var, 34.
Mac Carthy, the March of the tribe of, (34), 35.
Mac Donnell (*see* Shane Claragh).
Mac Mahon, of Carrigaholt, Legend of, 76.
Magee, Kitty, 185.
Maiġe, rlán coir (Farewell to the Maige), 163–4.
Maileó léró, ir ímbó néró,—a Spinning-wheel tune, (82), 84.
Maire ni Maceaḋa (Molly Hewson), 40.
Manx song of "False Isabel," (177), 178.
Mártan ḋúḃaċ (Melancholy Martin), 19.
Mayo airs, 17, 44, 45, 127–8.
"Meeting of the Waters," the original of the air set by Moore to the, (36), 37.
Melancholy Martin (Mártan ḋúḃaċ), 19.
Military music of ancient Ireland, 4.
Military Music.—*Ree Raw*, p. 5; *The Return from Fingal*, 31; *March of Mac Carthy Spaineach*, 35; *March*, 66; *March*, 70; *Good night, and joy be with you all*, 80; *The Hunt* (Galtee, or Gailte Hunt), 92; *Sir Patrick Bellew's March*, 96; *Quick March*, 153.
Mo ġráḋra an Jug mór ir é lán (Dear to me the big Jug, and it full), (125), 126.
Moirín, 51.
"Molly Hewson," 40.
Mo múirnín óg (My own young dear), 186.
Moneen jigs, 51.
Monks of the Screw, original air of Curran's song of the, (107), 109, 110.
Mourne, the, county Down (*see* "Along the Mourne Shore"), 42.
My Love is upon the River (Ta mo ġráḋ ra ar an aḃainn), (37), 38.
My Love will ne'er forsake me (Ni ċreigfiḋ mo ġráḋ go ḋeóiḋ mé), (17), 18.
My Lover has gone,—my heart is sore (ḋ'imṫiġ mo ġráḋ,—'tá mo ċroiḋe teinn), 44.
My own young Dear (Mo múirnín óg), 186.

Nancy, (*oh*), *Nancy, don't you remember*, (110), 111.
Nancy the pride of the East, (97), 99.
Narrative tunes, characteristics of, *Introduction*, xvii.
"Nay, tell me not, dearest,"—Moore's, 132.
Never despise an old Friend, (176), 177.
Ni olfa mé nís mo ar na bóiṫre reo ḟliġiġ (I will drink no more on those roads of Sligo), (7), 8.
Ni ċreigfiḋ mo ġráḋ go ḋeóiḋ mé (My Love will ne'er forsake me), (17), 18.
Nobleman's Wedding, The (three settings), (178), 180.
Nóra an ċúil ómra (Nora of the amber hair), 88, 90.
Nora of the amber hair (Nóra an ċúil ómra), 88, 90.

O'Brien, Morogh, story of, 21, *note*.
Ó Ceanḃallain (or O'Carolan), 11, 13, 39, 41, 127, 149, 157.
O'Flinn, a Planxty, by O'Carolan, (149), 150.
O'Graedh, Donnell (Domnall O Graeḋ), (151), 152.
O'Hartigan, Dubhlaing, story of, 21, *note*.
O'Reilly, Cavan, 72.
Och ochone, it is sickly I am (Uċ uċ ón, ar breóite mire), 163, 165.
"Oh Johnny, dearest Johnny," 134.
"*Oh, rouse yourself, it's cold you've got*," (132), 133.
"Oh, Sheela my Love, say will you be mine," (134), 135.
Oh, thou of the beautiful Hair (A ċúil álainn ḋeas), (155), 156.
"Oh, ye Dead," the original air of, a plough tune, 26.
Óig-fir (a) ġroiḋe ċóraiġ (O brave, generous young Man), 95.
Ól (ir ḃímíd aġ ól, aġ ól, aġ ól) (Let us be drinking, drinking, drinking), (130), 131.
"Old head of Denis, The," 36.
Old Woman lamenting her Purse, The, 106.
One Sunday after Mass, (112), 113.
Ón6 a ċumain ġil (O thou fair loved one), 124.
Ón6 'mór a Móirín (120), 121.
Oro mor, O Moirin, (120), 121.
Oro thou fair loved one (ón6 a ċumain ġil), 124.

Patrick, Bally (Baile Pátraic), (146), 147.
Péarla an ċúil ċraoḃaiġ (The Pearl of the flowing Tresses), 184.
Péarla an ċuil ómra, 88.
Péarla an ḃrollaiġ ḃáin (The Pearl of the white Breast), (9), 10.
Pearl of the flowing Tresses, The (Péarla an ċúil ċraoḃaiġ), 184.
Pearl of the white Breast, The (Péarla na ḃrollaiġ ḃáin), (9), 10.
"Pease upon a trencher," the original air of, (32), 33.
Pease-straw, Remember the, 102.
Persian Lullabies, allusions to, 73, 117, 144–145.
Phrases, airs having an uneven number of, 56.
Pipe on the Hob, the, 114.

Planctaiḋ, ne ó Ceanḃallain (Planxty, by Carolan), (11), 12.
Planxties.—*Planxty, by Carolan*, 12; *Lady Wrixon*, 39; *A Planxty, played as a Double Jig*, 127; *Planxty*, 129; *Planxty*, 131; *Planxty O'Flinn*, 150; *Lady Athenry*, 159.
Planxty, on the characteristics and origin of the, 13.
Planxty, by Carolan (Listowel), (11), 12.
Pléaraca (*see* Planctaiḋ).
Pleraca, or Planxty (*see* Planxty), and 16.
Plough; the Driver, Tailsman, and Thirdman of the, 29.
Plough Tune, Hóbo, hóḃḃóḃó, 30.
Plough Tunes.—28, 29, 30, 132.
Ploughman's Whistle, 132.
Ploughman's Whistle, The (Peaḋ an oiṁ), (26), 28, 29.
Port, a tune, 13.
Preab annra n-ól (Spring into the Drink), (127), 128.
Pretty Sally, (177), 178.
Priest with the Collar, The (Sagart an ḃonaḋ), (189), 190

Red-haired Girl, The (An cailín ruaḋ), (1),–3.
Cork setting of the air,. . 4.
Ree Raw (see Rig an raḃa).
Reel Dances, on the Irish and Scottish, 58.
Reels.—*I wish the Shepherd's pet were mine*, 43; *Loch Allen* (Aillinne), 58; *Blackwater Foot*, 87; *The Strawberry Blossom*, 133; *The Irish Hautboy*, 136; *The Scolding Wife*, 188.
Reiḋ ́noc mna rig̃e (The Banshee's smooth Hill), 90.
"Remember the Pease-straw," or "David Foy," 102.
Rig an Raḃa (The King of the Rath), (4),–5.
Rocky Road, The, 175.
Roir geal ḋuḃ (The fair-skinned black-haired Rose), (93), 95.
Roirin Ḋuḃ (Black [haired] little Rose), 93.
Rogue (Staḋ, arú Rogaire, rtaḋ, rtaḋ), 189.
Rose, The fair (skinned), black (haired) (Roir geal ḋuḃ), (93), 95.

Saḋḃ ní Ṗaelám (Sally Whelan), (121), 122.
Sagart an ḃonaḋ (The Priest with the Collar), (189), 190.
Sally, Pretty, (177), 178.
Sally Whelan (Saḋḃ ní Ṗaelám), (121), 122.
Sarlat, Department of Dordogne, in France, 53.
Scolding Wife, the, 188.
Scorching is this Love, (68), 69.
'Seaḋain Ḋoḃa (Shane Gobha), 173.
Seo hu leo (Lullaby), 73.
Shane Claragh Mac Donnell's Poem on Cormac Spaineach Mac Carthy, 34.
Sheela (oh), my Love, say will you be mine, (134), 135.
Sickly I am, och ochone it is, 163.
Silken Article, The (An ball riṓḋamail), 7.
Sin binn bubbapo,—a Spinning-wheel tune, (86), 87.
Ṡinéaḋ ćuig tú an ćlú leat, a (O Jenny, you have borne away the palm), (32), 33.
Single Jig, the (*see* Jig-dances), 49, 65.
Sit here, Oh Murneen, near me (Suig annro a Múirnín laiṁ liom), 56.
Slán leat a ṫiúr (The Lament of Richard Cantillon), 182.
Sligo (*see* "I will drink no more"), (7), 8.
Sligo airs, 7, 36, 61, 68, 137.
"Sly Patrick," the air called, 159, 161, 162, 176.
Smith's Song, The (Ḋing ḋong ḋibilium, buail reo, réid reo), (170), 171, 172.
Songs (*see* Vocal Music).
Spinning-wheel tunes (82–3), 84, (86), 87.
Splashing of the Churn, The (Ḋluigir a ṁaḋir), 81.
Staḋ, arú Rogaire, rtaḋ, rtaḋ (Stop, arrah Rogue, will you stop, stop), 189.
Strawberry Blossom, the, 133.
Suantraiḋe, The, or sleep-disposing tunes of the Ṫuaća ḋé Ḋanaan, 73.
Suig annro a Múirnín laiṁ liom (Sit here, oh Murneen, near me), 56.

Ta mo gráḋ ra ar an aḃainn (My Love is upon the river), (37), 38.
Tatter the road, (64), 65.
"*The hour I prove false*," 181.
"*There was a Lady all skin and bone*," (165), 166.
This time twelve months I married (ḃliaḋain 'ra taca ro 'ṕór mé), 159, 161, 162, 176–7.
Tipperary airs, 147, 156–7, 190–1.
'Tis easily known that you never saw Rosy (ḃ'fuirir tú aiṫne na paća tu Roirí 'niain), 72.
Token, The, (181), 182.
Ṫuaća ḋé Ḋanaan, the (Fairies), 75.
"Tweed, The Banks of the," 97.

Uć uć ón, ar breóite miri (Och ochone, it is sickly I am), (163), 165.
Ulster, the Hags of (Cailleaća ćúigiḋ Ulaḋ), (122), 123.

Vocal music, structure of the Irish, 45, 53.

"Washerwoman," the original form of the, (70), 71.
"Were I a clerk," *see Introduction*, viii.
Wexford airs, 103, 149, 152–3.
"What pain I've endured since last year," 108.
Whelan, Sally, 121.
"When I rise in the morning with my heart full of woe," 119.
When she answered me her voice was low, 69.
Where have you been, my little girl (Cá naḃáir anoir a cailín ḃig̃), (66), 67.
White Rock, By the side of the (Ar ćaoḃ na carraig̃e báine), (137), 138, 139, 140, 141, 143.
Wicklow, 7.
Wife, the scolding, 188.
Winter it is past, The; or, *The Curragh of Kildare*, 168.
Woman (O) of the house, is not that pleasant (O ḃean an tig̃e, naċ ruairc erin), (54), 55.
Wrixon, Lady,—a Planxty by O'Carolan, 39.

Yellow little Road, At the (Ag an m-bóiṫrín buiḋe), (24), 25.
"You and I will be judged in one day," 115.
"You are a good Man" (Ar maiṫ an ḃuine ṫú), (68), 69.
Young Lady, The (An bean óg uaral), (153), 154.

eo, réiḋ peo),

1.
e, will you stop,

uaṫa dé Da-

Murneen, near

ne river), (37),

aca ro 'póṛ

ṫú aiṫne na

ckly I am),

123.

," 119.

ṛ a caiḷín

ge báine),

68.
n an tiġe,

24), 25.

69.

DATE DUE

13303

G 981

109530 NOV 8 86

FACULTY

GAYLORD PRINTED IN U.S.A.

WALTERS & SON
BOUND
SEP 19 193
CHICAGO, ILL.

ML287
P448p
132456

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

1. No book shall be kept longer than two weeks without renewal.
2. Books may be renewed for two weeks only.
3. Students who damage or lose books must pay for them.
4. A fine of two cents will be imposed for each day that the book is overdue.
5. Reserved books withdrawn at 9 P. M. must be returned at 8 A. M. the next morning. Failure to return a Reserve book on time subjects the borrower to a fine of 15 cents for the first hour and 10 cents for each hour thereafter.

VALTERS & SONS
BOUND
SEP 19 1938
CHICAGO, ILL.